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# MEMOIR

OF

# ROBERT WHEATON,

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

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TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.
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# MEMOIR.

ROBERT WHEATON, the youngest child of Henry and Catherine Wheaton, was born in New York on the 5th of October, 1826. A few months after his birth his father was appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Denmark, and sailed for that country in June, 1827. The first ten years of Robert's life, with the exception of a short visit to this country at too early an age for him to receive any durable impression, were spent in Copenhagen. Every facility for education is afforded in that capital; teachers are numerous and moderate in their charges, being for the most part young men studying for the different professions, and bearing the expressive title of *Candidat*, who are glad of an opportunity to acquire the means of pursuing their own studies. Robert and Henry Edward, his elder and only brother, therefore received private instruction from teachers qualified for the task. Their mother was almost invariably present at their lessons, and exacted from her sons that respect and submission towards those who taught them, which are the surest means of enabling the young to profit by what they learn, as well as of softening the task of education to the teacher. After

he grew up, Robert, recurring one day to some event connected with his childhood, which he was fond of doing, said that he recollected having been punished but once by his mother, and that it was on the following occasion.

The young man who came daily to give him lessons, had just lost his mother, and this misfortune, joined to ill health, poverty, and the cares of a numerous family, rendered him really an object of compassion. The children were enjoined on no account to say or do any thing to annoy him during the lesson. But Robert, with the thoughtlessness of childhood, disobeyed this injunction, and the punishment inflicted on him, although no very severe one, probably had the desired effect, as the circumstance seemed to have made an indelible impression on his mind.

The study of modern languages formed an essential part of Robert's early education. Owing to the close connection of Denmark with the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, German is universally taught and spoken in the former country, and as a child he spoke it with perfect fluency. He likewise understood and spoke Danish, and was taught French at the same time. With History, to which attention is more closely directed in the old countries of Europe than in our own, he was early made familiar, but his memory was not laden with dry facts and dates, and the knowledge he acquired was adapted to a child's mind. His father, with whom History was a favorite subject of thought and study, was in the habit of selecting the best historical works that issued from the English press, as presents for his children, and frequently talked with them of the

great characters of whom they had been reading. Almost the only novels he himself read with much pleasure, were those of Scott, and these he freely placed in the hands of his children, as making History attractive, and at the same time breathing a sound and healthy tone of mind, particularly agreeable to him. Whenever he proposed taking his children to the theatre, it was to see what he called 'a good tragedy,' or in other words, one of Oehlenschläger's or Schiller's historical plays. With the latter Robert was very familiar, and there was in after-life no poet whom he quoted so often as Schiller, whose noble thoughts never failed to call forth those warm feelings which lay concealed under so calm, and, to a careless observer, so unimpassioned an exterior.

As a child, Robert's complexion was exceedingly brilliant, and gave the impression of perfect health. At the age of six years a bust of him was taken by Bissen, then young and almost unknown, now a celebrated artist, and was considered an excellent likeness. But the charm of his face, at that time, consisted rather in the mantling color of his cheek, his beautiful golden hair parted on a brow of snowy whiteness, and the open, ingenuous expression of his countenance, than in regularity of feature. Compared to his studious and dreaming brother, Robert was fond of noisy and active play, and a curious proof of the entire difference in their characters and tastes was, that when they played together there was a mutual understanding that a certain portion of the time should be devoted to Edward's quiet and imaginative amusements, and the rest to Robert's more stirring and childlike games, although

the natural impetuosity of the latter sometimes led him to break through this self-imposed restraint rather sooner than had been agreed upon, or than suited his brother. Neither having attended schools, they had formed no intimacies with other boys of their age, and they were dependent on each other for amusement and society more than is usually the case; and while Edward relied upon Robert's superior judgment, and probably always would have done so in all matters connected with practical life, the latter looked up to him with the fond admiration which the precocity of his mind in some respects, and his extensive information justified.

The climate of the Island of Zealand is not unlike that of England, the frequent rains and the moisture from the sea serving constantly to renew the freshness of the grass and foliage, while the beauty and abundance of its beech woods, with their almost transparent leaves and white bark, give a peculiar character to its scenery. The *Dÿre Hauge*, or Deer Park, is a magnificent forest about four miles from Copenhagen. It is a royal domain, in which the king reserves the right to hunt, but which, at all times open to the public, is a favorite resort of the inhabitants of the capital, who spend much of their time in out-of-door exercise and amusements. The road leading to this park runs along the seashore, and is studded at short intervals with pretty country-seats, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, to which the Danes give the poetical name of 'golden rain.' On a clear day the opposite coast of Sweden is discernible from this road, and at all times the blue Baltic, dotted with the red and white sails of fishing boats, affords a pleasant prospect. Large vessels are

frequently seen passing up and down the Sound on their way to Copenhagen or St. Petersburg, saluted as they pass from the battery of *Trekroner* (Three Crowns), which defends the entrance to the harbor of Copenhagen. In his journal, written in 1827, Mr. Wheaton mentions the Russian fleet passing through the Sound on its way from Greece, after the battle of Navarino. He usually resided in this neighborhood during the summer months, and it was perhaps owing to the fact that Robert's happy childhood was passed near the sea, that the sight of the ocean always gave him such intense pleasure. While in the country, a young German, simple-hearted and conscientious, came from town every afternoon to give him lessons, and at sunset, when the hours of study were over, would walk in the garden with him, repeating the poetry with which his memory was stored, or talking of the journey throughout Europe, which, like so many of his countrymen, during his student-life he performed chiefly on foot. Occasionally he would at Robert's request, compose verses on a given subject, and how much Robert prized them and the associations they called to his mind, may be inferred from his having carefully copied them into his note-book some twelve years afterwards.

In the north of Europe, Christmas is kept as a season of great festivity, and the custom, so often alluded to by Hans Anderson and Fredrike Bremer, of covering a tree with brilliant tapers and fanciful ornaments, is universal. Easter, likewise, is observed with considerable solemnity, and Paschal eggs curiously painted, with lambs of snow-white wool, bearing the red banner of the cross, are bestowed on children, to remind them

of the joyful anniversary of the most solemn Christian festivals. These seasons never passed unnoticed in Mr. Wheaton's family, and when years had elapsed and death had invaded the domestic circle, they became to Robert the occasion of melancholy reflection. Easter was associated in his mind with such tender memories of childhood, of the dawn of life and opening Spring, that he could never read that beautiful passage where Goethe so admirably describes the effect produced upon Faust by the Easter Hymn which penetrates his solitary study, without irrepressible emotion.

It was Robert's good fortune to associate from childhood with persons of high principle and cultivated minds, and although before he left Copenhagen he might be considered too young to profit much by the conversation of those who visited at the house of his parents, the impressions made on him at that time doubtless had their influence upon his character and manners. There is usually a good deal of *esprit de corps* among diplomats, or, as has been cleverly said, a sort of free-masonry that binds them together and makes them recognisable everywhere. This was peculiarly the case in Copenhagen, where the diplomatic corps lived on the most amicable terms.

Although Mr. Wheaton's position made him acquainted with the officers of the Danish government, and his personal tastes with the literary men of the country, his more intimate circle consisted chiefly of members of the *corps diplomatique*, who, if not all men of talent, were necessarily men of considerable general information and polished manners.

The chaplain of the British Legation, Mr. J. W.

Warter, a most gentlemanlike, cultivated and amiable man, who afterwards became the son-in-law of Robert Southey, was a constant visitor at the house, and in the habit of bestowing much notice and regard on the two boys. They did not attend his chapel, however, their mother preferring to read family prayers morning and evening, and on Sundays, chapters from the New Testament and a portion of the Church Service. It was, perhaps, because never compelled in childhood to listen to long sermons which he could not understand, and religion not being a hackneyed theme with him, that he afterwards felt so strong an interest in the services he attended, and never considered them as a mere routine. Some of his views on the subject of public worship will be found in his journal and letters.

It was in the year 1835, that Mr. Wheaton was removed to Berlin, but his family were detained in Copenhagen until the following summer, by the severe illness of one of its members. They left that capital and the friends they had found there with sincere regret, and Mr. Wheaton often recalled the years he spent there, engaged in his diplomatic duties and literary labors, as among the happiest of his life. To Robert, the recollections connected with Denmark were always very dear; the streets, the public walks and drives, were all associated in his mind with pleasant memories; the language, harsh as it may seem to those unaccustomed to it, sounded gratefully in his ear, and within the last year of his life, having occasion to see some Danish seamen on business, he remarked to a friend, that he never met a Dane without a feeling of strong gratification, and a con-

viction that he must be honest and kind-hearted like the persons he had known in that country.

Denmark was indeed the happy home of his childhood, and as Oehlenschläger, the Danish poet, truly says:

Og ingensteds er Roser röde,
Og ingensteds er Torne smaa,
Og ingensteds er Duun saa blöde,
Som de, vor Barndom hwilte paa.*

In Berlin, Robert and his brother were placed at a day-school or gymnasium, where a system was pursued so little in accordance with their refinement of habit and thought, that after a few months they were removed from this institution, and a private tutor provided for them. A young man from the Rhenish Provinces, who spoke and wrote French and German with equal fluency, and came highly recommended, was the person whom Mr. Wheaton chose as instructor for his sons. But the pleasure of passing some time in a large capital seemed to have been this young man's chief motive for accepting a responsibility he was ill calculated to sustain, and after a year passed in the family, he was dismissed. Robert gave a striking proof of his straight-forwardness and sense of honor, by not seeking to conceal from his parents the inatten-

* To the kindness of Professor Longfellow we are indebted for the following translation of these lines:

Ah! nowhere is the rose so red,
And nowhere is the thorn so small,
And nowhere is the down so soft,
As those our childhood rested on.

tion and carelessness of his tutor, who wasted the time of his pupils in frivolous conversation concerning the visitors he saw every evening in the drawing-room. On the contrary, he complained of this, and expressed great satisfaction when his tutor left. Indeed, from his boyhood he seems to have entertained the highest sense of the duties and responsibilities attached to the task of education.

At this period of Robert's life, his mind may be said to have been greatly under the influence of his brother, to whom, as we have before said, he looked up with admiring fondness. Edward was indeed an uncommon boy. His disposition was sweet, humble, and yielding; if reproved, the tears would roll silently down his cheek, but he never uttered a hasty or impatient word. His complexion was exquisitely delicate, his cheek round, soft, and fair as that of an infant, and his hazel eyes full and lustrous. They were generally cast down, but when he raised them, his whole soul seemed to shine through them. Exquisitely neat in his person, his clothes were never soiled, his books never defaced, nor his playthings broken, and the presence of a spot upon his hands, a blot of ink on his paper, or a dog-ear in his books, gave him positive pain. He knew nothing of the sports that other boys delight in; it was even with the utmost difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to take the exercise so necessary to his health. His greatest pleasure was reading, and when he went out to walk or drive, he usually carried a book with him. His favorite lounge in Berlin was in Asher's bookstore, Unter den Linden. Thither he went almost daily and returned home with

some new book, which he wished his father to buy. There was another source from which he derived much entertainment. Wood-cuts, representing the principal characters in popular plays, are sold in every part of Germany for the amusement of children. These he colored, and having fastened them to wooden stands, either invented dramatic scenes which he made them perform, or repeated passages from some of the French tragedies. In all his plays the imagination had a great share. As an instance of this, he was in the habit of imagining himself in the French Academy, and with his brother for his sole auditor, would make speeches in the name of d'Alembert, La Harpe, or some other celebrated academician of the eighteenth century. With the names and history of the principal men of that time, he was as familiar as with those of the persons who surrounded him in real life. Like most individuals of delicate constitution, he was averse to early rising, and equally so to retiring early, which, as he suffered constantly from headache, his parents felt it a duty to insist upon. But night after night, when under the lamp suspended in his father's study, he sat poring over some favorite book, he would, when reminded that it was time to go to bed, request, with tears in his eyes, to be allowed 'just to finish that one chapter.' And it was difficult to resist importunities urged in so childlike a manner. Although the Arabian Nights and other works of the imagination afforded him great delight, he read and studied intently works of an entirely different character. History, geography, and chronology, particularly engaged his attention. The Atlas of Lesage,

(or rather of Count Las Cases, the faithful companion of Napoleon at St. Helena, who, during the emigration, had assumed this fictitious name,) lay ever open before him, and one day as he was bending over it, his mother said: 'I should think you must have read that entirely through.' He looked up, and while a smile peculiar to him, for there was a great deal of quiet humor in his nature, stole over his face, he replied: 'This is the *third* time I have read it through.'

It is rather singular that, with an intellect so early developed, and with such a fund of general information as he had acquired, he should seldom have put pen to paper. But a few of his letters are remaining, yet they are strikingly characteristic of the system which marked every thing he did. The manuscript books he left contain chiefly chronological tables, but that he had within him the materials for becoming a distinguished man, no one who knew him could well doubt, and that, childlike as he was in many respects, he vaguely aspired after distinction, may be inferred from his curious habit of inscribing on the cover of some of his manuscript books: '*Œuvres complètes de Henri Edonard W.*' His plans for reading and writing seemed to have reference to that future which he was never destined to see. French was the language he preferred, in which he read most, and which, through his familiarity with the best French authors, he had taught himself to write correctly before visiting France. He had read many of the works of Fenelon and Bossuet, Racine and Voltaire, and led his brother to do so likewise. Mr. Wheaton had visited France immediately on leaving college, and had spent some

time at Poitiers, for the purpose of studying the French language and attending the courts of law. The kindness he then met with, and the pleasant recollections of that period of his life, gave him a strong feeling of attachment to that country, and made him anxious that his sons should have an opportunity of profiting, as he had done, by its various resources. Satisfied, too, that the system of public instruction pursued in Berlin was better calculated to meet the wants of young men than of boys, and that a course of private instruction in that city had its disadvantages for one destined to live in a free country, he determined to place Robert at a French boarding-school. In August, 1838, he entered the institution of Mr. D., designed for the preparation of pupils for college. Edward's health being as before said, extremely delicate, it was not thought advisable to send him from home at that time, and he remained in Berlin.

Until that period, Robert had never passed a single night away from his parents' roof, and he felt the separation from them deeply. It was not that he regretted the comforts and luxuries of home, but the society of his parents and sisters and the companionship of his brother. Every line of the letters he wrote at that time, show how difficult it was for him to become reconciled to living far from them, and in each he entreats, in the most earnest manner, that since it must be so, they will, at least, write him often.

Notwithstanding his extreme desire to be with his brother, he had even at this early age sufficient observation and maturity of character to think that a

public school, like that which he attended, would never suit the peculiar habits and tastes of Edward, whose intellect was of that description which baffles the guidance of a schoolmaster, and must be allowed full scope in the attainment of learning. Beside this, his abstracted manner, which caused one of his mother's friends to name him 'the Dominic,' was not such as to meet with much quarter from schoolboys, and the sensitive dread of ridicule which early characterized Robert, made him shrink from seeing Edward exposed to it. His parents, however, judged otherwise, and towards the end of 1839 Edward entered the same Institution, and Mr. Wheaton having obtained leave of absence from government, passed the winter in Paris with his family, in the hope that the boys would both have become sufficiently accustomed to their school to make it practicable to leave them in the spring. And indeed Edward seemed contented far beyond what had been anticipated, and it was thought that associating with other boys would be of real use in developing and strengthening his character, but these hopes were not destined to be realized.

Towards the end of March, 1840, he was suddenly and violently attacked with scarlet fever, and expired after an illness of three days, unconscious of the void his loss would create in the hearts of those who loved him. . . . . .

On no one did this blow fall more heavily than on Robert, who never entirely recovered from it. One short night of agony seemed to have produced an entire change in his whole being. Had his grief been noisy and vehement like that of most children, it

would doubtless have been as evanescent, but quiet and concentrated, it was alike touching and terrible to behold, and made a lasting impression on his heart and character. The Rev. Dr. Lowell, of Boston, then in Paris, visited the family daily. To the consolation which he so well knew how to impart, Robert listened with earnest attention, and from that time the anticipation of another and a happier state of existence was never far from his thoughts.

The two following notes, written after his return to school, will doubtless be read with interest. They are addressed to his eldest sister, and written in French, the language he usually adopted in communicating with his sisters:

'Dear M——,

'I write you because I promised to do so, for I have really nothing to tell you; but one *ought* always to be able to write a letter, and the event which three months ago tore asunder the ties which till then had been unbroken, cannot but furnish us a subject of reflection. I noticed yesterday that mamma was still very sad; but she should endeavor for the sake of those who are left her, — not to forget, that were impossible, — but to console herself, and by so doing to comfort us likewise. The goodness of God may be traced in this as in all other decrees of his infinite wisdom. When he sent us this affliction he spared us so severe an illness, and has since preserved our health. Before this event, nothing was wanting; we were happy, if it is possible to be so in this world. This sorrow was necessary, for if we were perfectly

happy on the earth, we should feel too much regret at leaving it. It is desirable that some beloved being should act as forerunner, and calling to us from heaven, should entreat us to live in unity, that we may all meet again in a better world.'

'I write to you to-day, dear M——, I scarcely know why, but probably for my own gratification. In looking over the papers I spoke to you of yesterday, I found the chronological table he made in Copenhagen, in 1834, and also the drama I mentioned. The handwriting is very singular, and the orthography likewise. I will bring them to you on Saturday, for if nothing prevents, I shall be with you at five on that day. Tell mamma to go out often, and to be resigned as far as possible to the cruel loss she has met with. I cannot ask or wish her to forget what has happened. It would be contrary to nature; but let her endeavor to be calm, believe that it is for the best, and remain firm in the conviction that God has taken care of him, and that we shall see him again in a better world. This we may ask of her, and this she ought to grant. The more I think of it, the more impossible it seems that he should have left us, especially as no one here speaks of him. I cannot conceive how three days can have made such ravages! But, dear sister, let us seek in fraternal love a consolation for this misfortune; let us love each other tenderly, more tenderly than ever, so that when God demands our souls we may not have to reproach ourselves with not having loved one another. Let us love our mother, too, and endeavor to please her. Adieu, dear M——, I have found more

to say than I thought I should, but I have written of what is continually in my thoughts. I see so many things which belonged to him, that I cannot, even if I would, (and why should I wish to?) cease thinking of the dear brother we have lost, and whom we shall certainly meet again in another world, if we do our duty towards God and man.'

It is impossible for those who know how well the after-life of the writer corresponded to the sentiments expressed in these lines, to read them without deep emotion. The same unwavering faith which supported him then, supported him in another and more terrible affliction; the same hope of a blessed immortality continued to animate him; the same warm affection and sympathy to bind him to those whom he loved.

But a few days after his brother's death, he said to his mother, 'How I wish I could be with him!' 'You would not wish to die and leave me?' was the reply. 'If it were God's will, I would rather die than live,' he said solemnly. And this feeling was not the mere ebullition of childish grief; it followed him through life, and it is at times a melancholy consolation to those who have loved and lost him, that he considered a long earthly pilgrimage as no blessing.

As an only son, Robert had now become more than ever precious to his family; and it was neither desirable that he should return to Germany, nor that he should be left alone in Paris. It was therefore decided that his mother should remain with him until his studies were completed. After a short though delightful excursion in Switzerland, during his summer vacation in

1840, accompanied by his family, Robert returned to his school in Paris. It was then that he commenced attending the religious lectures (*Cours de Religion*) of M. Athanase Coquerel.

It is the custom throughout Europe, both among Catholics and Protestants, to cause all young persons to pass through a regular course of religious instruction before they enter on the business of life. This instruction is not left to the care of parents who may or may not be sensible of its importance, nor to Sunday-school teachers, who are often too young and inexperienced to be suited to the task. It devolves upon the clergy, whose knowledge and profession command the respect it is so desirable should be felt for those whose duty i is to instruct on this subject. At the moment of leaving school, young persons attend a course of religious lectures, are subsequently examined by the clergyman who gives it, in order to ascertain whether they have profited by his instruction, and if the examination prove satisfactory, are admitted to the Communion. And what epoch of life could be better suited than the one chosen for the participation in this sacred rite? The cares of the world, its business and its pleasures, have not at that period claimed the largest share of the time and thoughts of the young communicants, great temptations have not yet assailed them, their good resolutions are still unshaken, their piety is lively and earnest, and their faith unwavering.

The clergymen of the French Reformed Church are all educated at Geneva, or at the Theological Schools, founded by Napoleon at Strasburg and Montauban. They differ materially, however, in the opinions they

hold, some of them adhering closely to the tenets of Calvin, and denying to all Reformed Christians the right of departing from them; while others teach that to be a good Christian or a good Protestant, a blind acquiescence in the doctrines of that great Reformer is not indispensable and ought not to be required. The Rev. M. Coquerel is among the latter, for although his faith in the leading doctrines of orthodox Christianity is firm and unwavering, he is always disposed to admit the right of others to differ from him in opinion. No two minds, he constantly repeats, can arrive at exactly the same degree and kind of faith, and therefore nothing can be more unjust and uncharitable than to quarrel with those who do not believe as we do. All his sermons and lectures breathe this liberal spirit, united to the most fervent piety.

Like all the clergymen of the French Reformed Church, M. Coquerel devotes a considerable portion of his time to the instruction of the young. A little work, prepared by himself, and called *Cours de Religion*, contains the heads of what he afterwards developes in his lectures, of which his pupils take notes, enlarging upon them at home, so that the understanding is exercised as well as the memory, and they are induced to reflect on the subject to which their attention is drawn. M. Coquerel looks over what they have written, and if he perceives that they have misunderstood his meaning, sets them right, and by asking them some judicious questions, assists them in arranging their own ideas and rendering them more distinct. His language is simple, though elegant, his explanations lucid and satisfactory, and his manner so earnest and impressive that it com-

mands the entire attention and respect of his hearers. He occasionally enlivens his lecture by anecdotes of distinguished men of our own or other days, by the incidents drawn from his personal experience, and by allusions to the discoveries of modern science, all of which, in his opinion, tend to establish more firmly the truth of Revelation. His religious belief is of the most cheerful kind. It does not tend to separate the Christian from the world, but teaches him how to live in it, perform its duties, and join in the innocent enjoyments of life, with the thought of immortality ever before him.

During the winter of 1840–41, Robert constantly attended M. Coquerel's church, and was in the habit of writing out his sermons. Although, strictly speaking, he never considered the *forms* of public worship of real importance, he preferred that of the French Reformed Church to any other, as combining great simplicity with impressiveness. The service opens with a chapter from the New Testament, read by the clerk, after which a psalm is sung, and the Ten Commandments read. The clergyman then enters the pulpit, and repeats a written confession of sins, to which the congregation mentally respond. Another psalm is then sung, followed by an extemporaneous prayer from the officiating clergyman, and by the sermon. After the sermon, the Apostles' Creed and prayers for the members of government and the legislative bodies, for the sick and afflicted, are read, and the benediction concludes the service.

Besides the regular services on Sunday, the seasons of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost (or Whitsunday), and

the Ascension, are all commemorated in the French Protestant Churches, whether Lutheran or Reformed, and those descendants of the Huguenots who live in places where no Protestant worship is held, usually come to Paris on one of these great festivals, for the purpose of partaking of the Communion with their fellow-believers.

It was on the day of Pentecost (Whitsunday), 1841, that, having finished his course of religious instruction and passed the necessary examination, Robert Wheaton was received into the Reformed Church, and permitted to partake of the Communion, which he did with the warmest feelings of piety and reverence, always renewed whenever he repeated the solemn commemoration of the Saviour's suffering and love.

In the summer of 1841, Mr. Wheaton revisited Paris, and was induced to yield to Robert's earnest request that he might leave his school. Every thing there had become distasteful to him, for every thing reminded him painfully of his brother, and he had lost his only congenial companion, a young Englishman, several years his senior, who, having finished his education, had returned to England. This friend had shown him unvarying kindness from the time he entered the school, and having acquired considerable influence over him, was of use in forming his character. They continued to correspond frequently until Robert left Europe, and there was scarcely one of Mr. ——'s letters but contained some good advice, playfully though feelingly expressed.

The warmth and even tenderness of his friend's feelings towards him won Robert's heart, and the fre-

quent admonitions of Mr. ——, by increasing his respect for him, strengthened his attachment. It was a charming trait in Robert's character that he never received advice ungraciously, however unpalatable it might be, but constantly endeavored to profit by it. He always listened to the reprimands of his music teacher with the greatest patience and good humor, repeating the same passage over and over again. He respected this young teacher because he had a frank and independent character, understood his art thoroughly and taught it conscientiously. Indeed, this was the only teacher at his school whom Robert really liked, being constantly annoyed at the carelessness and inattention of most of them; and there is a curious note of his, in which he speaks of having dismissed a tutor who gave him private lessons in Latin at this establishment, because he came irregularly, a proof of decision of character and conscientiousness not very common at the age of fourteen. Of the Principal of the school he always spoke as of a gentlemanlike, amiable man, though his extreme lenity to the errors of his scholars, and to the inattention of the subordinate teachers, often surprised him. Dr. Arnold would have been a master after Robert's heart, and Dr. Arnold would have delighted in such a pupil.

Mr. Wheaton now became desirous that his son should embrace the profession of engineering, as being both honorable and lucrative in this country. Robert therefore began to apply himself to the study of mathematics and drawing, with a person highly and deservedly recommended for this branch. During two years he pursued this occupation with a zeal and per-

severance the more praiseworthy, because it was not naturally congenial to him. A large portfolio filled with drawings and plans most carefully executed, bear witness to his industry during that time. But his instructor, a shrewd and observing man, was soon convinced that the health of his pupil was not sufficiently strong to bear the exposure and hardships incident to the practice of engineering. He therefore advised him to turn his attention to architecture, a profession which stands much higher in Europe than in our country, as it is devoted to the erection of buildings of great elegance and magnificence; and to be an architect it is necessary to be also an artist. At first Robert seemed to like this idea, but discouraged by communications from some friends of his father in the United States, he gradually lost his interest in it, and begged to be allowed to return to his classical studies. This was granted, and in 1843 he entered the excellent school of M. M. Barbé and Massin, which was a branch of the Collège Charlemagne.

While pursuing his mathematics, he had not altogether laid aside his classical studies. During the winter evenings, M. dei Santo Mango, a Neapolitan of high birth, but exiled from his country on account of political offences, and compelled to teach, came to give him instruction in Latin. This gentleman being intellectual and extremely well informed, Robert had great pleasure in conversing with him on subjects connected with history, politics, literature, etc., as well as in reading the Latin authors with him. In a letter written in 1842, his father says: 'I am glad you are getting through Virgil so pleasantly under the guidance of Santo

Mango. Reading such a poet alone is but dull work, but it is still more dull to read with a mere pedant.'

And in another letter he says: 'I received with great pleasure your letter with the Latin translation of Petrarch's Sonnet. It is now before me, and I find the Latin verses very good. There is no better exercise for acquiring a complete knowledge of that language than the making of verses. Hence it is universally adopted in the public schools of England. I am glad you find both pleasure and profit in Santo Mango's lessons. It is a great advantage to read the classics with an intelligent master who knows how to lighten the labor. I hope you will persevere in this line, as it must be an agreeable relaxation from your mathematical studies. Chancellor d'Aguesseau, I think, says: "Le changement d'occupation est toujours un délassement." Indeed he knew no other.'

Robert always recurred to the year spent at M. Barbé-Massin's Institution with pleasure, as one of the most profitable of his life. At the same time it was not devoid of such recreation as suited his taste.

At this time, and as long as he was in Paris, his evenings were almost invariably spent at home. He remained in his own room reading and writing till nine o'clock, then went to the drawing-room, and after taking a cup of tea, went to the piano, where he often remained several hours. He had early felt the influence of that musical cultivation which pervades Continental Europe, taking different forms of expression, according to the various elements it finds with which to work. In sunny Italy, nature developes the most beautiful voices, and careful culture, combined with

her harmonious language, forms there the most perfect singers. But in the North, music is looked upon as a science, studied with all the serious perseverance peculiar to its inhabitants, and there instrumental music may be heard in the greatest perfection. In the eighteenth century a new impulse was given to the study of music, and since that period it has formed a branch of education, seldom neglected even by persons of moderate means, so that it is rare to meet, among educated members of society, with persons who have not some appreciation of the art. Its soothing and refining influences are not, however, confined to any particular class. To say nothing of the opera, which we find in every small town of Italy and Germany, public concerts and excellent military music give innocent pleasure and gratification to the peasant and to the artisan. These influences, of course, acted on Robert's natural taste for music, which seemed to increase with every year. It was encouraged by his mother, herself very fond of music, and never discouraged by his father, who, either from want of early cultivation or of natural ear, was debarred from what he always felt must be so great an enjoyment, and to the studious man so desirable a relaxation.

There was nothing from which Robert derived so much pleasure as an evening at the Italian Opera, and during the winters of 1842–43, he often went thither with his mother and sisters. This, of course, conduced greatly to improve his musical taste. He also continued to take lessons from the teacher we have before mentioned, himself a thorough musician, who took great delight in teaching so apt a scholar. In a

sudden burst of enthusiasm he would sometimes exclaim: 'If I were you, I would be one of the first *pianistes* in Europe!'

Robert played with exquisite taste and feeling; brilliant music he seldom selected for his own performance, usually preferring the profound, melancholy, and harmonious compositions of Beethoven, Döhler, Henselt, Chopin, Beyer, etc., and some other composers of the day who suited his style of playing. Music was so great a source of enjoyment to him, that a friend of his in this country once said, that though he, himself, knew not a note of music, and that in some cases it almost annoyed him, he always took pleasure in sitting in Robert's room while he played, because he seemed to derive such intense satisfaction from it.

He often expressed regret that music should be so little understood in this country, and was at times discouraged in his own attempts by the want of stimulus. The loss of voice, occasioned by the bronchial affection from which he suffered during the last two years of his life, was a serious privation to him. Well acquainted with the scientific principles of music, he understood the art of composition, and often sought in it a resource against a weary hour.

Although he did not go into society with his family, he had, particularly when his father was in Paris, opportunities of seeing distinguished men at home. The Danish poet, Oehlenschläger, spent a winter in Paris, and often visited them, so also Dr. Bowring, an old and valued friend of his family; Alfred de Vigny, the author of Cinq-Mars; M. Leon Faucher, the editor

of the Courrier Français; the poet Mamiani, at that time an exile, but afterwards the Minister of Pius IX.; Leopardi, another Italian man of letters, who now shares the fate of Poërio and other Neapolitan liberals. With these gentlemen he conversed, though always very modestly, for without any undue diffidence or affected humility as to his own capacity, he felt deeply that respect for persons older than himself and of acknowledged merit, which an European education so strongly inculcates. When he did not converse, he listened with great attention, and as his memory was excellent, his head clear, and his power of discriminating character remarkable in one so young, he could not but profit by being a listener when in the society of such men.

In 1844 he spent his vacation, during the months of August and September, at Fontainebleau, where his father joined the family. Robert enjoyed his residence there exceedingly. Every morning after breakfast he went with his sisters to the beautiful forest, where they remained all the forenoon wandering beneath the magnificent old trees, or reclining on moss-clad stones, inhaling the fragrance of the wild thyme, gathering the rose-colored heath which grows there in such profusion, or watching the green and golden lizards as they crept out to sun themselves.

Some evenings were spent at the house of Count d'Andigné, to whom a common friend had given a letter of introduction, and where an opportunity offered of seeing something of French provincial society, so different from that of the capital. The Count was quite an elderly person, and had served in America

under Rochambeau; his wife, the daughter of a French *emigré*, was born in America, and had received from her parents the harmonious name of Oneida. She had three grown-up sons, but with the vivacity of a Frenchwoman joined in all their amusements, and being an excellent horsewoman, always rode out with them. Robert, who was extremely fond of this exercise, often joined these riding parties.

After leaving the Institution of M. Barbé-Massin, which he did on passing his examination, and being admitted to the *Baccalauréat*, Robert attended lectures at the Sorbonne and at the Collège de France. He frequently spoke of them in his letters to his father, which were all written in French, and from which we will now give some extracts.

(Translated) 'Paris, July, 1845.

'All the lectures at the Sorbonne and at the Collège de France are closing one by one, as all the professors feel the necessity of breathing a little fresh air. M. Ozanam terminated his lectures on Dante by a rapid and eloquent sketch of the influence which Dante exercised on Italian literature, an influence which he of course considers as immense. He said that Petrarch owed him much, though reluctant to admit it; that Ariosto borrowed whole lines of his in his own great poem; and that Tasso not only took the description of Hell from him, but also his admired episode of Sofronia and Olindo, for that, without the Beatrice of Dante, he could have had no conception of that Christian virgin; and finally, that after the bad taste of the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth century,

the Italy of our time had taken Dante for her guide. He concluded with a very eloquent passage, in which he said, that when a country still produced such men as Pellico, Manzoni, Grossi, etc., no one had any right to accuse it of having fallen very low! As Mr. O. is a zealous Catholic and a devout follower of Dante, it is not astonishing that he should think Italy less degraded than she really is. He imagines that she is supposed to have declined because her inhabitants are still attached to ancient superstition and belief, while he sees in this one of her claims to the respect and admiration of the world. I have just bought his work on Dante and the Philosophy of the thirteenth century. There are beautiful things in it; I am sure you would read it with pleasure. It is sometimes deficient in clearness, but that arises from the nature of the subject which he looks at from a Mediæval point of view. It has been translated into Italian and German several times. Why do you not write something on Thiers' History? The subject would suit you. Or why not write some *Etudes* on the History of Florence? It would be a preparation for your *Complete History*.

'I am continuing my translation of Don Carlos. What do you think the best way to learn to write a language? I stand in great need of some means of learning to write English.'

'Paris, April 5th, 1845.

'On Thursday M. Michelet recommenced his lectures, which he had suspended during the Easter vacation. He gave us an interesting one on Property

in France. He says that there are in France twenty million proprietors on a population of twenty-four millions, while in England there are but thirty-two thousand on fourteen millions. What a prodigious difference! It is to this cause that he attributes the love which the Frenchman bears his country. He says, and he is right, that we never see them leaving their country like the English, or emigrating *en masse* like the Germans. "He is wedded to the earth," says Michelet in his singular language. He told us that in visiting the department of the Arriège last year, he saw with astonishment what the peasants there achieve over rebellious nature. The high ground is covered with bare rocks, which they pound till they are reduced to powder, then descending into the valleys they contrive, by dint of labor, to bring up a little earth which they mix with this powder, and thus compose a soil on which they can begin to plant. "This is greater," said Michelet, "this is more marvellous than many wonders which the world admires, while this remains unknown. The bridge of the Gard, constructed by the Romans, is nothing compared to this." It seems to me that the strength of France lies in this infinite subdivision of the soil, and although the English regret it because it cuts up the country and offends the eye, I prefer a country where this is the case, to one where thirty-two thousand individuals hold in their hands and for their own profit that which God made for all. In France, when you pass along the road and see those little patches of different colors which cover the ground, you have the satisfaction of knowing that each of those patches is the property

of a man, who from that very fact feels himself a man.

'M. Quinet still continues to hold forth. He has recently given us two very remarkable lectures on Mahometanism. He admires Mahomet, as every one must who considers the immense empire, at once temporal and spiritual, which he founded. As you may suppose, he did not speak of the *Past* of Mahometanism and the East, without speaking of its Future. "Can the East regenerate herself?" he asks. "And on the other hand who can carry into the East the principle of new life from the West? Will the Church of Rome terminate the new war between the Gospel and the Koran? How can we hope that the clergy will do in our day what it could not accomplish during the religious ardor which distinguished the Crusades?"'

'July, 1845.

'I should much like to spend six weeks or two months with you in Berlin. As the Cours de Droit do not open until November, I can with perfect facility spend the above-named time with you. The expense would not be great, and the advantage would be immense. I am of opinion that travelling is an important part of a young man's education. In a short journey one acquires more ideas than in a year's residence in the same place. I have just been reading the fourth volume of Thiers. It is as good, perhaps better, than the others. I suppose the English will not be very well satisfied with his account of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. For my part, I think Thiers is

hardly to be accused of too great partiality. He appears to me to treat Napoleon quite severely enough with regard to the affair of the Duke d'Enghien. I have finished my translation of Don Carlos, quite a *colossal* work, forming three hundred and twenty-three pages! I am reading Chesterfield's Letters; they are witty and amusing, but not very edifying, *au point de vue de la morale.* Write soon, dear papa, and give your sanction to my projected journey. I wish so much to see you and converse with you before the winter commences.

'When I am not at the lectures I busy myself with the History of Florence, than which nothing is more attractive to me. Materials for this history abound; all those old chronicles which relate to events from day to day, and almost from hour to hour, are of great value. I know that one must be on one's guard, for some of these are all Ghibelline, others all Guelph, but by confronting them and making allowance for the party spirit which pervades them, one may get at the truth. I wish very much that you would devote yourself to this history, and write a work, which I am sure would be successful.

'The origin of Florence, like that of every thing else in this world, is rather obscure, but from the little I have read on the subject at the Bibliothèque du Roi, I suppose it would not be difficult to prove that Florence was an Etruscan city, and that Sylla established his soldiers there to reward them for all their labors. Many of the old Florentine authors affirm that Sylla himself founded the city. Others say that the city sprung from Fiesolé, or rather that Fiesolé itself was founded by a

prince of the name of Apolonius immediately after the deluge. These authors likewise represent this Apolonius as the founder of the princely family who reigned in Troy, connecting by this link the city sung by Homer with one of the greatest cities of the Middle Ages. These are fables, doubtless, but even fables are interesting when they relate to the infancy of a great people.

'Among the really interesting things on this subject I have found at the Bibliothèque, is a work published during the last century by Lami, an Italian. It is called *Lezione d'Antichità Toscane e particolarmente della città di Firenze.* If you can find it at Berlin, pray read it.'

In August, Robert went to spend some weeks in the family of an American gentleman at Havre, with whose son he was on intimate terms. In a letter written immediately after his arrival, he says, after giving a lively and amusing sketch of some of his fellow passengers:

'But all this, I suppose you think, has nothing to do with the Seine and its beauties. True, but how can one describe the beauties of nature without being an artist or a poet? I am neither the one or the other, still the sight of Nature always moves me deeply. It is difficult to imagine any thing prettier or richer than the banks of the Seine. Now you see high hills, whose sides are covered with woods and dotted with houses, now large pasture-grounds which must resemble those of England. After passing Quillebœuf, the river grows gradually wider, and the slight motion you feel in the vessel tells you that you are approaching the

ocean. At 8 o'clock in the evening we entered the port of Havre de Grace.

Ingonville, August, 1845.

'My dear Father,—

'I arrived here on the 13th, and was most kindly received. Ingonville is what may be called a sort of village, just outside the gates of Havre, and delightfully situated on the hill. From the house we have a fine view of the sea, of which I was very glad to catch a glimpse after having been deprived of that pleasure so many years. It reminds me of Copenhagen and the happy days we passed there. I shall remain here until the end of the month, then return to Paris, and proceed from thence to Berlin. . . . I am sorry to see by the papers that religion is likely to occasion more bloodshed in Europe. The *émeute* at Leipzig seems to me quite a serious thing. I had always hoped that in future there would be but one kind of proselytism — persuasion. In what light is this new Catholicism (which in fact is but a new form of Protestantism) viewed in Prussia? Marochetti has just made a miserable statue of the Duke of Orleans, and the king is foolish enough to have it placed on the Place du Louvre, where no statue but that of Louis XIV. or Napoleon should be erected.'

'Havre, August, 1845.

'The longer I am here, the more I feel how wonderful is the sea! Nothing can give a better idea of immensity and of eternity. There is something very sad, and for that reason, something grand and beautiful in

beholding it every day bathing the same shore, now advancing a little more, now a little less, but never overstepping the limits which God has set. What a dreadful storm was that of Tuesday! I returned from Trouville about an hour before it began.'

The storm alluded to was one during which the daughter of Victor Hugo was drowned.

His father having yielded to his request that he might spend a few weeks at Berlin, Robert left Paris for that city early in the autumn. The following letters were written during his absence:

'Frankfort, Sept. 9th, 1845.

'As the diligence does not leave for Leipzig until this afternoon, I will write you a long letter. I left Cologne on Sunday by the steamboat and reached Coblentz at five. From Cologne to Bonn, the country is very flat and not in the least attractive, and to add to my *ennui*, there were none but Germans on board. I was reduced to doing as they did, viz.: to smoke and think, if indeed they do think, for they confide their thoughts to no one. Fortunately, at Bonn two young Belgians came on board, and what was even better than the Belgians, the Siebengebirg and the Drachenfels came in sight. From that moment we had a succession of wonders, each more wonderful than the last, but which I shall not attempt to describe, and yet that part of the Rhine between Coblentz and Mayence, which I saw yesterday, is much finer. When we arrived at Coblentz, the two Belgians and I went to see Stolzenfels, the castle repaired by the King of Prussia,

and in which he received the Queen of England. Unfortunately it was too late for us to see the apartments, but we were able to enjoy a magnificent view of the Rhine. The weather must have been very bad to make Queen Victoria so ill-humored. She met with the most complete failure every where on the Rhine. She gave £500 towards the "*Dombau*" at Cologne, but not long ago the Council assembled to propose that this sum, which they considered too paltry for the purpose, should be returned to Her Majesty to be distributed among the poor in Ireland! But while they were deliberating, the police entered the hall and put an end to this project. The other day, as I was entering Cologne, I had the pleasure of meeting the queen, who entered the railroad station as I left it. She had two carriages with two horses only, and was preceded by two soldiers on horseback; not a creature showed itself in the streets to see her pass. It seems that the authorities here did some foolish things. Thus, when she arrived at Bonn, it was raining hard, and the landing-place was covered with mud, yet they did not throw down a carpet or even a plank for her to step on. She was extremely angry, I hear. . . . . Jenny Lind is here, and the people are wild about her; unfortunately I shall not be able to hear her. The newspapers tell wonders of her performances, and say that men's minds are so much occupied with her that if you ask for any thing in a shop, the man behind the counter replies, Jenny Lind. At the table d'hôte, on board the boat, I talked with a German who said that from my accent he should never have known I was not a "born German." (*Geborner Deutsche.*) And then he added, as he heard me

speaking French with the Belgian travellers, I must be from the French frontier. I explained to him where I did come from, which made him stare. I talked about Beethoven with this old German, who went into ecstasies. If my "pecuniary resources," as our friend would say, would admit, I should go and spend a week or two at Wiesbaden or Hamburg, which is very fashionable this year, but the said resources will only take me to Berlin. I shall be two nights in the post-wagen, going to Leipzig; that will be the most fatiguing part of my journey, for I have now come two hundred leagues without feeling more fatigued than if I had only been as far as Versailles. This is admirable! I shall not see Lord Westmoreland, in Berlin, for I saw his name on the *Fremdenliste* (list of strangers). I have met but two or three Frenchmen since I left Paris. It is surprising how little they travel. Victor Hugo says in his Travels on the Rhine, that in Germany the napkins are sheets, and the sheets napkins. He is right; every morning I find my bedclothes on the floor. You must either freeze under a sheet or melt under a feather-bed. I have just dined with the usual German accompaniment of music. The public mind here is engrossed with religious questions; at the book-sellers you see nothing but works on these subjects, and you cannot take up a newspaper without seeing that there have been disturbances somewhere. Germany is very much agitated. God knows what it will lead to. The portraits of Ronge, the head of the new religious party, are to be seen every where. I shall read some of these works in Berlin, and perhaps I shall be able to understand what it is all about.'

'Berlin, Sept. 12th, 1845.

'My dear A——,

'I have just arrived, and hasten to write you not only to inform you of my arrival, but likewise to ask your pardon for not having written to you on your birthday. My journey so completely upset all my ideas of time, that I allowed the 8th to pass without thinking of it, and when I wrote you from Frankfort I was, like all travellers, too much occupied with myself to think much of others. My journey is ended, and I can now wish you for your *fête*, what I wish you all the year — all that you can desire of health and happiness. I frankly confess that I have been to blame, and I hope that my frankness will induce you to forgive me. It has not been in my power this year, as heretofore, to offer you in person some slight token of my affection, but fortunately you do not require that to believe in it. The thought that I had not written you has haunted me from the time I left Frankfort till I arrived here. I found papa well. Our faithful Stine [a Danish servant, who had lived many years in the family] was surprised and delighted to see me. She says she should not have known me if she had met me on the street. I sleep on the same bed I had seven years ago. A sad recollection, for the other bed is broken like him who slept on it. "If I could but have seen poor Edward come back too!" said Stine. Those words, when every thing is so soon forgotten, touched me. But I am writing of what is sad, and yet I know not how to do otherwise. Every thing here speaks of a time which is no more, and renews those regrets which time can but increase. It is a bad habit we have fallen into

never to speak of him we have lost. I see not why a departed friend should be banished from the daily conversation of those who remain behind. . . . . I have seen no one yet, but shall go to the F.'s this evening. Berlin produced a singular impression on me; the streets are too wide and empty, and you enter the city under such unfavorable auspices, sand and pine-trees being the only intimations you have that you are approaching a large capital. I am only speaking of first impressions. I have no time to write more, as I wish my letter to leave to-day that you may not be anxious.'

In a letter dated Sept. 22, he says:

'The admiration which for some time was felt for the king has wonderfully diminished. Nothing is now said of a Constitution. It is thought that he has good intentions, but that his brothers will not hear of it. He has become very stout, and looks careworn and fatigued, and his appearance in public excites little enthusiasm. Madame Franchet and I discuss the king constantly. She always defends him, which makes me smile, and I am called *très moqueur*. She has told me a pretty anecdote of him. A deputy from the Rhenish provinces was very anxious about his wife, whom he knew to be dangerously ill. The king saw him one day, and asked after her; the deputy expressed the anxiety he felt. The king, meeting him again at dinner, said: "I can give you news of your wife; she is much better." The telegraph being in the hands of government, the king had availed himself of his privilege to make the necessary inquiries.'

In another letter Robert says: 'I am anxious to embrace you all again. Berlin is not like that famous river of mythology; it does not cause one to forget. I find, indeed, that it reminds me of many things.'

'Dresden, Oct. 5th, 1845.

. . . . 'How strange is human destiny! Last year at this time I should scarcely have believed that I should pass my next birthday in Dresden, and God only knows where I shall pass my twentieth. When that time comes, a philosopher would say the best and happiest part of my life will have gone. Such is the general opinion. Not mine, however, for if I believed it, I should not have a very high estimate of human happiness.'

'Berlin, Oct. 10th.

'On my return from Dresden, I found your two letters, dear A., and thank you for remembering my birthday. We were absent a week, and while we were gone the Duke of Cambridge came, and Lord Westmoreland, (the British Minister,) gave him a ball, which I lost. So much for society, now for politics. Every one here is talking of the king's reply to the municipality of Berlin, which some months since made him an address on the subject of Pietism. The king sent for them, and told them that it did not concern them, as he alone had any thing to say about religious matters. The municipality wished to reply immediately, but the king spoke for a quarter of an hour, without giving them time to utter a word, and then saying: "I dismiss you graciously," (*Ich entlasse*

*Euch in gnaden*,) turned on his heel and left the apartment. The good men stood a moment in amazement, and then, collecting themselves, left the palace and adjourned to the town-house, where they signed a protestation. It was said before the revolution of 1830, that the French were dancing on a volcano; the same might be said of the Germans. Saxony is greatly agitated, and Leipzig, as —— says, is the first German town that has insulted an hereditary prince. You remember that in August, Prince John of Saxony passed through Leipzig, and that the mob threw stones at his carriage. He escaped by a miracle, for in turning a corner, his carriage came near being upset, and had that happened, he would undoubtedly have been massacred. Notwithstanding so recent an example, the King of Prussia continues his old system. Kings live and do not learn. I begin to think of my return, notwithstanding the flattering manner in which I am received here. I know how much such politeness is worth. *Au reste*, there is no harm in my becoming a little accustomed to society, and in learning that after all men are very much alike every where. Only very superior minds are dissimilar from others. Papa says I am a very good judge of men. I had rather know myself to be inferior to the men with whom I meet, than to feel myself superior. There is to me something humiliating in the feeling, for I have not self-love enough not to suppose that a man of mature age must be *peu de chose*, if I am superior to him.

'We have been to the theatre several times since I last wrote. On Saturday they gave Othello, an

admirable translation of Shakspeare; not very well played, with the exception of Iago. On Monday, Wilhelm Tell, most admirably got up. Last night we saw Faust. Fräulein von Hagn's acting in the prison scene was very effective. Tell M—— I was delighted with the scene where Faust, on the point of drinking the poison, is stopped by the sound of voices singing (to Prince Radziwill's beautiful music) *Christ ist erstanden!* The words of Faust, "The tear flows, earth holds me again," produce the most touching effect. After hearing such sublime things, it was hard to go and finish the evening at Madame ——, listening to all the commonplaces which society demands. I do not know whether I am misanthropical or not, but society seems to me a wretched thing.

'I went yesterday to the Sing Academie with Professor Lichtenstein. To-morrow I am going once more to hear his daughter play, and some day I shall go to hear Litoff, a distinguished pianist. I long to put my hands on a piano, for I feel now like a soul without a body.'

This visit to Berlin was of use to Robert, because it gave him an opportunity of comparing France and Germany, and, as has been happily said, 'To compare is to judge.' He was much struck by the strong feeling of caste which exists every where in Germany, and by the absence of all freedom of political discussion. He returned to France more prepossessed than ever in favor of a country of which he said, in a letter written to his father as early as 1843, 'Liberty of thought in politics, of belief in religion, and of

action in both, are enjoyed here in the highest degree.'

Although in his habits, manners, and tastes, he might be said to be essentially aristocratic, in the better sense of that word, he loved that equality which is so remarkable a feature in the social system of France, and expressed the strongest aversion to all institutions and customs, that have a tendency to encourage any distinctions but those which are the natural result of talent and merit. In a letter written after he came to this country, he says: 'I have always detested aristocracies as such. This is a point on which my ideas have never varied since I first began to think. There exists no inequality between men, but that of intellect and education. That of manner founded on social conventions is quite ridiculous. I know but one kind of politeness, which has been nowhere better defined than in the Gospel: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." This confession of faith resembles the *programme* of a minister at the opening of a session. Let us hope it is more sincere!'

Such could scarcely have been his feelings had he grown up in Germany, and in this, as in all other respects, his parents had no reason to regret having given the preference to a French over a German education. Of all the countries of Europe, France and Italy were those in whose prosperity and progress he took the warmest interest, as will be remembered by those persons who were in the habit of conversing with him on European politics. His views on all subjects connected with social or political life resem-

bled those of a much older person, they were at once so moderate and so liberal. He learnt Italian with great ease, and was a warm admirer of Dante. The melody of smooth versification had no great charm for him, as is often the case with those persons who are most accessible to the influence of musical harmony; he only enjoyed those poets whose thoughts were lofty and deep-felt as those of the great Florentine. Still he fully appreciated the beauties of the Italian language, its wonderful combination of sweetness and energy. He often speculated on the future destinies of Italy, and delighted to meet an intelligent Italian with whom he could talk of them. Several of the articles he wrote were on episodes of Italian history, and among the literary labors he had planned for himself, one or two of the most important were connected with Italian literature.

It was in the Institution of M. Barbé-Massin that Robert first formed an acquaintance with two young men, with whom so much of his time in Paris was passed, that it is necessary to say something of them. M. Anatole de M., the elder of the three, was the only son of a lawyer, and was destined by his father for the bar, but his tastes leading him to prefer a literary life, his father did not insist upon his following the profession. Extremely well read in French literature and in the history of art, even when Robert first knew him, they could not but derive much pleasure from each others' conversation. M. Charles H., the only son of a widowed mother, also well versed in the best French authors, and eager for information on all subjects, had as enthusiastic a fondness for music as

Robert himself, which naturally drew them together. Every evening on his way home to a six o'clock dinner, Robert joined them, and they walked along together talking of the books they were reading, stopping occasionally to look at the prints with which the print-shops on the Boulevards are crowded, or discussing the last Italian opera they had heard. They subsequently attended the lectures at the Sorbonne together, frequently went together to hear the sermons of the celebrated Dominican, Père Lacordaire, during Advent, or during Lent those of the eloquent and persuasive Abbé de Ravignan; they spent mornings at the Louvre, and evenings at the Concerts du Conservatoire; they walked, read, and talked together. In one word, they were inseparable. Their sources of interest were so numerous and varied, and Paris offers such a constant succession of objects to stimulate and quicken the intellect, that if they passed a day or two without meeting, they wrote to each other. The subjects of these letters are various, — religion, philosophy, literature, music, painting, all have a place in them. Politics alone, in which Robert took so strong an interest, but to which his two friends were indifferent, are seldom mentioned. A few extracts from some letters written by them during Robert's absence in 1844–45, although the grace and charm of them must be lost in a translation, will give an idea of the pursuits and studies they enjoyed in common.

'St. Quentin, Sept. 1845.

. . . . 'They have a splendid Museum in this place, of which half the people here know nothing, as you may suppose. One man supplied it, I mean Latour, the king of *Pastel* painters, as Rosalba was their queen. All that is not by him, with the exception of a beggar of Callot's and some other little pictures, is not worth looking at. There are nearly one hundred works of his, pastels, oil paintings, (these are curious but inferior to the others,) sketches, and studies of heads, from which he afterwards painted portraits. If all these were in a room at the Louvre, it would be one of the finest in the *Musée des Dessins*, and that is saying a great deal, for you know what the *Musée des Dessins* is! To know Latour, you must come here, it is only here you can study him. The Louvre has but three of his works; they are *chefs d'œuvre*, it is true, but here there are as many as twenty equally fine. In Germany there is a collection of Rosalba's of the same sort, and she is the only pastel painter who can be compared to Latour, and who is perhaps superior to him, though not in truth and life. For grace and coloring she is a true Venetian! I believe that at Dresden there are many portraits by Rosalba; if you go there you will see them. The Louvre has but four pastels by this artist, (poor Louvre!) but they are very fine. Dresden is the place one must visit to see Rosalba, as St. Quentin is to see Latour. These are the capitals of their kingdoms.

. . . . 'I saw yesterday the engraving of the large fresco of the Last Judgment, which Cornelius painted or caused to be painted, (as he designed it,

it is all one,) in the Church of St. Louis, at Munich. I am sorry your journey does not take you in that direction, so that you might see it. But you will see at Berlin his Christ delivering the Just from Hell, and Kaulback's "Battle of the Huns." When you are there I shall not excuse you; you must tell me about all the pictures and statues you see. I shall not describe Cornelius' picture to you; it would take too long and be difficult to understand; but we will examine the engraving together and then talk about it.

. . . . 'I congratulate you upon having seen the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Philippe de Champagne. As for me, with the best will in the world, I could not. I recollect having discovered a little red which must belong to the traditional mantle of Mary, and in the middle of the picture a little yellowish white, which I suppose must be the swaddling-clothes of the infant, and that is all. Why in the world do they light tapers in broad daylight before the picture of Philippe de Champagne? Is it to smoke it? But since you have seen it, and think it fine, I am satisfied; it will reconcile you to that old painter, who, simple and severe as he is, and I may say a Jansenist in painting as he was at heart, is none the less an immortal master!

'An old miniature painter, named Vincent, died at Clichy the other day. He had not painted for a great while, and although not in absolute poverty, his means were scanty and his situation sad for one who had seen better days. The little he had was sold, and my uncle bought his table, filled with his brushes, colors, etc., and an enormous portfolio full of engrav-

ings of every kind. We have found a great many drawings of the old man's; studies, sketches, some unfinished portraits which are very good, and a great many old caricatures, among which is a very singular one. My father and uncle both remember having seen it before, and say it made quite a sensation when it appeared in 1810 or 1812. It is a caricature of the Emperor, made by the Royalist party. His hat is the eagle; his head is composed of dead bodies; the seams of his coat are rivers, the Elbe, the Rhine, etc. On his breast the cross of the Legion of Honor is represented by a large spider, whose web extends over the coat until it reaches these rivers. Notwithstanding all these ignoble accessories, the head is fine and powerful. It is a curious thing now — and that is what time makes of almost every thing.

. . . . 'I am living like a hermit at present. You are all out of town, my father is travelling, and I am alone. From ten o'clock in the morning I draw, or I go to the Louvre; in the evening I read, or walk out a little to take the air. Although I am constantly occupied, and never feel a moment's *ennui*, I am melancholy enough, but this is nothing new. For some time past, whenever I have been alone, and not *distrait* by the conversation of those I love, I become sad. The evening before C. went away, I felt so overcome, that on leaving him I walked for some time, although it was late, in order to recover myself. While walking, I composed a letter, which would have been the longest you ever read had I written it, but as it was a very sad one, it was better I did not. There is so much in life that is sad, that it is not worth while to

seek for causes of melancholy; to be sure one cannot always help doing so. But, religiously speaking, I am in a singular state. Possibly doubt and uncertainty may one day lead me to dogmatism, but it will be a strange road. There are but three things now of which I feel certain: the existence of God; the immortality of the soul, or a succession of lives in which we shall expiate the faults we have committed, and at length attain sovereign happiness; and lastly, what will seem very singular to you—the Trinity. There is something magnificent, something sublime in that idea, but it is a dogma more essentially metaphysical and philosophical than religious, addressing itself more to the mind than to the heart, and does not lead to prayer. In vain I read Pascal, and I constantly read him; I think him sublime, but he does not convince me. It is strange that a mind, which, compared to these great minds, is as nothing, can find in its own thoughts something different from them, and perhaps even (I only say perhaps) be right in doing so! . . . For a long time our churches have only been works of art to me. Since I have seen them *en deshabillé* and at all hours, I have been very much disenchanted. To see those old women who think themselves certain of reaching heaven, or rather of earning a few sous by mumbling their prayers, to see the churches cleaned out as our rooms are every morning, and the priests putting on their robes, and their pious looks in the sacristy, produces a strange effect and discredits the sanctuary, I assure you. But this is no subject for bad jesting, and were I to read over this letter, I should

probably tear it as I generally do when I allow my pen too much liberty. . . . . .

ANATOLE.'

'My dear R——,

'I begin to write you, but shall I send this letter, or shall I destroy it as I have done so many others? Every time I write a letter, two thoughts come into my mind; the first is, there are things one can write, though one cannot say them, and that tempts me to begin; the other, that a letter rarely finds the one to whom it is addressed in the same frame of mind, under the influence of the same emotions, as he who wrote it, and that checks my inclinations. . . . . .

'I have just seen A., who tells me he is to pass the evening at your house, and I feel as though by writing I should have passed a part of it with you. When I reached home last Saturday evening, I fell to thinking of what has often before been the subject of my thoughts, but particularly on that evening when your mother, your sisters, you and I were taking tea around the oval table. There was something delightful in the simplicity of that little family circle, composed of persons differing so much in taste and character, at a ball the day before, and now so quiet, and I, a stranger, in the midst. There is in the society of some women something so agreeable, so refined, and in such good taste, that it is refreshing to the soul, and I feel all the comfort and happiness you must derive from it. But at that very moment I thought of your departure for Berlin, and of what is still farther off, and this idea, which I tried to avert, recurred to me as soon as I was alone.

I said: Robert and his family will leave us in a few months; we are such blind creatures that we shall separate as though it was only for two or three months, and it may be for many years, perhaps even for life,—it is true that life is short! . . . . Continuing my reverie, I thought that I might again meet you in ten or fifteen years. How many events of every kind will have agitated us; how much we shall be changed! If in ten years we were again seated around that little table, what changes will have taken place! Yet, after you are all gone, I shall ever see you as you now are, with the same features, the same voice, the same hair! But in ten years, how many of us will be left, and I, where shall I be? God only knows. But I can write no more, and I assure you it requires an effort not to tear this letter. Do not read it twice.

'CHARLES.'

In 1846 Mr. Wheaton was recalled by the administration of Mr. Polk. He remained in Berlin till the month of August of that year, to receive his successor and present him at court. Robert remained in Paris, where, in company with his two friends, he was attending the law lectures. He there commenced keeping a Journal, some extracts of which will show the current of his thoughts and feelings at that time.

[JOURNAL, 1846.]

On the first page he says: 'I can conceive nothing more interesting than, after the lapse of years, to open a note-book and see what were our thoughts at the period at which it was written; to see whether we have

remained the same, whether we have made any progress, or whether — which would be a painful thing — we had grown worse. I hope that my good resolution of keeping a diary will remain unshaken, and that when in years from now I look back on the strange, fanciful thoughts of a young man of twenty, I may not have to say that they are better than those of the following years. . . . . Read some of Byron's letters. I am more than ever an admirer of this astonishing genius. He certainly had his weaknesses, greater than those of other distinguished men, but what surprising facility! I am disposed to compare Byron with Rossini — both powerful and so touching, when they please, and yet both so full of mockery. They both seem to throw away their treasures with the same prodigality. I could scarcely justify the levity with which Byron speaks in his correspondence of those sublime subjects on which he has written some of his most admirable poetry, if I were not fully convinced that this levity was affected in order to rid himself of the insupportable *cant* of those who, when certain subjects are mentioned in their presence, put on what the French call *une figure de circonstance*, and affect an enthusiasm they are far from feeling.'

This passage is strikingly characteristic. There was nothing so offensive to Robert's nature, principles and taste, as any species of insincerity, and an affectation of feeling, of admiration or of enthusiasm was so distasteful to him, that it immediately checked all similar expressions on his part, and caused him to retire within himself, as it were, and draw over his really deep and warm feelings an impenetrable veil of coldness and

reserve. With his strong love of truth, in every shape, he was always gentle in the expression of it, never intruding his opinion, and seldom expressing his disapprobation except by silence.

'June 10th. — Got up at seven. Translated a few words of Thierry. I have some idea of translating and trying to publish his *Dix Années d'Etudes Historiques*. It would be a good exercise in English, and might also be useful as a *first work*. I do not feel as yet the power to create. It will come, I hope. I must first acquire the necessary facility in writing. It will be easy after that to find an interesting subject. If I ever distinguish myself, it will probably be in this line. History will be my *forte*, if I ever have any. This desire of becoming known, and not dying without leaving a name, is it the ambition of a small mind, or the proper feeling of a mind destined to be distinguished? Alas! I do not feel the courage to execute what my mind would willingly design.

'June 13th. — Bought "Burke on the Sublime." Read the Preface and the Introduction. He says: "Whatever turns the soul inward on itself tends to concentrate its forces and to fit it for greater and stronger flights of science." How very true this is! In these few words I find a complete refutation of those who deny the use of philosophical inquiries. The man of the world does not study philosophy, merely for the satisfaction of resolving with more or less accuracy those problems which have been discussed since the beginning of the world; he studies philosophy to strengthen his soul and to give it the necessary power to attain the highest objects of our destiny. Philo-

sophical studies have rather the same effect on the soul as mathematics on the judgment. Therefore no education can be considered as complete without these two important branches being sufficiently attended to.

'June 15th. — Went to Ozanam's *Cours*. He lectured on Alfred. Very interesting, as usual. Read a letter just published of M. de Maistre to the Marquise de C., on the death of her son. He of course takes this occasion to express his horror of the French Revolution. It is very natural that he should feel thus. I can well understand that the aristocracy who had so much to suffer from this Revolution should have looked upon it as something approaching a general chaos; but that my countrymen should look with such horror on a Revolution which, whatever may have been the excesses committed at the time, was nevertheless the signal for a general regeneration throughout Europe, is a thing that can, I think, only be accounted for when we reflect that we have inherited many of the aristocratic notions of our ancestors. It seems to me that an American ought always to sympathize with the noble and generous feelings which gave rise to this memorable Revolution. He must of course turn away with horror from the bloody deeds which made Madame Roland exclaim: "Oh! Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" but we ought to bless the announcement to the Old World of the great Christian principle: All men are equal. M. de Maistre must have been a man of a powerful mind to have understood, notwithstanding his prejudices, that the French Revolution was a great event which would necessarily change the whole state of the world.

'June 16th. — Began to translate a fragment of Constantine, which has been read at the Institut by Amedée Thierry. I am delighted with the improvement I make in the writing of English.

'June 17th. — I am going on with my translation, and I hope to get it published. It is difficult, however, to hit upon the subject which may be likely to please the general reader. I never could make up my mind to translate unworthy books, or to write them to satisfy the corrupt taste of the multitude. To sell one's pen! what a degrading thought! Better to starve than get one's living thus.

'June 19th. — I have finished my translation. I have again a desire to study some historical subject. This little extract about Constantine has, I suppose, inspired me with this notion. How interesting but how difficult would be a history of Florence! If ever I write any thing, it will be on this subject, I think. . . . I am much struck by the different modes of writing history, and the singular manner in which these different ways coincide with the epochs in which they are chiefly employed. The favorite system now is to take a period, that is, the events which are grouped around some great man, idea, or fact. Such, for example, as Mignet's two works, "Antonio Perez," and "La Succession d'Espagne." No history could be more serious, especially when to the severity which such periods naturally impose upon an author, he adds the manner of collecting and producing his materials adopted by M. Mignet. I yesterday found a little bit of paper written when studying philosophy, containing my remarks against a belief in the eternity of man.

I cannot believe that man is eternal as God is eternal. And yet, there are people who profess this doctrine, and who at the same time believe in the eternity of hell! If we are eternal as God is eternal, it can only be in losing our identity in the entity of God; if we are destined to eternal torments, how can we be absorbed in the spirit of God? For my part, I cannot imagine. In this case, it would only be those who are *saved*, (what an immense and incomprehensible word, in the religious system of those who believe in eternal punishment,) who are eternal. I think we can only become immortal. An eternal being is he who has had no beginning and who will have no end; an immortal being is he who has had a beginning but who will live forever. Hell is not a place; it is a state in which the soul finds itself. I do not believe that the righteous and the wicked are separated; they dwell in the same place, but it seems to each a place of eternal bliss or of immense suffering, according as their soul is tranquil or agitated by the remembrances of their past life:

> "The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven!"

'If this be true, we must necessarily have a certain recollection of our past life; if so, how can we not remember that we were created; how then can we fancy ourselves eternal?'

'June 24th.—I was much touched last evening by the grief of Monsieur de M. at the loss of his wife. In speaking of her his voice trembled as if she had died but yesterday. How moved he was in mention-

ing those long evenings which he is now obliged to pass alone! *Alone*, what a dreadful word when one has been accustomed to all the pleasures of domestic life. There is more poetry in such an affection than in all the puerilities of which we read. In such affections and in the noble pursuits of a pure ambition, lies all the poetry of life!'

'June 28th.—Read d'Azeglio's pamphlet on the "Ultimi casi della Romagna." His theory is very good. Partial or provincial insurrections can never free Italy from the tyranny to which it is at present subjected. After dinner went with Madame P. to see Quinet. He is very amiable, and one feels perfectly at ease with him. We talked about America and France. He is quite of my opinion, that there are two causes for the dislike of America to France. 1st. Because the Americans fancy that the French are all without religion; and 2d, because we belong to an English race. This is the only thing that can possibly explain the little sympathy of my countrymen for France and the great Revolution which gave to Europe a new impulse. Quinet is a great admirer of the works of Emerson. . . . . He is much grieved at the material tendency things are taking here. The *bourgeoisie* made the revolution of 1830, the *bourgeoisie* have their king, and form a sort of caste, of aristocracy. If there must be an aristocracy, I prefer that of birth to that of wealth.'

'July 5th.—Went with the W.'s to Versailles, to visit Vernet in his *atelier*. He is very amusing and good-humored. I asked him how he could let Jazet engrave his pictures *à la manière noire*. "*Ce que*

*je fais n'est ni assez corsé ni assez serieux pour être burine*," was his reply. I am sure it is impossible for any one to show a more thorough knowledge of himself than this answer evinces.

'July 18th. — Anatole came to see me yesterday evening. We were both sad. Talked about his mother and Edward. I believe this is the first time his name has been written in my journal. It is not that I do not often think of him and of the exquisite pleasure I should have had in the possession of a brother. He was certainly not at all calculated for this world, and yet' . . . . . .

In August, 1846, Robert went to England with his father. The contrast between the life and gaiety of Paris, the beauty of its public buildings with the dull, smoky appearance of London, and the absence of tasteful or magnificent edifices, struck him very forcibly. A sudden indisposition, too, which confined him to the house for some days, prevented him from enjoying his visit, and he was glad to return to Paris. During the ensuing winter he continued to attend the law lectures, wrote some letters on various subjects which were published in the New York Courier and Enquirer, and also the article on Dante, which appeared that year in the North American Review. At this time he became very anxious to decide upon the profession he was to follow, and to have some regular occupation, so that, although the idea of leaving Europe was very painful to him on some accounts, his regret at parting from his friends and the scenes of his early days, was mingled with bright anticipa-

tions of future usefulness and success in his own country.

On the 17th of April, 1847, Mr. Wheaton and his family embarked at Havre, and landed at New York on the 19th of May. The voyage, though long, was not unpleasant, and it was impossible to enjoy it more than did Robert, who was constantly well and on deck.

Mr. Wheaton immediately went to Rhode Island, his native State, and where almost all his relations continued to reside. Robert passed the summer there, with the exception of a short visit to New York, at the time of the public dinner offered to his father in that city, on his return to his native country after an absence of twenty years. In September, he went to Cambridge, there to prosecute his law studies. Had diplomacy in this country formed a separate study and offered a permanent occupation, as is the case in Europe, he would have preferred a diplomatic life to any other. Or had his means been such as to give him ample leisure and opportunities to pursue the necessary studies, he would, by devoting himself to literary pursuits, have sought to distinguish himself as an historian. But situated as he was, it became necessary that he should choose a profession, likely to prove a lucrative one. He had at that time little taste for the law, but he became by degrees more and more interested in it, and was certainly possessed of some qualities likely to insure his success. He had quick insight into character, great self-control and easy command of language. Besides, he was passionately fond of eloquence, and there was no gift he valued more

highly, or would have desired so much for himself, as that of touching the heart and convincing the understanding by the power of oratory.

Some passages from his journal and letters, will show what were his first impressions with regard to Cambridge and its society, and the general tenor of his thoughts at that time.

'Sept. 15th.—I am now established in my rooms. A pleasant situation. . . . . How I should like to find a friend here. But, alas! there is nothing more difficult. . . . . I shall never find a better opportunity of studying English history than the present. If ever I do any thing I have fancied it would be in the historical line. Yet I sometimes doubt if I have perseverance enough.

'Sept. 16th.—Read Schlegel's Lectures on Literature. Had I succeeded in getting Hallam's Constitutional History, I should not have examined the catalogue and asked for Schlegel. My thoughts would then not have been thrown into their present channel. I have the intention of working a great deal this winter, I have so much to learn and so many facilities for learning. I suppose I shall often be in my unhappy, discontented moods this winter. A solitary room, snow on the ground, and a howling wind, can only be made tolerable by hard study.

'Sept. 17th.—Took tea at Mr. Longfellow's. He lent me Jasmin's poems, with which I am delighted. . . . . How can one set about reading Blackstone after such charming poetry?

'Sept. 19th.—I like Cambridge. The quiet of the

place, and the literary atmosphere I breathe, dispose me to work. . . . .

'Oct. 5th.—Read Schlegel on Dramatic Art. I agree with him as to the great importance of this branch of art in a civilized society. If we proscribe the theatre, we should proscribe the arts in general. The theatre, as it appears to me, is a popular manifestation of combined art. I like to recall the words inscribed over the stage in the theatre at Copenhagen, "*Ei blot til Lyst.*" (Not for amusement only.) These words remind me of my childhood. Happy days! . . . To-day is my twenty-first birthday. These anniversaries cause us to look back on our past life, and involuntarily to ask of ourselves, if we are better than we were a year ago. I am happier than I was last year. Why so? . . . . I read over this morning the letter which my sister M. wrote me on my twentieth birthday. May I always read it with the same emotion! How these sweet emotions of the heart purify and elevate us above the paltry things of this world! . . . . What Schlegel says of the invisible sympathy subsisting in an audience is very good. One of the ends of civilization is to establish this electric chain between men. Are we collected together in a community, for the purpose of labor solely? Should we not participate in each other's joy and sorrow? . . . . I never could accustom myself to the way in which this line of Schiller, "*Ich kann nicht Fürsten diener sein*," was listened to in Berlin. Such a sentiment should either be condemned or applauded by a discriminating and excitable audience.

'Oct. 7th.—Went to a party at ——— last evening. Not amused. How stupid, strange, and misanthropic I must appear. . . . . There is an excellent article in the North American on the social condition of England. Much of the misery in that country is undoubtedly to be attributed to the atrocious system of primogeniture and entail. But how abolish such laws without overthrowing the whole social fabric? If the aristocracy were destroyed, what would become of that model government?

'Oct. 10th.—I have been thinking of Paris, and the different way in which Sunday is passed here. How pleasant to see so many persons going out to breathe the fresh air, to enjoy themselves, and to bless God in a different though perhaps as sincere a manner as those who pass their Sunday within four cold walls. How I miss M. Coquerel's preaching! He never spoke of impossible virtues, nor proposed to man a system of sterile contemplation. . . . .

'Nov. 6th.—Read Gibbon. How miserable is this way of attacking religion. If a man has the misfortune not to *believe*, why not state his reasons frankly? . . . .

'Nov. 11th.—I am growing every day more unfit for the ordinary society into which a man is thrown. . . . . I wrote to-day the most lugubrious, misanthropical letter to A. that ever was written. The only time when I feel as if I lived to some purpose is when I am writing. The only difficulty lies then perhaps in a want of regular occupation.

'Nov. 19th.—I am in rather better spirits this week. Jean Paul says, "*Ernste Thätigkeit söhut*

*mit dem Leben aus.*" He is right. Whenever I am occupied I am more contented. I wish I had some regular occupation during the day, with sufficient leisure for literature. I should then, I imagine, be nearly satisfied. I never expect to be so entirely. Ambition is a fatal quality without extraordinary talents. I sincerely envy the man possessed of a tranquil sense of duty, which enables him to follow without regret a laborious profession. I can hardly expect that my desire for fame will ever be satisfied, as I feel that I have not *genius*.

'Dec. 26th.—Read Lord Lindsay on Christian Art. . . . . In my opinion, religious art in our day has no meaning in the way it is handled. The religion of the past has gone by, yet artists compose as if that religion were still in all its vigor. I do not see why the rational Christianity which is fast gaining ground should be fatal to religious painting. Can the beautiful and touching scenes of the Gospel not be as well portrayed by the understanding Christian of the nineteenth century, as by the superstitious Catholic of the Middle Ages? . . . . . Religion, that is, aspirations after what is beautiful, good, and true, must be at the basis of all our admiration, whether in art or poetry. Take, for example, all descriptions of nature. They owe their beauty to the religious feeling they awaken. It is not the description we admire, but the sentiment which it arouses within us. . . . .

'Dec. 25th.—Passed the evening at Milton. We had a Christmas Eve. The children seemed to enjoy it. These festive days, which called forth so much

joy and gaiety when we were children, no longer awaken any but sad recollections when we have grown into manhood; at least *I* find it so.

[EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.]

'Sept., 1847.

'Dear Mother, —

'I had a pleasant ride in the cars with Burns and Wilson. The latter has many peculiar characteristics of style, but is a delightful writer. — What he says of Burns might well apply to Byron. "Burns and such men as Burns showed the whole world their dark spots by the very light of their genius, and having died in what may be called their youth, there the dark spots still are, and men point at them with their fingers." Strange that you who are so hard upon Byron, who certainly suffered enough to atone for his errors, should never mention the faults of Burns. I say strange, I should rather say natural, for we never see the faults of those we like. This book came very *apropos* after reading Jasmin. They are kindred spirits, although the one is surely greater than the other. I quote the following passage, for I hate to *feel* alone. "And during these seven years, when his life was the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the moil of a galley-slave, think ye not that the boy-poet was happy, merely because he had the blue sky over his head and the green earth beneath his feet? He who ere long invested the most common of all the wild flowers with *immortal* beauty to all ages, far beyond that of the rarest, till a tear, as of pity, might fall down manly cheeks on the dew-drops nature gathers on 'its snawie bosom, sunward spread.'"

'What a pleasure to find some men in this dull, prosaic world capable of feeling the beauties of a poet, and of speaking of them as if they had souls, and not as some critics do.

'I continue to be on quite intimate terms with ——. I believe he is somewhat at a loss to understand that a person who has always lived at courts should be simple and unassuming. Whatever my faults, a desire to associate with great people was never one of them.

'Tell grandpapa I have begun his Gibbon, and shall read it with care. There is in it a petty spirit of hostility to religion, which is very contemptible. In the eye of the Christian it must take much from the greatness of a writer who seems to attack religion as a child attacks a bigger boy — from behind, and by all sorts of mischievous tricks.'

In a letter to his mother, written in November, 1847, he suggests that while his sisters were absent in New York, she and his father should board in Boston, and says: 'You will have one of your children near you, if not the one most necessary to you, at least one who loves you as well, and would do any thing to make you happy. Alas! that it is not in his power! It must be a serious trial to you to be separated from M. and A., but I hope better times will come, and surely they will. For my own part, I have little hope of ever seeing again that quiet and delightful family circle, which must have been the object of envy to all feeling hearts. Is it so in all human lives, or is our case an exception? Must the time inevitably come when the circle is broken up, and each member of a family scattered about the

world? In moments of sadness and dejection, I always think of a line of my favorite poet:

'"Existence may be borne, — it is but for a day."

and I say it not as he did, in the bitterness of an unsatisfied ambition, but in a truly Christian spirit. I am decidedly wrong in writing you in such a melancholy strain, for it rather becomes me to cheer your prospects. There is a bright side to all things, however. Let us look at it.' . . . . . .

'December, 1847.

'Dearest Mother, —

'You are wrong in supposing I am not perfectly contented *at present*. It is infinitely more in keeping with my nature to exaggerate my dark thoughts and feelings than to overrate my moments of happiness and contentment. I have been reading Châteaubriand. His Genie du Christianisme, as a whole, I do not, of course, like, but there are many fine passages in it, and one which I will quote, as it gives a pretty good picture, clothed in better language than I can command, of the state of my own boyish mind:

'"Il reste à parler d'un état de l'ame, qui ce nous semble n'a pas encore été bien observé, c'est celui qui précede le developpement des passions, lorsque nos facultés, jeunes, ardentes, mais renfermées, ne se sont exercées que sur elles-mêmes, sans but et sans objet. Plus les peuples avancent en civilisation, plus cet état du vague des passions augmente, car il arrive une chose fort triste. Le grand nombre des exemples que l'on a sous les yeux, la multitude des livres qui traitent

de l'homme et de ses sentimens, rendent habiles sans expérience. On est détrompé sans avoir joui; il reste encore des désirs et l'on n'a plus d'illusions; l'imagination est riche, abondante et merveilleuse, l'existence pauvre, sèche et désenchantée. On habite avec un cœur plein un monde vide, et sans avoir usé de rien en est désabusé de tout. L'amertume que cet état de l'ame répand sur la vie est incroyable."

'The only remedy for it is indifference, and I am going to try it. Study in the morning, read *no poetry*, and pay visits in the evening; if that does not cure a man of spleen and *soi-disant* misanthropy, I don't know what will!

'I read the other day, Channing's discourse on the loss of the Lexington. Read it! *There* is eloquence, religion, heart, and every thing that is wanted in a sermon. None of that absurd timidity which makes preachers think that they cannot speak of the realities of life. The more I read Channing the more I admire him. It is not necessary for every preacher to be a man of genius. *Heart* is the thing wanting, and if he have not that, let him go plough the field, or take part in politics. How is it possible for men who would become quite excited if they were discussing the political or financial condition of the country, to preach as though it were an irksome duty? How is it possible for a man to get up in the pulpit and find nothing to say? Has he no recollections which he might conjure up, no hopes which he might communicate to his hearers?' . . . . . .

'December, 1847.

'Dearest Mother, —

'I had a letter from New York the other day. A. tells me she has been reading another of those innumerable books written by American travellers in Europe, entitled, *Old Wine in New Bottles.* She was reading with perfect indifference, when she came to the following passage in the description of the Cemetery of *Père-la-Chaise:*

'"I found two graves which interested me extremely. On one the inscription was as follows:

H. E. W.
Born in New York, June 21st, 1824.
Died in Paris, April 2d, 1840.

'"Around them pots of fresh flowers and garlands showed that though far from home, they still had friends to watch over their remains. From the slab of the first I took the shell of a snail, which I found thereunto adhering, and shall bear it to the United States as a memorial of this visit."

'With my views of life and death, nothing can be more remote from my mind than to wish for an instant that Edward should again be among us, and yet I could not read the passage without deep emotion. His has indeed been the happy lot! I think with the poet:

'"To die,
To sleep, and with a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
Which flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished!"

'And yet we cannot but cast a look of regret towards the past, egotistical regret, unworthy of the friend, un-

worthy of the Christian. How many thousand recollections are brought to our mind by a single word! The peaceful hours of childhood, the innocent, careless pastimes of that happy age, when no passions, no ambitious views can break our rest! How beautifully Byron has said it:

'"But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Away for ever: it may be a sound —
A tone of music — summer's eve — or spring —
A flower — the wind — the ocean — which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

'"And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead, anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost — too many! — yet how few!"

'In reading these lines, *you* will not say that Byron did not feel. The power of poetry to bring tears to the eye has seldom been carried farther than this. Happy are they who feel such poetry! Many tears will they shed in their life! Many are the deep feelings which will tear their hearts, but yet who can pity them? Who can wish to deprive them of the only real joy of man in life — emotion? I would not, although I feel how much it would be for my interest.

I would not exchange with the cold and heartless man, who walks through life with the regularity of a clock, no — "not for the sea's worth!" . . . . . Something too much of this. — My piano has arrived. The ground is covered with snow this morning, a dreary spectacle in a country place like Cambridge, but such weather is, I think, far more healthy both for body and mind than the warm weather we have had lately. A southerly wind always seems to bring with it sweet perfumes of romance, and, God knows, romance had better be avoided in this monotonous life.'

In a letter written at the close of the year 1847, to a person who had the charge of him in childhood, and to whom he was much attached, he says: 'As we advance in life, this time of the year becomes rather a time of sadness than of rejoicing. We cannot but look back upon the past and mourn for those who are no longer with us to partake in the gaiety of the season. I may safely say that since Edward died, Christmas has been to me a day of sad and melancholy recollections rather than a day of pleasure. How happy we were as children! With what joy we looked forward to the coming day! Alas! all this has gone never to return. Excuse me for dwelling on these sad thoughts, I cannot help it, — out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and my heart is full. . . . I would not, God knows, wish him who is gone to be again among us. Not those who are gone are to be mourned for, but those who remain behind.'

To his youngest sister he writes:

'January, 1848.

'My dear A——,

'I have allowed some time to pass without writin

to you, and I scarcely know where to begin. A new year has just opened, and like every other year will, I suppose, pass too quickly. On the 1st, my article on M. Coquerel's Experimental Christianity appeared. ——, who never flatters, praised it. I hope at some future time to do something far better; in the mean time, these articles prove that although educated in Paris, which is commonly considered the most frivolous of places, I can think of something serious. I like Cambridge, I see people who please me, and I know what is going on in the intellectual world. At our table we talk on literary and scientific subjects, seldom of politics. Added to this, I have found a friend to whom I can say all I think with the certainty of being understood.'

The Dane Professorship of Harvard College had been offered to Mr. Wheaton, and accepted by him. After a visit to Washington, the object of which, that of settling to his satisfaction a lawsuit respecting the copyright of his 'Reports,' was unsuccessful, he returned to Providence where he purposed to write his lectures. But his health, which had been gradually failing after his return to his native country, now gave way, and towards the middle of February it became evident that he must renounce the Professorship. . . . This was a bitter disappointment to Robert, who had fondly hoped that in the spring he would be reunited to his family. The intense anxiety and pain caused by his father's illness can only be appreciated by those who at that time saw him intimately. The following letter to his eldest sister, then in Washington with some friends, was written under the influence of these feelings.

'March 6th, 1848.

'My dear M——,

'The day after to-morrow will be your birthday, and I would not allow the anniversary to pass without writing you a few lines, if only to repeat how much I love you, and to express my heartfelt regrets that the year which has elapsed has brought us no nearer the happiness which all seek here below, but that we are farther from it than we have ever been before. In the anxieties and disappointments which are our portion now, I console myself with the thought that we have had as great a share of happiness in this world as falls to the lot of most human beings. In the course of a human existence, a few happy years are perhaps all we can expect. Such we have enjoyed while others are seeking them in vain. This thought brings great consolation with it, and I like to recall it and find in it new strength when weary with the present and anxious for the future. I wish I could offer you something more encouraging, but know not how. Those days which in all the illusion of youth we call festive days, now appear to me but as days of sad reflection to those who have suffered,—and I pity those who know not the purifying effects of great afflictions, nor the luxury of tears. Such days are calculated to make us look into our own hearts and compare what we are with what we have been. As we advance in life we become more and more convinced, that our happiness does not depend on external circumstances, but rather on the manner in which we bear those trials and the afflictions with which God has strewn our path. Of terrestrial happiness we may say with Corneille:

'"Comme elle a l'éclat du verre,
Elle en a la fragilité."

Such happiness ought not to be our aim, but rather a holy and peaceful resignation. In moments of faith and piety, when we rise above the miseries of this world, it is not difficult for us to feel thus, but it is not always easy to maintain this elevation in our thoughts and wishes. Who has not felt moments of doubt, of lukewarmness? Even I who am often reproached with never having been young, even I have felt what life might be, when mind and heart were equally satisfied, but I confess I no longer feel this. Life appears to me nothing more than a vast field in which each one is trying to get the start of his neighbor, and to obtain a position. What sadness, what bitterness in that word — a position. Duty on the one hand, inclination on the other; between these two mortal enemies we pass through life. But enough of this — my courage fails me when I allow myself to dwell on painful thoughts.' . . . .

To his youngest sister he writes:

'March 9th, 1848.

'My dear A——,

'I was at Mrs. ——— on Monday. The young ladies had gone out, and I spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. ——. She is always charming, superior both in heart and intellect. On Tuesday I went to Boston to hear Mr. B—— lecture on philosophy. The lecture was truly excellent, the subject was Fatalism. . . . . What a sad doctrine! and how much better to make one's self master

of one's own destiny, submitting at the same time to Providence. I have always thought that an especial Providence watched over our family, and I now think so more than ever. The French professor at the college has been taken ill; I have been asked to take his place temporarily, and shall probably ultimately obtain it as a permanency. I shall have to give a lesson of three hours, three times a week. The lessons being in the afternoon, I shall not be prevented from continuing my law studies. I am most happy at this unexpected circumstance, for I have long sought a regular occupation, one that would give me a certain responsibility and raise me in my own esteem. I have just begun Mr. Norton's work on the Unity of God. It is admirably thought and written. He expresses a thought which I am told has excited great indignation, viz.: that no one really believes now in the Trinity. I had this thought at so early an age, that it did not strike me on reading the book. . . . I read two sermons of Buckminster the other day on the character of Peter and Paul, which are very fine. What a charming and touching life was his! To be a prey to the most dreadful illness, and to have such faith and resignation, argues no common soul. But I must leave you, though I have still much to say.' . . . . . .

On the 11th of March, his father breathed his last. Notwithstanding his state of health, his death was unexpected, and Robert was not with him. . . . . It would be too painful a task to attempt to describe the agony of his grief. He had lived with his father

as few sons do, admiring him, looking up to him, yet communicating with the most perfect unreserve with him, and scarcely realizing the difference in their ages, and to lose him at the moment when he was about entering on the duties of life, and when he felt that he most needed his advice and support, was an overwhelming blow. How deeply he felt it, the following letter shows. We should remark that he was in the habit of writing to his mother in English, but that his letters to his sisters were invariably in French.

'April 4th, 1848.

'My dear M——,

'I am once more in Cambridge, and my first occupation is to write to you. My silence was doubtless understood, and you could not have attributed it to forgetfulness. What could I say in the first moments of such a bereavement? What consolation could I offer? In such cases there is nothing to be said; if any balm is to be found for such grief, it is within ourselves we must seek it. Those who have gathered up real treasures, that is, true and sincere piety, find themselves rich in days of sorrow, for we have neither time nor sufficient calmness to seek them at the moment they are most necessary. Such a treasure you possess; I have it also, and I venture to affirm it, *for mine is not the glory.* I have written to M. Coquerel, to whom I owe much — the knowledge of "Christ and of Christ crucified," and the unshaken belief in immortality, immediately after death. I have confidence in this sublime thought. Our father whom

we love and mourn, has already entered upon a new sphere of activity, where, freed from all earthly trammels, from all earthly cares, he can act from eternity to eternity. He sees us, too, I love to think, he knows what we are doing. And why should this not be? There is nothing in the mourning of a whole family to inflict pain upon a blessed soul. Purified and spiritualized, the immortal soul must attach more importance to the spiritual state of those who grieve for it, than to their temporal state. And in respect to this, our father's spirit must rejoice that we *who have not seen*, still believe. If you can procure them, read Mr. Greenwood's "Sermons of Consolation." You will find they contain many passages calculated to calm your doubts and confirm your faith. How strange! The evening on which our father passed away, I was at the ——'s. I sang "*O bell' alma!*" and on going away, C—— put into my hands Greenwood's Sermons, advising me to read them. Before going to bed, I read one, the next morning I read another. I was calm and prepared. G. came and told me the cruel truth. Must one not say with Wallenstein, "Es giebt keinen Zufall."

'Adieu, love me; we are so little while on this earth, that we must not fail to cultivate the affections, for death comes, and with it regrets at not having been united. What is there in life worth troubling one's self about, or making the subject of discussion? Let us live in peace, let each of us perform our respective duties, and we shall be happy in the only sure way.

'I shall accept for the next term the place of French Instructor in the college here. It is the best

thing I can do. Mr. —— wishes me to go abroad. I do not desire it. Why place the ocean between us, when we have so short a time to be together?'

Robert was at this time in his twenty-second year; he had never before been separated from his family for any length of time, he had been accustomed to depend on his father more than is usual with young men of that age in this country, and his long residence abroad had made him almost a stranger here. He had now, as it were, to begin life anew, to make to himself new interests, to enter upon a settled occupation, to learn to rely upon himself only, and instead of seeking support from others, to give it in his turn. He did all this and he did it nobly. Although obliged to dispense with many of the luxuries and enjoyments to which he had been accustomed, with the comforts of home and with the pleasures of the domestic circle, which to one who set so high a value on family affection, were more necessary than aught else, no murmur ever escaped him. He applied himself cheerfully to the task of instruction, and indeed took a deep interest in it, and devoted the rest of his time to useful reading, to his improvement in writing English, and to his law studies. Although he continued to feel the want of some of the resources a large city offers, he became in time really attached to Cambridge. The tone of its society was congenial to him, and he felt that he was appreciated here. The peculiarity of his position as an American, and yet a stranger in America, was felt, and at the time of his great bereavement he found the interest and

sympathy he so much needed. To the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Norton he was indebted for many pleasant hours passed at their house; in Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Bowen he always found the kindest encouragement in his literary pursuits, and there were other persons, both of his own age and older, whose society and conversation made his leisure hours pass agreeably, and prevented him from dwelling on painful recollections. Although many of his letters breathe a spirit of despondency, it must not be supposed that such was the constant tone of his mind. There were times when he enjoyed life as much as at others he felt its sorrows deeply. He was capable of great enthusiasm; — fine music, poetry, or eloquence, by rousing all the warmest emotions of his nature, gave him that intensity of pleasure which only noble souls can feel. There were times, too, when his anticipations of the future, his hopes of usefulness and success in life were bright and sanguine, and at such times he was undoubtedly as happy as most persons. He was, as we have already said, peculiarly sensitive to every change of temperature, and for that very reason, no one, perhaps, ever derived more enjoyment from fine, unclouded weather. Often on one of those bright days in April or May, which all the population of busy Paris pours forth to enjoy, he would say to his sisters, with one of those smiles which those who knew him well cannot forget, 'This is the perpetual spring of the garden of Eden.' The autumn weather in our climate he also enjoyed extremely, and usually was in good spirits while it lasted. In his short though frequent visits to his family in Providence, he always endeavored

to cheer them by a lively account of the little incidents of his life in Cambridge, or by repeating to them any amusing anecdotes he had heard there or in Boston. These he told with considerable spirit, for he had a keen sense of the ridiculous and a talent of mimicry, though he rarely exercised it, and then with great good nature. His language in conversation, as well as in writing, though simple and devoid of all affectation, was usually well chosen, and in one who had so perfect a command of the French language, it was rather remarkable, not only that he never hesitated for an English word, but that when the choice between a Norman and a Saxon word was left him, he usually preferred the latter.

It was Mr. Wheaton's intention to bring out a new edition of his History of the Northmen, and he had made an arrangement with Messrs. Appleton & Co. for that purpose. He had written an Introduction of several pages, and proposed to add a chapter on the Normans in Sicily, and some interesting notes, which the progress of historical research during the last twenty years rendered desirable. Robert hoped, with the aid of the materials collected by his father, still to complete the work, but after some consideration, Messrs. A. & Co. declined to undertake its publication. In a letter written April 11th, 1848, he says:

'My dear A——,

'I have been so hard at work on "The Northmen" for some days past, that it has been impossible for me to write you. Having determined to take more exercise, I walk now every day for a couple of hours,

and feel the better for it. Have you seen the last news from Europe? Lamartine shows a good deal of moral and physical courage, but it is to be feared that he may be too conservative for the masses. It seems to me impossible that with his habits of thought, he should ever become a demagogue. Some newspapers propose a very sensible measure. It is to remove the Assembly from Paris to some provincial town. In a country where for fifty years all the governments that have succeeded each other have centralized every thing in the capital, it would be impossible, however, though it is quite true that there can be no real liberty of discussion in a city like Paris. . . . The weather now is exquisite, — real spring weather. This is the season of the year that I prefer, as much for the recollections of the past as for the present. Yesterday evening I made my first visit to the ——'s, who had urged me to come. As you may suppose, it was a trying visit, particularly in perspective, but I am glad I have been, for now I feel that I can go again. I met Mr. L—— the other day. He spoke of papa and "The History of the Northmen;" he is glad I am at work on it. . . . I was looking over a work of Lamennois the other day and saw this phrase, which applies very well to the present state of France: "One of the most dangerous follies of our age is to imagine that a state may be constituted or a society formed from one day to the other, as you raise a manufactory." The only thing I have heard about the French exiles that has really touched me, was to learn that the mother of M. Guizot had attended the French Protestant Church in London. After a life so noble as hers,

after having suffered so much, it is hard for her to be again exiled! She had almost the right to hope that for her all earthly revolutions were at an end, and that she might contemplate in peace the greatness of her son, to which she so much contributed. When we behold such reverses, when such misfortune may assail us on all sides, we are tempted to exclaim with Lamartine:

> " Ainsi toujours poussés vers de nouveaux rivages,
> Ne pourrons nous jamais sur l'océan des ages
> Jeter l'ancre un seul jour?"

'There are moments in life, especially at this season of the year, when the greatest happiness would be to stop, to contemplate, to dream! But no, we must onwards, always onwards! There is no repose here below.

'On my return I found a very kind letter from M. Berenger,* asking me for some notes on papa's life and works, in order to make a report to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. I should like to send them to him immediately. Will you assist me to furnish them?'

[EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL, 1848.]

June 8th. — I have been reading Channing's Memoirs, etc. Am again induced to write a journal — not of what I do — but of what I think. There is truly matter enough. How many thoughts, how many resolutions we let go by without noticing them as we should.

* M. Berenger, a member of that section of the French Institute of which Mr. Wheaton was a corresponding member.

The perusal of the memoirs of a man like Dr. Channing has somewhat the same influence as intercourse with a good and great man. We feel as if we too would like to reach that pure and serene mental condition, which is the only true source of happiness in this world. What I the most admire in Channing is that vivid and bright conception of a future state, of which he seems to speak as of a thing which he had himself seen. Could I but constantly keep before me so consoling, so soothing a belief! It is nothing to be virtuous, religious, and full of lofty inspirations by impulse! Pascal was right:

*"La vertu se juge sur ce que l'on fait d'ordinaire."*

Prayer is undoubtedly the greatest means of attaining to a Christian life. I feel all the importance of this spiritual communion with our Creator. . . . . Prayer should be entirely mental, spiritual, and I know not how to abstract myself from all form in order to hold this communion with God. . . . . .

'June 10th. — Mr. Bowen came to see me this morning, and we talked about many interesting subjects. He rather startled me by the question whether I had never had any idea of studying theology. How one word can at times throw you into a perfect whirlwind of thought. . . . . B. thinks too well of me in supposing that I am fit for the ministry. What a responsibility! What a task! Too much for one so weak, so fluctuating as I am. But then would there be any ministers of the Gospel, if the standard were placed so high? Is that, however, a reason sufficient for placing it lower?'

[LETTERS.]

Cambridge, April 11th, 1848.

'Dearest Mother, —

'I had a long letter from Mr. Osgood yesterday. It was very kind. He desires me much to write on the Catechism of M. Coquerel. I answered him, saying that I was very busy at present, but offering to do anything in my power for the advancement of Christian education. I gave him my views on the subject very freely, and asked for his.

'I am actively engaged with "The Northmen," a most charming occupation to me. It seems almost like living over again, to tread the path which has been trodden by one whom we have loved. How many recollections are brought to my mind by this work. Copenhagen and all its childish associations. Paris, where *he* was quite happy when preparing the French edition of the Northmen. It seems at times when I meet with a difficulty that I could go and ask him to solve it. So deeply is habit rooted within us!

'Cambridge, May 4th, 1848.

. . . . 'Notwithstanding my desire to be with you, I believe it is better for me to be here. Surrounded by persons who do not recall our misfortune, I find more strength for my labors, and God knows I require it. I am happy to tell you that I have received the official appointment as French Instructor in the College, with a salary of five hundred dollars, which will probably be increased to six hundred dollars. This will make me feel independent, one of the greatest earthly blessings! I see the N——'s very often;

they are very kind, and when I think of the happiness we might have enjoyed here, I feel very sad. I never pass by the house which we would have inhabited, without thinking of the hopes of tranquil domestic happiness which I had formed. They are now vanished. How little we know whether we shall ever realize the plans we form!'

In the month of August, 1848, Robert heard Dr. Bushnell deliver an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, and was much delighted with it. In speaking of the dinner given on that occasion, he says: 'Mr. Parsons called upon Mr. Osgood to say something on the subject of the loss which the society, the country, and the civilized world had sustained in the person of Henry Wheaton, with which Mr. Osgood complied with true feeling. . . . All my friends seem interested in my welfare. I look forward to the coming season with much pleasure, I should say happiness, if we could only all once more be together. I confidently trust that we may soon be reunited. In the meanwhile your love for me will, I am confident, enable you to bear this temporary separation. I should be more contented with this separation if all the advantages were not on my side.'

'Cambridge, Sept. 8th, 1848.

'My dear A——,

'I cannot do better than to reply to your kind letter on your birthday. I know how painful are these annual returns of days which in childhood were dear to us, but I cannot let this day pass without assuring you anew

of all my affection and of my lively desire to see you, and all who are dear to me, as happy as they would wish. But happiness is scarcely of this world, and all we can hope to attain here is a tranquil and contented mind. For myself, I am happy at present. I have that which I have long desired, a regular occupation. I feel that I am not altogether useless, and that although my activity is exercised on a narrow field, I am doing something. It is an admirable discipline for the mind to know that a certain number of persons depend upon you, and that your presence, if only for the most trivial thing, is necessary at certain hours.'

'October, 1848.

'Dear M——,

'I have nothing new to communicate. My life is monotonous, but it suits me. Nothing is better for me than regular occupation. My class still interests me, but Ollendorff I abhor. I have been reading Lessing for the first time. It is a pity the Germans do not adopt his style more frequently; it is clear and simple as a French author.'

'Dec. 11th, 1848.

'My beloved Mother,—

'It was a charming custom, that of my childhood, to write you a letter on this day. I renew it now, not that words can express to you, or reveal to any one how much I love you, but because I know that a line from me will cast a gleam of light over your first widowed birthday. If anything could have added to my affection for one who had devoted her life to her

children, who has lived in and for them, the sad experience of the past year would do it. You are now, in the language of the world, my only *surviving* parent. I am no longer the protected, but the protector. Heaven grant me the force of character, the firmness of purpose and of principle necessary for this duty. My debt of gratitude to you is too great for me ever to hope to discharge it. Should I be able to spread over your declining years some rays of gladness, my fondest hopes will have been realized, and I shall pursue the journey of life with the consciousness of having wiped away, as far as lay in my power, a few of the tears which the loss of him whom we all mourn, must cause you to shed. My heart is full to overflowing. . . . I will say no more. . . . . If, as I cannot but believe, those who precede us in death still are with us, are not our *immortals* with us now? I feel as if they were blessing, encouraging, giving us comfort.'

'Cambridge, Dec. 31st, 1848.

'My dear M——,

'This is the last time I shall write the date '48, but not the last time I shall recall the year which has left such profound traces in our lives. This morning I heard a fine sermon from Dr. Walker on the proper employment of time.

'You will be much surprised to-morrow at *seeing me*, and I am happy to think how much pleasure it will give you. Healy is really too kind, but he wished so much to take my likeness that I could not refuse to sit. My friends are much pleased with it. The truth is, it was painted *con amore*. I talked with a young Frenchman a greater part of the sittings.'

This is indeed an admirable likeness. The smooth brown hair, the soft greyish eyes with their long dark lashes, so full of tenderness and soul, the fair, noble forehead, the mouth so beautifully formed and so expressive, all are there! It is Robert in all the brightness of youth and hope, as he looked at those brief intervals of his short life when, well in health and spirits, he felt no fears and anxieties for the future. His countenance, which struck the ordinary beholder, was one peculiarly attractive to those accustomed to watch its varying expression. There was, as has been truly said, 'a moral beauty' about him which caused his image to remain indelibly stamped on the memory of those who knew him. As he grew up he became tall and slender, but he had none of the awkwardness which often attends great height; on the contrary, his movements were easy and dignified, and the action of his white and well-shaped hands was remarkably graceful.

The winter vacation of that year he spent with his mother and sisters in Providence. It was soon after his return to Cambridge that the following letter to his eldest sister was written:

'March 7th, 1849.

'My dear M ——,

'I scarcely have the courage to write you again on your birthday, though, strange to say, I write with less sadness than I did last year. I recall with what anguish I then wrote. Now I am calm, and can again assure you of my affection and of the regret I feel that we are still destined to live apart. I am more and more

convinced that God was merciful in taking from the trials and deceptions of this world him from whom for a time we are separated. With his delicate organization, how could he have been happy under the circumstances in which he was placed? Here the young take the place of the old in more rapid succession than is the case in Europe, and death is preferable to anxiety and neglect. This is but a small consolation to those he has left behind, you will say. True — and I feel it the more as the sad anniversary approaches. All which I suffered last year at this time comes back to my mind, and I cannot but repeat that we are strange beings. When we recall the past, the sleepless hours, the tears we shed, and more than these, the concentrated grief which finds no way to vent its bitterness, we ask ourselves how we ever recovered, how we can again take part in the vanities and struggles of life? But it must be so. We thought ourselves cast down forever, and we can rise from the border of the grave in which we seemed to have buried all our hopes, to exclaim with Posa, "*Ach! das Leben ist doch schön!*" Yes, life is beautiful, notwithstanding the thorns which wound us on our path, notwithstanding the tombs which open under our feet. Beautiful indeed is life in those moments of faith, when it appears like the entrance to another existence, like the vestibule to the temple of eternity. Beautiful when we do our duty, when we try to make others happy, when we love each other as we have done, and — God grant — may do to our latest breath, and even longer, until that supreme moment when we shall be united in the love of God. I have nothing to offer you to-morrow, excepting the wish that

you may be resigned to the present and hopeful for the future.'

In another letter, written in the month of April, 1849, speaking of a proposal made to him through the medium of a friend, with regard to a diplomatic appointment, he says: 'I was much pleased with this proposition, not that I shall accept it, but because it shows that I have many kind friends ready to serve me without my request. It is a new proof how much we owe that kind parent, who was so unhappy at the thought of his inability to leave us a fortune. If I saw you more happily situated, in a *home*, I might try to obtain a diplomatic post abroad. The situation of Europe would render such a post very interesting at this moment. Cosmopolite as I am, it would be an excellent school in which to study general politics and to perfect my knowledge of history. But so long as you have not a home of your own to indemnify you for all you have lost, I cannot consent to add to your other trials that of being separated from me.'

In another letter on the same subject, he adds:

'I have but one wish at present; it is to establish you all here. As to myself, I leave my reputation to the future. If God grants me time, I have no doubts or fears on the subject. I might appear vain were I to make such a remark to a stranger. You know me well enough to be assured that I am only frank. I have made the good resolution to study law seriously. I believe this is what I ought to do: to finish my law studies better than I began them, and open an office

Beside this good resolution, I am determined to give way no more to spleen, but to see every thing *couleur de rose*. Every one inclined to indulge in a morbid state of mind should learn by heart the sentence of Lord Bacon: "In the world's theatre, God and the angels only have a right to be spectators." I purpose writing several articles during the vacation. With such occupation, I shall feel the tranquillity which will enable me to pass my vacation happily and peacefully with you.'

'March, 1849.

'Dearest Mother, —

. . . . . 'I am extremely contented just now. Things seem to spring up on every hand without any effort on my part, so that I must feel confident in the future. With many kind friends, sufficient talent — though I am not disposed to overrate that which I possess — I think my chance of success is very great. All I could wish is to see my family in a more agreeable situation, and that I hope will be brought about before long.' . . . .

'May 31st, 1849.

'My dearest Mother, —

'I have again allowed a longer time than I intended to elapse without writing you. I am generally, however, too busy to write in the day, and I have of late devoted my evenings to walking, from which, added to the shower bath, I already feel many good effects. The action of the body upon the mind is one of the most singular phenomena which our singular nature affords. I find that since I take exercise and use cold

water, I am less nervous than I was, and more contented and good-natured than before. You must not expect, however, when I come to Providence next week, to see an extremely fat, robust, and jolly individual. Indeed, I doubt whether you would wish to see such an one, for you would not know him. I shall spend a greater part of next week with you. . . . The more I live, the more I find that it is in vain for us to cling to anything in this world. Everything, even what is apparently the most desirable, is but transient. Why, even the Europe in which we lived for twenty years, has disappeared from off the earth! If we could only feel at every moment of our lives that such is really the case, and that therefore it is useless to attach any value to aught but genius and virtue, — for they are *not* of the world, but rather formed here for development of which we have no conception now, — how happy we should be! How tranquilly we should encounter all the misfortunes, all the trials, all the petty annoyances of life, to me far more difficult to bear than those serious afflictions which wring the heart but do not break the spirit, which elevate and sanctify while they seem for a time to have crushed all hope. I have always felt that the only moments in life when we live as we were intended to live, are those calm moments of tranquil resignation which succeed the first agony and the first stupor occasioned by a heavy affliction. You have seen me in such moments — you know what I mean. But I did not write to make *you* weep, and as I see the tears rise, let me wipe them away as I would all those which you may be called upon to shed. I can do it by telling you that I am happy, as far as

one of my constitution can be happy. Happy in the firm conviction that a life of successful labor awaits me; happy too, that I, with all my imperfections, have been able to shed on your existence and on that of my sisters, some of their brightest rays. Why should I, with false modesty, deny to myself that such is the case? . . . . . .

The summer vacation was spent, as usual, in Providence. When Robert returned to Cambridge, he busied himself in writing an article on M. Coquerel's most important work, of which he speaks as follows in a letter to his eldest sister:

'October, 1849.

'Dear M——,

'I have just finished my article on M. Coquerel's Experimental Christianity. I do not think it very good, and if it succeeds, it will be owing to the subject. I have re-read and meditated on this work, which is admirable. How happy to believe all it contains, and to believe with the fervor of the author. To-day we believe, to-morrow we doubt, and in the intervals we are indifferent, living on from day to day without thinking of the morrow. But it would be too great a boon never to doubt. We should anticipate on immortality. When once we have believed, faith seldom entirely leaves us. I have faith when I am advancing. When I doubt, I remain stationary or go back.'

'October 26th, 1849.

'Dearest Mother,—

'I am quite ashamed at having let so many days go by without writing you a line; but with a regular occu-

pation like mine time flies so fast, that one is surprised, on looking back, to see how much of that precious article slips away almost unperceived. You will be delighted to hear that I am quite sociable. . . . . On the whole, I think I have never enjoyed Cambridge more than now. I should indeed be quite happy if I could but see those I love in more fortunate circumstances. Byron has beautifully expressed the feelings which at times come over me, in those lines beginning,—

"But ever and anon of griefs subdued," etc.

I regret to say that Mr. —— is dangerously ill; not expected to live many days, but fully prepared to die, and perfectly aware of his situation. I pray God that such may be my end. I feel most sincerely for his family. It will be a blow from which they can scarcely recover. It almost seemed an intrusion to break in upon the family circle, which may so soon be broken up. Alas! I feel too bitterly all which that word implies.

'I have taken to music with renewed zeal of late, and shall thus find much enjoyment this winter I trust.'

'December 25th, 1849.

'Dearest Mother,—

'Christmas once more! How the years pass by, and how little they bring with them of gladness! We should not complain, however. Hope is still left us, and if I could always be full of hope, I should always be happy.

'I send some books for the little ones. It is truly a

pleasure for me to make presents on this day, as I know how sad it is to have passed the age when such things conjure joy and wipe away the tear which ever and anon comes starting to the eye. To you, what can I give? I feel that nothing can equal my love or adequately express it. If I have caused you one unnecessary sorrow, one uncalled-for tear during the past year, forgive me and remember only my love. . . . . A *merry* Christmas to all the family; a *contented* one to you. Who can be merry who has lived to see many returns of these anniversaries, without being reminded of those beautiful lines of Longfellow:

> "There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair."'

'January 6th, 1850.

'My dear A——,

'I have been very sad for the last fortnight, which accounts for my not having written you as I ought to have done. I have now recovered and am going to make *amende honorable*. You will ask me why I have been sad? In my turn I will ask you how I can be otherwise at this season of the year? How many recollections Christmas and New Year's day awaken! How many resolutions made and broken! How many hopes formed and deceived! The saddest things about these periodical returns of certain anniversaries consecrated by the sweet recollections of youth, is, that you seem every time to be further from the ideal you have

dreamed of. And who has not dreamed of one, either of ambition or of love? Even those natures the coolest in appearance, are not without their illusions. . . . . I am reading Shirley at this moment, and am much interested in it, I scarcely know why. The woman who wrote it,— for I persist in believing it to be the production of a woman,— has a great deal of talent, but there is something incomplete and even coarse in the talent. Have you read it? I find in it my portrait at fourteen,— "A soul of thirty in a body of fourteen." This is sad but true.

'We had a magnificent sermon from Dr. Walker this morning. He reviewed the fifty years which have just closed, beginning of course with Napoleon. He was very eloquent in saying that the nothingness of human greatness had never been more apparent than in the career of the Emperor. All that he did for his own aggrandizement has disappeared from the earth; all that he did from love of mankind still remains an imperishable monument.'

'I have not written anything since my article on the Albigenses, and shall probably not before spring. I shall be in Providence next week, and intend to do no work during the vacation. Perhaps I may study Italian a little with you.'

It was his custom to spend every vacation with his family; but these intervals of leisure, as will appear from the close of the above letter, were not seasons of idleness or mental inactivity. Several of the articles he published were written in Providence, and others — which he never found time to complete — commenced.

He was fond of reading aloud, and as he was anxious to perfect himself in doing so, he read to his mother for an hour or two almost every day. In the politics of Europe he never ceased to take a lively interest, as was natural in one who had been accustomed to hear them discussed from childhood by his father and other diplomats. All that relates to France particularly interested him. He read eagerly not only the French papers, but every *brochure* of any value that fell in his way, and many were the hours he spent, standing with his arm resting on the mantel-piece, as was his habit, talking of the changes which had taken place in that country, and speculating on their probable results. All the enthusiasm which was excited both in France and in this country by the establishment of a Republic there, never for a moment influenced his opinions; he constantly predicted its speedy downfall. In the study of history, as we have before said, he always found great pleasure. It was proposed to him in this year to prepare an universal history for the use of scholars. He set about the task with great alacrity, as it was one that promised to be both agreeable and advantageous to him, but his other occupations did not allow him long to pursue it. A gentleman,— himself an admirable scholar,— saw the sketch of the plan of this work on his table one day, and expressed great surprise when he learned that Robert had made it without referring to any historical works. This instance will suffice to show that for one so young he was remarkably well-read in history, and that his memory was excellent. At the same time we must add, that so far was this faculty from being mechanical, that it was difficult for him to

commit a page to memory *literally*, though he could retain the sense of every sentence on it and give it in the connection in which it stood. It was his darling scheme to devote himself to some great historical work which would confer on him a lasting reputation ; but in this, as in all his earthly hopes, it was his lot to be disappointed. Indeed, his health and strength never sufficed to perform one half the work he planned for himself, and would so gladly have executed.

It was at the end of the winter vacation of 1850, that, his studies at the Law School being completed, he determined upon entering a lawyer's office in Boston. He was fortunate enough to be admitted into that of Messrs. R. H. Dana, Jr. and F. E. Parker, for whom he felt the highest respect, and whose influence on him was excellent. He had sometimes doubted whether he had any talent for the bar, but these gentlemen convinced him that it was only the practical familiarity with business that he wanted. He had dreaded that, in the active pursuit of the legal profession, he would be compelled to abandon much that was of great interest to him, — history, European politics, &c., — but they showed him that his familiarity with modern languages, and general information respecting Europe, might be of service to him, and he learned from their own example that a close attention to the details of a lawyer's profession was not incompatible with taste and cultivation. They satisfied him, too, on another point, and that to him the most important of all, — that it was possible to be very successful at the bar without ceasing to be strictly honorable and conscientious. His spirits rose, his views of life became

more cheerful, his personal hopes brighter; he felt that he was rapidly acquiring the practical knowledge in which he had previously been deficient, and that he was deriving constant instruction as well as enjoyment from the society of Mr. Dana and Mr. Parker, and was encouraged by the deep interest they took in his success. While at the Law School he had formed an intimacy with two gentlemen of his own age, to whom he became warmly attached, and as their offices were in the same building with those in which he was studying, he saw them daily. In their friendship and sympathy he found the greatest pleasure, so that, on the whole, the year passed in the office of Messrs. Dana and Parker may be considered as the happiest he knew after leaving Europe.

The inconvenience of going from Cambridge to Boston, and the time he would have lost by doing so, led him during the four years he passed there to decline almost all the invitations he received to large parties, and the reserve natural to him preventing him from visiting much socially, many of his evenings were passed alone in his room. Yet he was far from being unsocial. During the last year he was in Paris, he went frequently with his father to the weekly receptions of some friends, and derived much pleasure from the conversation of the persons he met there; and had he lived under the same roof with his mother and sisters here, he would undoubtedly have gone more into society. At their entreaty he often promised to do so, but, as he himself said, his good resolutions in this respect were again and again broken. There was one

house, however, at which, during the last two years of his life, much of his leisure time was spent. The want of a 'home,' so often alluded to in his letters and felt so keenly by him, was compensated, as far as it could be, by the cordial and affectionate welcome he always received from both Mr. and Mrs. Felton, who considered him, to use his own expression, '*l'enfant de la maison.*' The letter from Prof. Felton, at the end of this Memoir, will show how much he was beloved and how deeply mourned by the whole family.*

'Cambridge, March 8th, 1850.

'My dear M——,

'Even had I not received a letter from you last evening I should have written to you this morning. It is not well to give up old traditions, particularly when they are good. I need not assure you of my affection. I only write that you may know I have thought of you. Here I am again in Cambridge, but under different circumstances. I am about entering the office of Messrs. Dana and Parker as a law student, where I think there is every reason why I should be contented. . . . . Since my return I have been occupied in arranging papers, and am determined to publish the life and correspondence of our dear father. I must do it at my leisure, as it must be well done. There is a great

* He had not relinquished his connection with Harvard University on leaving the Law School, and continued to the last to take a heartfelt interest in the progress of his pupils, who evinced their sense of it by their respect and attention while he lived, and by the spontaneous tribute of affection and regret they paid to his memory.

charm in reading over these old letters; they carry me back to other times, and I seem nearer to him whom we so deeply mourn. They give me a higher idea, if possible than before, of that clear and profound intellect, and of the noble character which wanted little of being perfect.'

'Boston, March 14th, 1850.

'Dearest Mother,

'Here I am in an office, and extremely busy what with writing and copying. I am delighted at having made this change; it will be of the greatest advantage to me to see how business is done. I shall also make new and useful acquaintances, and lead a more active life than I have done heretofore. My scheme of walking in and out has been most unfortunately defeated by the state of the weather, which has been terrible of late. . . . . I need not tell you how much my thoughts have been with you this week. I believe, however, that we are now all of us free from any selfish feeling at the recollection of *his* and our suffering. When such is the case, such anniversaries have rather a soothing than a depressing influence.' . . .

'Boston, March, 1850.

'Dear A——,

'I have just read in the omnibus a little pamphlet on "Atheism in France," translated from Lamartine's "*Conseiller du Peuple*." There is some vagueness as to the religion he would wish to establish, but with that exception it is an eloquent tirade against Socialism, Communism, &c. He predicts,—and it is not neces-

sary to be a prophet to do so,—that without some change in religious matters, the Republic must perish in France. I have the ninth volume of Thiers for you, and will bring it you soon. He says: "I am not, and never have been the flatterer of the populace, although condemned to live at a time when it rules." You see that he has the same courage as ever, and as little love for the Republic.'

'Boston, April 5th, 1850.

'Dearest Mother,

'I have only time to write a line in reply to your last letter on the subject of business. . . . Would to God that I could do something myself for you all whom I love so dearly. Alas! I cannot, and must content myself for the present with maintaining myself without being of any expense to any one, and without touching the small allowance which you have. Better times will come, I feel confident, and I trust before long. It grieves me to the very heart and poisons all my happiness to know you to be unhappy. But enough of this.' . . . .

'May, 1850.

'Dear A——,

'I passed this morning with Mr. J. F., on board the steamship *America*. It was so long since I had been on the sea, that it gave me great pleasure. I confess that I was reluctant to go ashore again. . . . . I am glad to hear of your success in drawing. So agreeable an employment cannot fail to make your time pass pleasantly. As for me, I am not doing much in

the way of music, which is *my* art. I am always hoarse, though I cough less. I play a little every evening.' . . . . .

The interest Robert had now begun to take in the law, is shown by the half-playful account he gives in the following letter, of his first appearance in Court:

'June 19th, 1850.

'I beg your pardon, dear A——, for not having written you for so long a time; but it has been so warm, and I have been so much occupied with my first cause, which I pleaded yesterday, that I was not disposed to write. Mr. C. has returned to Cambridge, that is the only change in my life there. In Boston, as you see, I have become quite a man of business. I succeeded in having my first client acquitted of a part of the accusation against her, so that she was only sentenced to a small fine. This is fortunate, as she has been five weeks in prison. Mr. Parker was in New York, and regrets very much not having been present at my *début*. I consider it quite a step to have appeared in public as a lawyer.

'I have just read Guizot's *brochure* on the English Revolution, and will bring it the first time I come to Providence. What an admirable writer! How much simplicity, eloquence and strength. He never seeks for effect as some writers do. Did you read the speech he made a short time since before the Biblical Society of Paris? If he had done differently, things would, perhaps, not be where they now are. He might, perhaps, have sowed good Protestant seed on that soil

composed of indifference and incredulity. I am not yet cured of my early ideas. France can only be saved by Protestantism, and that is the only point of view in which the Republic seems desirable. With a king, France will always have a Catholic tendency,— it matters little whether his name be Henry V. or Louis Napoleon.'

In August of this year, he and his sisters spent a fortnight in New Haven, while the Scientific Congress was assembled there. It was the only visit of any length that they had ever made with Robert, and it is impossible to imagine how much being together added to the pleasure they all derived from it. Dr. Welles, at whose house they were, took a warm interest in Robert, expressed some anxiety about his health, and urged upon him the necessity of taking more exercise. He especially recommended riding. Of this exercise, as we have before said, Robert was very fond; but want of time, and even more the expense of keeping a horse, prevented him after he left Paris from following his taste. On his return from New Haven, however, he rode frequently in obedience to Dr. Welles' advice, and seemed to derive benefit from the exercise, but the cold weather at the close of the autumn prevented him from continuing it. In October, he writes thus:

'My dear A——,

'I have been riding about the country for the last two days. Yesterday I dined at Milton, and to-day I stopped at Brookline to dinner. The country is beau-

tiful now, and I think my rides have done me good; at least Mr. P. says I look better to-day. Although I still cough, my cold is really better. . . . . I have become once more a *philosophe*, as little Arthur Healy * used to say, — that is, I am reading philosophical books at present. I am now reading another work of Morell's, entitled History of Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century. I intend to pursue these studies, and read Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft.* These studies interested me greatly formerly, but of late I have neglected them. The truth is, I find very little time for them.

'I was a great deal with Mr. Dana during Mr. Parker's absence; he is very fond of conversation, and, when we had nothing else to do, we talked a great deal. I hope mother will not be prevented from coming to Milton. I shall have so much pleasure in showing her Cambridge and my bachelor's establishment. . . . . I trust the day will come when we shall be once more united, and not obliged to say in writing how much we love each other.' . . . .

'October 21st, 1850.

'Dearest Mother,

'I am grieved to find that in spite of my assurances

* The son of Mr. H. the artist, a remarkably fine and intelligent child, whom his parents had the misfortune to lose two years since. R., who was extremely fond of children, and whose gentle manners made him very attractive to them, liked to play with this little boy. It was while he was at M. Barb Massin's school, and much engrossed by his philosophical studies, that the child learnt to call him *philosophe*.

that my cold is much better, you should still be so anxious about me. I trust, however, that when I tell you I have just returned from Watertown, where I sang three cavatinas and five duetts, you will believe me when I say that my cough is not very bad. . . . . Regarding your proposed arrangements, I need not say that whatever will make you most comfortable will ever be my most ardent wish. Why cannot you come here and make me a visit of a few days? A change of air and scene, of however short duration, will, I am sure, be beneficial to you. I cannot offer you much, excepting my company during my leisure moments. Just muster up a little courage and come down Thursday.'

'December 1st, 1850.

'Dearest Mother,

'You will be happy to learn that I am scarcely at all troubled with my cough. I have not seen the doctor once since Saturday. You see I consider myself off the sick list. I continue, however, to obey his advice and expose myself as little as possible. The only thing which annoys me now is a hoarseness, which prevents me from reading much aloud or singing. I suppose time or a change of air will be the best remedies for this. If I can possibly do so, I shall go South during the vacation. Mr. P., whom I consider my *moral* physician, advises it by all means. . . . . His plan for me is no doubt the best one: To go to Washington during the vacation, see as much as I can of society of every description, and then return in good spirits to devote myself to the law, *sans arrière pen-*

*sée.* . . . . As usuál, my little note is all taken up with myself. Am I not very selfish when my situation is so much more pleasant than yours? You must bear with me, however, as I am the spoiled child of the family, and likely to continue so. How this fine scheme of spending my vacation in amusing myself is to be carried out, I do not know.' . . . .

'December 11th, 1850.

'Dearest Mother,

'You will not receive this little note on your birthday, but it will show you that I have not forgotten the day, if such assurance you needed. I got your letter yesterday; it was very welcome. It is so rare for you to write a *whole* letter, that it is the more appreciated when you do. My cough continues still the same, though I follow the doctor's prescription, and do not go out in the evening.

'I have not yet set about writing anything. I am still surrounded with books on French history, and have three articles commenced: one on Chateaubriand, one on Thiers, and one on the Conversion of the Germans to Christianity. But I merely wrote to assure you of my affection, and to wish you many tranquil returns of this day. That another year may find us more happily situated than at present, is my ardent wish; but let us not complain, for alas! who knows what another year may bring forth?'

'December 30th, 1850.

'Dearest Mother,

'Nothing wonderful has occurred since I last wrote. Mr. P. still insists on my going away during the

vacation. He says, very wisely, that I am either well or not well. If the former, I should spend the vacation in Boston, and there attend the office. If the latter, I should travel. I have not yet made up my mind what to do. If I could, there probably would be no occasion for my doing anything. . . . One moment I think I will go off South, and the next I feel as if I ought not to do it.'

'Boston, January 3d, 1851.

'My dear A——,

'Your letter which I received this morning gave me great pleasure. I thank you for your interest, of which I have scarcely shown myself worthy with all my complaints. You are right; I am sad, deeply sad, and for the reasons you enumerate: want of money, the pain of your position, fatigue, and I believe, also, the state of my health, which does not allow me to look with an indifferent eye on all the sorrows and disappointments of life. In my present state, to travel would be of service to me; indeed, I have come to consider it as absolutely necessary. Mr. P. who interests himself in me, suggests that I should go to Havana, Charleston, or the Mediterranean. I do not know what to decide. . . . . What do you advise? It seems to me that it is my duty to endeavor *de me retremper un peu*, — to endeavor to gain strength morally and physically, and then to return to work, without which I can never be happy. Do not be troubled at all I have now said. I have replied categorically to your letter, and I hope you will give me credit for not destroying this letter now it is finished. Whatever resolution I

take with regard to the vacation, I shall come and see you next week.'

It may be imagined from the tenor of this letter, how much anxiety his family must have felt at the time, and how great was their relief when they found that he had decided to go to the South for a few weeks, although this determination deprived them of the pleasure of his society during the vacation. He set out for Philadelphia towards the end of January, intending to pass a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Willing, in that city. But a sudden indisposition detained him there for a month. When a child he had, — after suffering during the summer from the aguean fever, a common malady in the damp climate of Denmark, — been severely attacked by rheumatism in the feet and legs, and although for many years he had felt no return of it, the attack he had in Philadelphia was very similar. He received the most tender care and attention from the friends at whose house he was, as well as from his uncle, Dr. Walter V. Wheaton, U. S. A., and was not allowed by them to leave until quite recovered. When again able to travel, he proceeded to Baltimore, Washington and Charleston, stopping several days in each of these cities, all of which were new to him. He had always enjoyed travelling, and as his health improved his spirits rose, and the tone of his letters was unusually cheerful and sprightly. His friends at Cambridge, unwilling that he should return there before the weather had become mild and settled, kindly obtained permission for him to protract his absence after the college term had commenced, and one of his friends, although

engaged in the profession of the law in Boston, had the kindness to supply his place as French instructor, until his return. In May he arrived in Providence, and those who loved him felt the most entire satisfaction at the evident improvement in his health, and at the cheerfulness with which he resumed his active duties. In July he was admitted to the Boston Bar, and writes thus to his mother on the occasion:

'Boston, July 11th, 1851.

'Dearest Mother,

'You will be as much astonished as I am at the enclosed card. The whole thing has been done up in such an incredibly short time, that I can hardly realize I am indeed a Counsellor and Attorney.'

After relating the circumstances attending his entrance into business, he contiuues:

'I have, as usual, in everything that regards my prospects in life, only to congratulate myself on the warm friends I have. The only thing I regret about the arrangement is, that I shall not be able to spend as much of my time with you this summer as I had intended. I feel quite happy, I assure you, at this sudden immersion into the profession. I call it an immersion, for it is very like a cold bath in the river. I am sure you will be happy to know that I am at last fairly started on the business of life.'

During the summer he continued to come frequently to Providence to see his family, and Sunday being his only leisure day, he generally came on Saturday evening, and returned to Boston on Monday morning.

What words can describe the happiness of those brief visits, the interest with which the arrival of the cars was watched, the delight with which the sound of his quick step was welcomed; for, slow and dignified as were his habitual movements, he always bounded up those stairs! . . . .

In August his grandfather died. Dr. Wheaton was a man of strong and cultivated intellect, and had retained his faculties unimpaired to the advanced age of ninety. His illness was a short one, he retained his senses to the last moment of his life, and passed away without a struggle. A short notice of him, written by Robert, appeared in the Providence Journal, and will be found at the end of this volume.

As Mrs. Wheaton had remained in Providence solely to smooth her father's declining years, she, of course, now determined to leave that place and establish herself in Cambridge, in order to be near her son. About this time his friends in Boston, who watched him from day to day, feeling renewed fears concerning him, had suggested a plan which would enable him to spend some time abroad, in order that he might avoid the severity of a New England winter. But his grandfather's death interrupted this plan, as he could not think of leaving his mother and sisters at such a moment, although he felt an evident desire to revisit Europe and renovate both mind and body. He even said to his sisters, 'If you were all settled in a comfortable home of your own, I think I might go.'

On Saturday, September 27th, Robert came to Providence as usual, to pass the Sunday with his family. The cars were thrown off the track, and the train did

not arrive until late in the evening. The weather being damp, he took cold. On Sunday, although he read aloud for some time, as was his habit when with his mother, and even went out to tea, he complained of feeling languid and rheumatic, and retired to rest at an early hour, saying he should not leave the next day before the eleven o'clock train.

On Monday he was unable to sit up, but supposing his indisposition nothing but a severe cold, his family felt no real uneasiness, merely regretting that he should be detained, as he seemed to attach so much importance to the regular discharge of his duties. During the succeeding days he suffered intense pain in the head, and was bled twice, but without experiencing much relief. Still, although weak, feverish, and exhausted, he continued to express an interest in all around him, asked to have the papers read to him, and dictated notes to his intimate friends concerning his office and his French class. In the night of the 6th of October, a sudden and alarming change took place. From that time he had but brief intervals of consciousness, but his thoughts, when they wandered, were all directed to that which had chiefly occupied him during health, — the wish to see his mother and sisters in a comfortable and pleasant home, the progress of his pupils at Cambridge, the state of France, where so many happy days of his short life had been spent. . . . .

But why linger over hours, the remembrance of which wrings the heart of those who loved him so tenderly? . . . . All that medical aid could do was done for him; he was attended by Dr. Miller and Dr. Mauran, two of the most skilful and experienced phy-

sicians in that city, and by his cousin, Dr. Rivers, who never left him night or day. But all their efforts were vain to conquer the disease,— pronounced by them a rheumatic fever.

If the foregoing pages have given any idea of what he was, the agony felt by his family when all hope for this world was over, may be imagined, — if not, no words can describe it.

On the 9th of October, 1851, four days after he had attained his twenty-fifth year, Robert died. His last words were characteristic of his life and faith.

'Mother!' he exclaimed, suddenly rousing from the state of apathy in which for some hours previous he had lain, 'Mother, read the prayer!'

The voice, the accent, can never be forgotten by those who heard them.

We cannot close this Memoir without mentioning the general and heartfelt regret his death occasioned. It has seldom fallen to the lot of so young a man to have inspired so much esteem — we may add — so much admiration. As soon as it became known that he was ill, his friends in Boston and Cambridge came in person or wrote to inquire in what way they could serve him, and there was no exertion they were not willing to make for him. In Providence, although he had lived there less, the same interest was evinced. The reputation of his father, his personal worth, and the general conviction that the happiness of his family was completely bound up in him, combined to make all who knew him anxious that he should be spared, and many were the prayers offered up for his life.

There was a charm about him which won even those who had seen him but casually, and caused persons of all ages, and of all classes of society, to share in the anxiety felt as to the result of his illness and in the overwhelming sorrow his early death occasioned. The finished education he had received, his moral and intellectual qualities, had raised the highest expectations; the son of a distinguished man, it was hoped that he would be equally distinguished — but a few short days sufficed to blight the hopes so fondly entertained, and to leave a void which no earthly consolation can ever fill!

At the earnest request of his friends, it was determined that his funeral should not be private. At a meeting of the students of Cambridge, called by their own impulse, they asked permission of the Faculty to attend the funeral. Special leave was given, and a delegation of ten from each of the classes went to Providence and joined in the services, and followed his body to the tomb. His older friends desired to perform a last act of respect, and from among their number the pall was borne by Professors Longfellow, Felton, and Agassiz, of Cambridge; Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Boston; George William Curtis, of New York; and Messrs. Henry Anthony, Thomas Hoppin and Thomas P. Shepard, of Providence.

He was borne to the tomb, to which a few weeks before his grandfather, and a few years before his father had been laid by this often afflicted family; and the dull, cold rain of the evening was but too consonant with the feelings of those who survived the husband, the grandfather, the only son and the only brother.

From among the notices which appeared of Robert Wheaton in the public press of Boston and New York, the following is selected, — taken from the New York Evening Post, — a tribute to the memory of one of whom it may be truly said,

'He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.'

'The funeral of Robert Wheaton took place on Monday last. It was a tribute of affection and respect such as few men so young have ever won by the simple force of character. Mr. Wheaton was, as yet, too young to have made his name coldly honored for itself, but he was old enough to have knit to himself, in the most manly regard, by the beauty and grace of his character, and by the variety and extent of his accomplishments, a troop of friends among those men of genius and of the profoundest attainments in every kind, among whom the chances of life had thrown him.

'All those men felt, and those who knew him best felt most strongly, the singular promise of his powers. To his brilliant and successful career, to the worthy wearing of the paternal mantle, they looked forward with entire conviction, and, as friends, with sympathetic pride. It was not to be. Through the golden gate of worldly success, which seemed, to their eyes, to be opening before him, he was not to pass. The sad light of his eye was, perhaps, prophetic. That rare maturity, that sweet gravity, were pledges that we did not understand. Charmed with the promise, we forgot that whom the Gods love die young.

'Those friends who were, of all men in the country, probably, most fitted to appreciate, by understanding, his value, came on Monday to perform the last service of friendship. Mr. Longfellow, Professor Agassiz and Professor Felton, who were all his associate teachers in the University at Cambridge, united with Richard H. Dana, Jr., under whose direction Mr. Wheaton had pursued his legal studies, and with honoring and sympathizing townsmen, in bearing the pall. From each class in the University with which Mr. Wheaton was connected, a representation of ten attended the last offices, with many of those personal and particular friends whom he had gathered around him in the city of his adoption.

'They came to honor in the dead that which alone is permanently honorable in the living, the lofty but gracious character, and the admirable employment of peculiar powers, which distinguished Robert Wheaton.

'It was a weeping autumnal day, no unmeet symbol of the feelings that hallowed the event. At the house the Rev. Dr. Hall, and at the tomb the Rev. Dr. Crocker, breathed over the departed the words the Great Consoler spake. That they may console, that serene faith may scatter the sorrow in those hearts which have the best right to grieve, even as the setting sun at evening dispersed the clouds which had wept all day, is the abiding wish even of those who cannot but say,—

> "The good die first,
> And those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
> Burn to the socket."'

On the Sunday following his death, the Rev. Dr.

Hall, of Providence, the clergyman and friend of his family, preached a sermon from the words, 'For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in secret; then shall I know even as I am known,' the close of which was as follows:

'He, whose beautiful spirit thus early and calmly passed, was born the same year that gave birth to HENRY WHEATON. And now, there lies in death near us, the only son of Henry Wheaton, a young man of equal promise, of equal piety, called at nearly the same age, more suddenly, yet seemingly expecting and ready. It is an event which may well suggest such thoughts as these which I have offered, — for every one who speaks of it, speaks of its "mysteriousness." It is mysterious, startling, silencing. It speaks too loudly and solemnly for others to speak much. The voice of all such events is, "Be still, and know that I am God." We do know that, and, therefore, are not wholly ignorant of the character or design of this providence. It is not *all* mystery. Death is a teacher, — not silent but eloquent. We hear, we feel, we bow and trust. We will wait. The revelation of this life may resolve the problem in part; the future will resolve it altogether. The removal of the young and the good is inscrutable — but less dark, far less melancholy than the death of the unprepared. To see the opening minds, the fast-maturing, rich in knowledge and virtue, loved by all, and leaned upon peculiarly by the nearest and the endeared, — to see such depart, and leave a sudden, fathomless void, is beyond and above us. None will attempt to interpret it all. Humbler, wiser and more consoling is it to wait in faith. But there are

darker events, and more fearful mysteries. Blessed are they who mourn only the good, for they *are* comforted. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for the gentle and struggling spirit may pray, even young, to rest from its labors, and its works, though early begun, will follow it. Its task is finished. The work given it to do, it has done. No longer does it struggle, no longer faint, nor fear for itself or the loved ones; for it sees face to face now, and knows even as it is known.'

Among the earthly consolations to the afflicted, no mean place is to be given to those testimonials of respect for the deceased which friendship offers. From these, with the permission of their writers, we make such extracts and selections as may aid our analysis of his character.

'The cheerfulness of a lawyer's actual life had a good influence over him; he grew much more interested, and applied himself with energy to his studies and to his business. He worked rapidly and earnestly, putting his whole mind on the task; and soon cleared his way through legal distinctions. He was fitted for the law by the acuteness and accuracy of his mind. He would have been a good speaker, too, though he always said that he should not. On one occasion, when he defended a person charged with an assault, he told me that he was surprised by the ease with which he addressed the jury. Indeed, he wanted no faculty of a thorough lawyer; and I very much wished him to place his affections upon a profession that would have been sure to reward them. But his habits led him to

prefer a literary life; and he often speculated on the chance of his leading it. . . . . It would not be easy to describe to you the effect which his familiar intercourse had upon his friends. His manners were a constant charm. They were quiet and modest, but their whole tone was delightful, and he could attract or distance those about him with an ease which I always envied. He never lost this gentleman-like manner in his freest moments. His use of language was elegant, very nice; but not more nice than his thoughts. This delicacy, both of intellect and feeling which was seen in his use of words, showed itself more beautifully in the shades of deference or affection with which he met those about him. His manner was not the same to any two persons; it changed with a happy instinct, and while it was very simple, was full of variety. His peculiar smile, not easily called out; his voice which he seldom raised, but which always secured silence; and the reserve which I fancy only his best friends quite overcame, were fascinating to the young men about him. . . . . He had many friends; he analyzed them and knew them thoroughly. Indeed, in his quiet life at Cambridge, he meditated quite closely enough for his happiness on human life and men. He rendered unto all their dues, and they returned him their full affection. But he had always that grace which comes from a warm heart, whose impulses he watched, perhaps too carefully, and which he dreaded almost sensitively to bestow upon any person not quite worthy.'

The following tribute is even the more valuable

from its having been confidential to another, with no thought in writing it of its reaching the family of the deceased.

'Boston, October 18th, 1853.

'My dear Madam,

'I trust you will not consider me as obtruding the feeling and opinion of others upon you, if I send you the following extract from a letter I received from my father:

'"I took up the paper to-day, and without having any knowledge of Robert Wheaton's illness, read the account of his death. It came with a shock upon me. Though I had but a slight acquaintance with him, I felt interested in him, partly, I suppose, on account of his father, but quite as much from that combination of manliness and refinement that marked his character. Mr. Parker, who sat opposite to him in the office, day after day, for so long a time, must feel deeply his sudden death. Then, there are his mother and sisters left alone. They must have looked up to him as their only protector, in this (of late to them) hard world. They must have had high hopes and an honest pride in him. And these are taken from them now. In afflictions of such a nature, however heavy they may be, is it not true that almost the first feeling that stirs the heart of every right-minded man, is that of the goodness and love of God? How is it that some griefs could be borne by men before Christ came and spoke to us, and then died for us? I know not how. How distinctly Wheaton is now standing before me — his form, his voice, his smile! I never think of death as

something entire in itself. Life is always with it, if not in it, to me, and this because of our immortality. Is it not so? Amen and Amen!"

'Again, in a note I had from him to-day, he says:

'"I do not wonder at his being so present to you. There was something morally beautiful in Mr. Wheaton."

'With the greatest regard, I am, my dear Madam,

'Your true and obedient servant,

'RICHARD H. DANA, Jr.

'Mrs. HENRY WHEATON.'

Soon after his death, excellent daguerreotypes made from his portrait by Healy were sent to some of his friends. The subjoined letter from Mr. Dana was in reference to this.

'Boston, October 18th, 1851.

'My dear Miss Wheaton,

'I had been anxious to know whether there was a portrait of your brother, and on entering the room on the melancholy day, I shared the general satisfaction of his friends at finding the beautiful picture by Healy. I immediately determined to have a daguerreotype made from it for my own use, and have often taken a sad pleasure in the thought that I could have by me something that would constantly revive the countenance of my friend.

'Having spoken to Col. Rivers about it, I was on the point of writing to him, when this beautiful, thoughtful gift from Mrs. Wheaton reached me.

'I can hardly express the heartfelt gratification I receive from it, increased by the knowledge that it is

the gift of his mother. I shall teach my children to regard it with the feelings due to the memory of one to whom their father was attached with a more peculiar interest than to any men of his own general period of life. How naturally one repeats the emotions of Cowper towards the noble art which so perpetuates the presence of a friend.'

The reader, it is hoped, will join in the gratification of the writer for the permission to publish the following letters:

'To George Rivers, Esq.

'Boston, October 18th, 1851.

'Dear Rivers,

'On my return from Washington I find your favor of October 10th. It was with inexpressible grief that I read, under the telegraphic head, of Robert Wheaton's death. I admired him very much. He was young, but ripe in culture beyond any person of his age, and was a most beautiful character. I trust his family will be consoled, though their sorrow must be great. Ever sincerely yours,

'Charles Sumner.'

New York, October 14th, 1851.

'My dear Friend,

'I cannot realize what cause it is that now moves me to write to you, for the thought that Robert has gone not to return, seems to me like some fearful dream. Every time I think of it, the same thought presents itself, and it is only by repeated assurances of the fact from friends and from the newspapers, that the reality

is clear. When the word first came, I felt like sitting down in utter despondency, as if all a man's efforts were of no avail, and the best hopes were but a brilliant mockery, and the sooner the phantom of life was gone, the better. So much worth and promise, such discipline of mind and heart for years, such manly energy and such graceful culture — all passed away — how utterly overwhelming is the very thought! What could we say were it not for the assurance given by this very shock that this life is at best but a fragment, and longer or shorter it needs another sphere to fulfil its orbit?

'I had no thought of Robert's danger when I saw you last, nor had you then. I supposed it was a slight cold that would soon pass. I never dreamed of such a result. You will not ask me to help you disguise your grief, but will seek rather to see all its depth, and find comfort passing its bitterness. A noble, high-minded son and brother deserves such grief as you will feel, as long as life lasts. I share it with you so far as a friend may without presumption do. What a tie he was between your later and former years — what a constant presence of his father's principles, taste and experience — what a memory and what a hope his very life was to you — how you must have rejoiced in such a combination of accomplishment with solidity, refined grace and manly integrity! You will be strong-minded enough to rejoice in these treasures even now, and to feel what Lord Ormond felt when he said that he would not exchange the memory of his deceased son for the noblest living youth in Christendom. You will be grateful to God even now for what has been

given you, and Memory will find a helper in immortal hope.

'I am not skilled in the decent commonplaces of condolence, and to you certainly can write without disguise. I have always felt a personal interest in Robert, and a few weeks ago, when his card came to me in the country, I wrote some words of greeting for our paper, which I thought might inform friends here of his prospects and conciliate interest in his professional welfare. I should have rejoiced heartily in the success, so sure to him had years been spared, and should have allowed no occasion to pass without expressing my good-will, only regretting that humble influence that so restricts my ability. If possible, I should have been present at the last rites, word of which came but a few hours before the time appointed.

'I had a fellow-feeling for Robert beyond the external courtesies of society, and from hard experience could sympathize with him in the bereavement that left him to such conflicts with fortune. How pleasantly he spoke to me last summer at the Phi Beta Kappa festival at Cambridge, and now, as I write, his calm, cheerful smile is before me as vividly as then. I have written a few words of remembrance in the Christian Inquirer of this week, which you will see. Not thinking to say a tithe of my feelings now, but to express my cordial sympathy and to pray God's blessing on you and your children, I remain,

'Ever cordially yours,

'Samuel Osgood.'

'Cambridge, October 23, 1851.

'My dear Miss Wheaton,

'I am very much obliged to you for remembering me in your unspeakable affliction. The likeness of Robert, which you had the kindness to send me, I shall keep as a precious memorial of one, who was to me as one of my own household, and whose early death I shall never cease to deplore. My acquaintance with Robert began in his connection with the college as French instructor, and gradually ripened into great intimacy and affection. The modesty and reserve of his character made it impossible to know him well at once; but by degrees we came to understand the singular gentleness, dignity, and purity of his mind; his rare gifts; his various accomplishments, and the charm of his polished, intelligent and amiable conversation. I do not think I have ever known a young man of more gentleman-like qualities and manners, or of more spotless integrity of purpose and conduct. His friendship was to me and my family a great and constant satisfaction; and we looked forward to the enjoyment of it for many pleasant years. His presence was always a delight to my household, and his departure a regret. The last night he passed in Cambridge was at my house, in a chamber we have long called "Wheaton's room," and which was always ready to receive him. We expected him to return and pass the Sunday with us, little dreaming that the Saturday morning's pleasant breakfast was to be the last time we should see him alive. I seem to see him at this moment in my study; his voice, low and gentle as a woman's, is still sounding in my ears, and whenever I think of a circle of

friends around me, his figure is among the foremost. I cannot bring my mind to the conviction that he has gone away from us forever.

'I need not say how deeply we all sympathize with you in your grief. I need not suggest the topics of consolation to which your thoughts naturally fly. I can only say that I shall always remember him; that in losing him, I have lost one of the joys of life; that in looking back upon his career, I see nothing to regret but its too early conclusion; nothing in his character to wish otherwise; nothing ever said by him to wish unsaid, or done by him to wish were undone.

'With kindest regards to your mother and sister on the part of Mrs. Felton and myself, I am ever truly yours, C. C. Felton.'

# ARTICLES

## WRITTEN BY ROBERT WHEATON,

SELECTED FROM REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

# THE SOURCES OF THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

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1. *La Divine Comédie avant Dante.* Par M. CHARLES LABITTE. [La Revue des Deux Mondes. Septembre, 1842.] Paris.
2. *Études sur les Sources Poétiques de la Divine Comédie.* Par A. J. OZANAM. Paris: Lecoffre & Cnie. 1845.

THE object of these two interesting essays is to show the sources whence Dante drew his poetic inspiration. Such an undertaking would have excited general disapprobation some forty or fifty years ago, and the two learned persons whose works we have before us would have been accused of wishing to depreciate the genius of the great Florentine poet. No such feeling is now entertained; literary criticism having made so much progress of late years, we are all convinced, that to subject the works of men of genius to such an analysis is not to diminish their glory, but rather to add to it, inasmuch as it shows their superiority to their predecessors. In the proper sense of the word, it is not given to man to create; God alone possesses this power. The man of genius, like the architect who in executing the plan he has conceived makes use of the rough stone, may collect and arrange those materials which he finds dispersed in the world, but he can never give life

to that which is not. His task is to put order in the place of disorder, to give light to that which was veiled in darkness. Thus it is with Dante. He found the materials which he used for the composition of his immortal poem, he collected them, and gave them the unity and harmony which the man of genius alone can impart to his works. To require that he should lead us through the three regions of eternal life, without following any other light than that of his own genius, without having gathered any of the flowers which bloom so profusely through the works of the ancients, without any precedents to justify the bold imaginings of his Muse, and without having profited by those legends so frequent in the poetic and imaginative religion of the Middle Ages, is to ask more than man can give.

On studying with attention the Divina Commedia, it is impossible not to see that Dante was indebted to his predecessors and contemporaries for some of the greatest beauties of his poem. The treasures of antiquity, as well as those of Christianity, were made to contribute to the formation of

> '"the sacred work that made
> Both heaven and earth copartners in the toil,'*—

a work which, after a lapse of five hundred years, still excites the admiration of all, of the Protestant as well as the Catholic, and even of those who are, in general, averse to meditating upon death and eternity, the two great subjects which Dante sang.

> *'Il poema sacro
> Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra.'
> *Paradiso*, Cant. XXV.

We may trace in the Divina Commedia three distinct sources of inspiration; — the writings of the ancients, the poetic visions of the Middle Ages, and external circumstances, including the works of art which in Dante's time were so plentifully scattered throughout Europe. We shall endeavor to examine successively how far Dante was indebted to each of these sources. To those who, from their admiration for the great poet, or from their taste for literary antiquities in general, may feel interested in this subject, we recommend the perusal of the two works now under review. They are, we believe, with the exception of an article in the Edinburgh Review for September, 1818, written by Ugo Foscolo, the only attempts which have as yet been made to elucidate a subject of so much interest to the literary world.

The first source from which sprung the Divina Commedia is to be found in the works of antiquity. At all times the imaginations of the Greeks were accustomed to visions of things beyond this world. Homer had led Ulysses into the realms of Pluto; Euripides, in the Alcestis and the Hercules Furens, had represented his heroes descending into Hades; Sophocles had shown the son of Jupiter and Alcmene carrying off Cerberus. Similar marvellous narratives formed the subjects of two tragedies of Æschylus, the Psychagogia and the Adventures of Sisyphus, both unfortunately lost to us. These fables were well adapted to please the imaginative inhabitants of Greece, who were always inclined to look beyond this world for that retribution which cannot be found in our present state of existence.

But we must not seek in the works of the Greek poets for anything beyond fine descriptions and poetical images of a future state. We must not look for those pure and spiritual delineations of eternal life, which Plato alone had dimly conceived before they were fully brought to light by divine revelation. The Greek poets, in so frequently laying the scene of dramatic and epic action in another world, have merely shown that this was a favorite subject with the people for whom they wrote. Plato has done more; he has led us still farther into the kingdom of Death. He has shown, with a sense of justice which had never before been witnessed in pagan antiquity, the punishments and rewards reserved for those who have left this world. In the narrative of Her, an Armenian soldier, Plato has given a description of the invisible world.* This soldier, says Plato, was killed in battle. Ten days after his death, his body was found on the field in a perfect state of preservation. It was placed on a funeral pile to be burned, when life returned, and Her rose to relate to the bystanders what he had seen.

'As soon as my soul had left the body,' said he, 'I arrived, together with a great number of other souls at a most wonderful place. In the ground were two openings, close together, and in the heavens were two other openings, which corresponded with those in the earth. Between these two regions were seated the judges. As soon as they had passed sentence on a soul, they ordered it, if it was one of the just, to take the road up to heaven, which was to the right; they

* *The Republic.* Book X.

had previously placed on its breast a label inscribed with the judgment which had been pronounced in its favor. If, on the contrary, it was the soul of one condemned, it was ordered to turn to the left, and to enter one of the openings in the ground; each carried on its back an inscription enumerating all the wicked actions it had committed during its life. When I presented myself, the judges decreed that I should return to the world to relate what I had seen, and ordered me to hear and to notice everything that should take place.'

Her then describes the manner in which the souls were punished or rewarded. His narrative does not at all resemble the descriptions of the infernal regions so common among the poets of antiquity. There is something in it more elevated, more pure, more terrible; it seems to be the first step towards that doctrine which, a few centuries later, regenerated the world. We must not say that Plato placed unlimited trust in such narratives; but he knew the vast importance of these symbolic representations of moral truths. In his Phædo, he has said, — 'To maintain that all these things are as I relate them would not be possible for a man of sense; but whether all I have said about the souls and the place of their abode is true or not, if the soul is really immortal, it seems to me that it may be believed without danger.'

Five centuries after Plato, we find a similar narrative in a work of Plutarch: *De his qui a numine serò puniuntur*. Thespesius of Cilicia returns to the world after his death, and relates what he had seen. 'He had lived,' says Plutarch, 'in the indulgence of sensual

pleasures. His vision of eternity sanctified and purified him.'

The Romans, whose literature is, after all, but an admirable imitation of that of Greece, the reflection of a brilliant light, naturally transferred to their works the taste of the former for the marvellous. Cicero, in the last book of his Republic, has given us the Dream of Scipio, which, in the work of the Roman philosopher, takes the place of Plato's Vision of Her. Scipio the younger, in a dream, imagined that his ancestor, Scipio Africanus, appeared to him, and after pointing out to him the brilliant career which awaited him, prepared him for his destiny by explaining to him the economy of the system of the universe. Transported to the top of a celestial temple, Scipio, in the midst of the souls which are wandering along the milky-way, listens to the seven notes of the eternal music of the spheres. He gazes upon the stars which surround him, and contemplates with awe the immense spaces in which they are suspended; and when at last he discovers our little world, and the small space which the Roman empire occupies, he turns away to hide his shame. Struck by the admirable spectacle which he has witnessed, he vows to rise above this world, and to aspire with all his power to this supreme felicity. In this admirable fragment, Cicero has collected all his doctrines on God, on nature, and on man.

But the images of a world of spirits are still more vivid in another and more popular work, Virgil's Æneid. In the sixth book of this poem, the Roman poet has given an epitome of the whole religious system of his country. He has shown the origin and

destiny of the soul, and has combined the philosophical doctrines of his times with all the pomp and majesty of the Greek mythology. In fact, he may be said to have opened the road to the infernal regions; for all his imitators faithfully crowd after him, and follow him to the cavern of the terrible sibyl. The descent to the regions of death and darkness becomes an easy undertaking,—*facilis decensus Averno*. Ovid leads Orpheus and Juno to them; Silius Italicus shows Scipio visiting Avernus; Statius has given no less than three descriptions of the infernal regions; and Valerius Flaccus and Claudian have followed the common example. The dramatists are not in this respect outdone by the epic poets. It is remarkable, also, that in the fights of the gladiators a figure bearing the attributes of Pluto, with a hammer in his hand, came into the arena to take away the bodies of the dead. The poets of the time of the decline of the Roman empire treat these popular descriptions, and the belief of the multitude, with the greatest contempt. Seneca says, that they are nothing but words devoid of sense.* In the eyes of Juvenal, they are are fables to be believed only by 'children too young to pay at the public baths.' †

Dante, it is probable, was only indirectly indebted to the Greeks for the general conception or the details of his poem, for it is still a question how far he was acquainted with the Greek language; but to the Romans he certainly owed much. He tells us, that, after the

* 'Rumores vacui, verbaque inania.'— *Troad*, Act II.

† 'Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.'—Juv., Sat. II., 152.

death of Beatrice, he sought for consolation in the works of Cicero.* He then read the *Somnium Scipionis*, and, like the great Roman general, overpowered by the admirable vision there related, he determined to rise above the world, and to concentrate all his thoughts on the mysteries of another life. But to Virgil he was particularly indebted. There is ample evidence of this in the first canto of the Inferno, for there he has himself said, in speaking to Virgil: — 'Thou art my master and my guide, thou art he from whom I took the beautiful style which has done me so much honor.'† The part which he has ascribed, in his poem, to the great Latin poet, shows how well he must have been acquainted with the Æneid. In his eyes, as in those of most men of the Middle Ages, Virgil was the representative of the religious belief of the ancients, in its purest form. He had, as it was then believed, prophesied in one of his Eclogues, the advent of Christ. As we have already said, he did not, in the sixth book of the Æneid, follow exclusively the precepts of any one school of philosophy. Whilst he professed the pure and spiritual doctrines of Plato, he did not express any contempt for the mysteries of Eleusis, or the poetic conceptions of the Pythagoreans. These considerations had given rise during the Middle Ages to a peculiar veneration for the name of Virgil. By the people he was considered as a magician; by the men of

* *Convito*, 11, 13.

† 'Tu se' lo mio maestro e 'l mio autore,
Tu se' solo colui da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore.'
*Inferno*, Canto I., 85 – 88.

learning, as a prophet. On the subject of his life and death the most curious legends were in circulation. He figured in the old Mysteries, and there is even an old Spanish ballad entitled Vergilios. It is not surprising, then, that Dante should have chosen him for his guide during the first part of his supernatural initiation into the mysteries of eternity. He was probably acquainted, also, with a number of the minor Latin poets; for, notwithstanding the religious zeal of these times, and the treasures of learning and eloquence which Christianity had given to the world, the cultivation of Greek and Roman letters was never entirely abandoned. In 1325, we find a master of grammar, named Vital, employed in the University of Bologna, at a fixed stipend, to comment upon the works of Cicero and of Ovid. In the monasteries, the passion for antiquity was carried to such an extent, that, even as early as the eleventh century, a German monk complains bitterly of the great abuses to which this taste for Juvenal and Horace might give rise, and accuses himself of having given too much time to the reading of Lucan. But, as M. Ozanam very justly observes, it is in Latin, and in making use of the same measure as these poets, that this monk expresses his complaints and regrets.

Such are the sources, in the ancient literature of the Greeks and the Romans, to which Dante is chiefly indebted. If we now turn to the literature of the East for descriptions of another world, we shall find an abundance of curious and instructive material. But it must be remarked, that the Jewish and Hindoo writers can have exercised on Dante's poem but an indirect

and rather vague influence, and that it is only when we consider them as one more link of that chain which unites the inspiration of the Florentine poet with those traditions which have occupied and interested the human race at all times, that they can be studied in connection with the Divina Commedia. A rapid analysis of these works will show what were the notions of these people on the subject of a future state.

Although full of the most poetic images, the Hebrew Scriptures contain little or nothing on this topic. There is no complete description of hell to be found, and the few expressions which are used to designate it convey but a vague idea to the mind of the reader. Even the visions of Elias, of Ezekiel, or of Enoch, do not give any details respecting it. In the Hindoo literature, on the contrary, there is much on the subject. In the Maha-Barata, we find the description of the journey of Ardjuna to the heaven of India. In the Atharva-Veda, that most ancient of poems, we see the young Brahmin Tadkjita sent by his father to the king of Death, from whose kingdom no living man ever returned. The king, touched by the obedience of Tadkjita, sends him back to earth, after having granted him three gifts, which he may choose as he likes. After he has asked for two, which are granted, the conversation between them continues thus. Tadkjita says, — 'This is my third request; among those who discuss these matters, there are many contradictions. Some say there is nothing beyond this world, and that, when the body perishes, nothing remains; others think that the soul is distinct from the body, and that, when the body dies, the soul enters another world, where it is treated ac-

cording as it has merited. I therefore wish that you should instruct me, in order that I may learn which of these opinions is true.' The king of Death replied, — 'On this subject the gods themselves are in doubt; it is a subtile matter which escapes the powers of the intelligence.' Tadjkita said, — 'O King! this is my great desire, and I have no other desire stronger than this.' The king of Death replied, — 'Ask me to grant you a great number of children, and that they may live a long time, each one living to the age of a hundred years; ask me to give you the world and all its riches; ask me to grant you a long life, or anything else you like; only do not ask me to answer that one question, — What happens after death? For none of those who are dead ever return to the world to tell this to the living.' Tadjkita rejoined, — 'You say, Ask me to grant you a long life. But if in the end I must die, what shall I gain by living many years? Keep therefore for yourself the world and its riches, and a long life. I have but one wish; that is, that you should instruct me. I ask this because I live in the world, and because I fear death and old age. I ask you to teach me something which shall prevent my fearing either old age or death.' The king, touched by the earnestness of his request, informs him of the state of the soul after death, and sends him back to the world with the certainty of a future existence.*

Similar scenes are to be found in some of the songs of the Edda. In the Vafthrudnis-mal, the giant Vafthrudnir informs Odin of what he has seen in the

* Oupnek'hat. Vol. II. 37.

Valhalla, and in the darker regions of death.* In the Vegtams-quida, Odin mounts his horse, Sleipner, and descends into the infernal regions, there to consult the spirit of a prophetess respecting the fate of Balder, the youngest and the fairest of the human race.† Thus we find analogous ideas on the subject of a future state in the literature of all nations, even of those the most remotely connected. This is not surprising, when we reflect that the earliest application which was made of poetry was to religious subjects. Quintilian tells us, that poetry was destined to preserve sacred doctrines, to express the decrees of the oracles, and to animate devotion. Thus the common origin of all poetry explains the singular resemblances we find between the Hindoo and Scandinavian literatures, resemblances which would otherwise be inexplicable.

We have seen how far the ancients succeeded in penetrating the mysteries of our spiritual nature and future destiny. We have witnessed the isolated attempts of poets and philosophers, and the combined efforts of whole nations, to explain what is to be the state of the soul after death. How vague and unsatisfactory are the results of these undertakings! But life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel, and what had been the subject of the doubtful meditations of men of science since the beginning of the world was made evident to the followers of the new

* For an analysis of this part of the Vafthrudnis-mal, see Wheaton's History of the Northmen, p. 68.

† See a translation in verse of this Saga, in Spenser's Miscellaneous Poetry, Vol. I., p. 50.

religion. Still, as a society of men cannot exist without some kind of poetry to gratify their imaginations, the New Testament soon became the source of poetic inspiration. All the narratives, which in the sacred books had been designedly left unfinished, were soon completed, according to the taste of the early ages of our era. We need mention but one example of this, that of the legends relative to the Virgin Mary. The mother of the Saviour is mentioned but once in the New Testament after the death of her son, because at the foot of his cross all the interest she inspired vanishes; her sacred character disappears, she is no longer superior to any other woman. The legendary spirit, however, which at so early a period sprung out of the new faith, did not respect the silence of Scripture on this subject. A narrative of the life and death of the Virgin was invented; the popular belief penetrated into the church; and even at the present day, all Roman Catholics celebrate the 15th of August as the day of the ascension of the Virgin. The multitude had free access to the sanctuary; consequently the sanctuary was not always respected. The mysteries of another life had been laid open to all men; they no longer feared to gaze upon those secret regions where retribution awaits those who have left this life. Our Saviour and his apostles had never attempted to give any description of heaven or of hell; the poetic and zealous spirit of the new Christians did not hesitate to supply this omission. Hence the vast number of legends and visions which pervade the literature of the Middle Ages, and which were not destined to receive a definitive and permanent form until Dante combined

them in his immortal work, and gave to them the sanction of genius. We shall endeavor to show how much influence they exercised on Dante's invention, to give a general idea of the nature of these legends, and to analyze as rapidly as possible some of those which may prove the most illustrative of our subject.

Among the legends of the Middle Ages, it is necessary to distinguish those which belonged in common to all nations from those which seem to have been the property of some particular race. In the collection of poetic traditions entitled *Legenda Aurea*, published during the thirteenth century, by Giacopo de Varaggio, we find many legends that were popular throughout all Europe. Such are the narratives of the visions of St. Carpus and St. Christina, which were in circulation during the first centuries of our era. We are struck by the mildness of spirit which pervades these early legends. But if it is remembered, that, when these legends were composed, Origen was teaching that all the sufferings of hell are but expiatory, and inculcating the doctrine of the final redemption of mankind, we shall not be surprised at this.

The most striking of the legends given by Giacopo de Varaggio is that of referring to the descent of Christ into hell. This legend is taken from the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus. The narrative commences on the day of the resurrection of the Lord. While the Jewish priests are in deliberation, two men, Lucius and Carinus, risen from the dead, are introduced into the synagogue. They relate that, as they were in darkness with the patriarchs, a brilliant light suddenly appeared, and the father of all men, Adam, was filled

with joy, and exclaimed, — 'This is the light of the Author of all things, who promised to send us his light.' And Isaiah said, — 'This light is that of the Son of God, of which I prophesied that the people which was walking in darkness should see the splendor.' And Satan, the Prince of death, said to Hell, — 'Be prepared to receive Jesus, who prided himself on being the Son of God, and who is but a man who fears to die; for he said, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." I have tempted him, I have excited the people against him, and prepared his cross; the moment is at hand when I shall bring him prisoner to this place.' And Hell answered and said, — 'Is it the same Jesus who ordered Lazarus to rise from the dead?' 'It is he,' replied Satan. 'Then,' cried Hell, 'I beseech thee, by thy power and my own, not to bring him here; for when I heard his voice, I trembled and could not hold Lazarus, who suddenly escaped and rose in the air, like an eagle.' But while Hell was thus speaking, a voice like thunder was heard to say, — 'Princes, open your gates, your eternal gates, and let the King of Glory enter.' At the sound of this voice, the demons shut the gates of bronze with iron bars. But David, on seeing them, said, — 'I prophecied that he would break the gates of bronze.' And the voice was again heard to say, — 'Open your gates, and let the King of Glory enter.' Hell then said, — 'Who is this King of Glory?' And Daniel answered, — 'The Lord strong and powerful, the Lord of Hosts; it is he who is called the King of Glory.' At that moment, the King of Glory himself appeared, and taking Adam by the hand, said to him, — 'Peace be with thee, and

all those of thy race who shall be just.' And the Lord left Hell, and all those who were just followed him. The archangel Michael opens the gates of paradise to the multitude. There appears a man bearing on his shoulder the sign of the cross; this man was the thief who was crucified with Christ, and to whom our Saviour had predicted that he should that day be in paradise with him.*

Here ends this curious legend, which, if it had but little authority in the eyes of the theologian, has at least been a source to which Milton and Klopstock did not disdain to look for poetical descriptions. Another curious legend, among those which belonged in common to all the nations of Europe, is that of the vision of the three monks, Sergius, Theophilus and Hyginus. They wished to discover the spot where heaven and earth touch each other; that is to say, the terrestrial paradise. After having travelled through India and Persia, they arrived in a most delightful country, where seemed to reign an eternal spring. They here found a fawn and a dove, who led them through hell,— where they heard cries of 'Mercy! mercy!' and a formidable voice saying, 'This is the place of punishment!'— into the blessed regions, where the just enjoy the perpetual contemplation of God. After having thus visited all the mysteries of eternity, they returned to their convent, but other monks had taken their place. They saw their own names nearly effaced on the list of persons who had previously inhabited the convent; seven centuries had elapsed since they had left

* Legenda Aurea, *De Resurrectione Domini.*

it.* This legend, says M. Labitte, shows 'something of the stories of the Golden Age, mingled with the splendors of the Arabian Nights, and the aspirations of an ascetic life.' These two fictions are among the most important of those in general circulation. We have now to consider those which differ from each other according to the peculiar genius, or the degree of civilization, of the people among whom they had their origin. Each of the great nations of Europe had its own cyclus of legends, as it had its own laws and its peculiar manners and customs.

In Germany, religious visions are found in greater number than in any other region; and they bear a character of severity and terror which seldom belongs, at least in the same degree, to the legendary poetry of other nations. It was natural that it should be so in the land where the Catholic faith had encountered the greatest difficulty in taking root. It was deemed necessary to use terror as a means of conviction with a barbarous people, who lived in an open state of polygamy as late as the eleventh century, and whose emperors made the most corrupt use of ecclesiastical patronage.

The monk Othlo mentions no less than seven visions of the punishments reserved for the wicked.† He also relates the curious adventure of a knight named Vollark. As he was going to a nuptial festivity with some of his friends, he lost his way in a forest. Presently a knight dressed in black accosted him, and of-

* Manuscript in the Royal Library of Paris, fifteenth century, No. 7762.

† Othlonis monachi Ratisbonensis *Liber visionum tum suarum tum aliarum.*

fered him shelter for the night. Vollark accepted the invitation, and entered the castle of his host. The tables were covered with gold, silver and precious stones, and around them were seated the most hideous figures. This sight filled Vollark with astonishment and fear. 'All these riches,' said his host, 'are those taken by men from their churches; they work for me.' The poor knight then remembered that his host had called himself *Nithard*, that is to say, the Evil One; but as Vollark lived in the fear of God, Nithard had no power over him, and he was enabled to return to his companions.

One of the most remarkable among the German visions is that of Wettin, monk of the monastery of Reichenau.'* Two days before his death, Wettin was transported in spirit, and conducted by his guardian angel through the three abodes of immortal life. He there saw the condemned given up to the most dreadful punishments, rolled in torrents of fire, buried in coffins of lead, and surrounded by clouds of smoke. Among those who were condemned to suffer he recognised many priests and monks.† He ascended the mountain of purgatory, where bishops who had been remiss in the discharge of their duties, and rapacious noblemen and princes, were condemned to expiate their sins. Among the latter, he saw Charlemagne punished for incontinence. At last he entered heaven, and having passed through the midst of the holy martyrs and virgins, he arrived at the throne of God, who

* *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis S. Benedicti*, IV., pars 2, p. 268.

† Compare these punishments with those described by Dante in his Inferno, Canto XI.

promised him eternal life on condition that he should return to the world to relate what he had seen. In the vision of St. Anscharius, we find, in the description of paradise, much of the spirituality which pervades the narrative of Dante. 'He saw neither sun nor moon, nor the heavens nor earth, for everything there was incorporeal.'* In the visions mentioned by St. Boniface,† the founder of the church in Germany, one is struck by the gentleness of spirit which seems to have dictated them; still, the principal aim of the legends of Germany, as already said, was to strike terror into the heart of the believer.

The same gloomy and severe character is stamped upon many of the French legends. The French, who had derived many of their manners and customs from their neighbors the Germans, preserved them down to a very late period. We find a manifesto of the thirteenth century, in which the Sicilians complain of the barbarism of the French, because, instead of taking their instruction from Italy, they sought on the other side of the Rhine for their laws and customs.‡ At the period of the decline of the Carlovingians, the French legends were particularly fearful. The descent into hell of a woman named Frothilda is recorded. She there foresaw the exile of Louis d'Outremer, and

* *Vita S. Anscharii*, auctore Remberto. 'Sol vero nec luna necquaquam lucebant ibi, nec cœlum ac terra ibidem visa sunt, nam cuncta erant *incorporea*.'

† *S. Bonifacii Epistolæ.*

‡ Vide Amari, *Storia del Vespro Siciliano.*

the consequent disturbances which were to spread grief and sorrow throughout the kingdom.* Berthold visits the abode of the damned, and there sees Charles the Bald, an archbishop, and several priests, punished for their crimes.† Andrade is present at the council of God, and hears him ask the angels what is the cause of all the wickedness which exists on earth; he is told that it is the fault of the bad kings who reign in the world. 'But who are these kings? for I know them not.' The emperor Louis and his son Lotharius then appear, and God tells them that they must obey the church, if they wish to preserve their crowns.‡ One of the most celebrated French legends is that of the vision of Charles the Bald. One night he saw before him a figure dressed in white, which placed in his hand the end of a thread that seemed to be all of fire, and ordered him to follow it. He thus enters the infernal labyrinth, where he witnesses the punishment of bishops who had misused the authority given to them by their clerical character; passing through the midst of molten lead, he hears dreadful lamentations, and distinguishes these words:—'The punishment of the great is great.' In purgatory, he sees his father, Louis, plunged in boiling water. At last, the heavens open, and his grandfather Lothaire appears, and predicts to him the fall of his race and his own abdication.§ In these legends we are particularly struck by the courage

* Ampère, *Histoire Littéraire de France*, Tom. III., p. 283.
† Ibid., Tom. III., p. 117.
‡ Ibid., Tom. III., p. 119.
§ Ibid., Tom. III., p. 120.

with which the vices and crimes of the great were attacked by their contemporaries; they formed the morality of history. But this opposition to the encroachments or abuse of power not only existed in the legends of France; it passed into the church, and mass was said against tyrants, *missa contra tyrannos.*

In England and Ireland, we find two very celebrated legends, the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and the Vision of St. Tundale. The first mentioned was one of the most popular legends of the Middle Ages. It was well known in France, and was translated both into Italian and Spanish.* An English knight is the hero of this legend. He undertakes to visit purgatory, and for this purpose enters a cavern in an island of Lake Dungal, which had formerly been open to St. Patrick. Hence the legend is called the Purgatory of St. Patrick. The terrible threats of the demons who strive to prevent him from entering do not intimidate him; he continues to advance, and sees the condemned suffering the most horrible punishments. Some of them are crucified or devoured by serpents; others, quite naked, are exposed to the cold winds of winter. Among those thus tortured he recognizes many of his friends and companions. At last he comes to a narrow bridge thrown over the abyss; as he approaches, it grows wider, and he is enabled to pass. He then enters the garden of Eden,

* Calderon adapted this legend to the stage, and as late as 1764 we find the ballad of *La Cuera de San Patricio* published at Madrid. There is on this subject a learned essay in English by Mr Wright.

peopled by those who are not sufficiently pure to enter the kingdom of God, and lastly he sees the glory of the Lord in all its effulgence. Then he returns to the world, where he lives a better life than he had previously done.

The vision of St. Tundale, and that of the Northumbrian, Drithelm, are very similar to that of St. Patrick, and we shall therefore not attempt to analyze them.* The legend of St. Brendan deserves, however, to be noticed. It is one of the most curious of all the legends of the Middle Ages. St. Brendan had left the island of Erin in search of the land promised to those who should lead a holy life. After having seen the island called the Paradise of Birds, — the abode of those half-fallen angels who neither took part with Satan nor resisted his audacious undertaking, — he discovers hell, whose volcanic summit rises above the ocean. He here sees Judas, who betrayed the Lord, and to whom in his infinite mercy Christ has granted one day of respite from his sufferings. At last, he discovers the terrestrial paradise that he was looking for, and then returns to his country. Dante was unquestionably acquainted with this legend, for among all the poetic effusions of the Middle Ages not one was better known. It was popular as late as the sixteeenth century, for at the time of Luther many rich men were ruined by the immense sums of money they expended in order to discover the unknown country of St. Brendan. This apocryphal land also figures in a diplomatic negotiation between Spain and Portugal; and in 1721, we find a

* See the Vision of St. Tundale, published by Mr. Turnbull, Edinburgh, 1843; and that of Drithelm in Bede, *Hist. Eccles.*, Lib. V., c. 13.

ship sailing from Spain in the direction of the Canary Islands, in search of this fabulous island.*

There are but few religious legends to be found in the annals of Spain. The romantic and chivalric ballads so popular in that country excluded all other poetry. The Cid had too much to do on earth to be able to visit the mysteries of another world; and it is worthy of remark, that, instead of transporting him to heaven, as other poets have done with their heroes, Sepulveda, in one of his ballads, represents St. Peter visiting him thirty days before his death, in order to prepare him for his end.

In the cursory view we have taken of the different legends of European nations on the subject of another world, we have now reached the country of Dante, and, as might be supposed, we find traditions which must have exercised a still greater influence on his poem. He was acquainted with the poetic legends of other nations from the books which he read, or from the narratives of travellers who had visited the different countries of Europe. He found those of his native land at every step. During the Middle Ages, Italy may be said to have been itself a legend. If he opened a book which was in every one's hand, the Fioretti di San Francesco, he must have seen some of those touching stories which were related of the holy man; he must have become acquainted with that charming legend of

* M. Labitte supposes that this legend may have indirectly inspired Columbus, and that in the unknown land of St. Brendan, whilst Dante sought for his invisible world, Columbus looked for the New World.

three thieves who came one day to the monastery of Monte Casale. The porter had refused to open the gate to them; St. Francis ordered him to go and look after them, and when he should have found them to ask their pardon, and to offer them bread and wine, at the same time recommending them to reform and to lead in future a more holy life. The porter obeyed, and the thieves were so much touched, that they began to reflect on the sinful life they had hitherto led, and went immediately to ask pardon of St. Francis. He received them, and shortly after they took orders. Two of them soon died, and their souls went to heaven; the third survived, and, after doing penance for fifteen years, he one night had a vision. He fancied that he was transported to the top of a high mountain, to the brink of a precipice which filled his soul with terror. The angel who led the way threw him into the abyss, and, following him, ordered him to rise and to come with him. They traversed a long valley, filled with sharp-pointed stones, at the end of which a troop of horrible demons seized upon him, and threw him into a blazing furnace. When he had got out of the furnace, he came to a narrow and slippery bridge, under which was rolling a torrent full of scorpions and serpents. In the middle of the bridge, the angel rose in the air and alighted on a mountain. The good thief, on finding himself thus alone, was filled with terror, and, not knowing what to do, he recommended himself to God; he presently began to feel wings growing on his shoulders, and, without waiting for them to have attained their full growth, he sought to fly. Twice he fell, but at the third attempt he succeeded in rejoining

his companion. At this moment, St. Francis, who had died a short time previous, appeared to him, and introduced him into a magnificent palace situated on the mountain, where, having shown him all the treasures it contained, he ordered him to return for seven days to earth. The good thief then awoke; seven days after this vision, he died.' *

When Dante visited the convent of Benedictine monks at Florence, he must have found in their library the celebrated vision of Alberic, who, having passed through purgatory, finds himself before the dread tribunal where the human race is finally judged. A sinner was awaiting his sentence; his crimes were inscribed in a book by the angel of vengeance. But in the latter days of his life, the sinner had shed one tear of repentance; it had been gathered up by the angel of mercy, who lets it fall on the book, and it effaces all trace of what was written there. †

But it was not only in the legendary and poetic traditions of his country that Dante found those doubts and elevated speculations respecting the particulars of another life, which agitated the Middle Ages. In one of the sermons of Gregory the Seventh, which Dante was doubtless acquainted with, there is a remarkable passage concerning the sufferings which await the sinner in another world. When, in the little town of Arezzo, Gregory, then only cardinal, preached this sermon,

* *Fioretti di San Francesco*, cap. 25.

† This legend was written by the monks of Monte Casale, and published for the first time by Mr. Cancellieri, at Rome, in 1818. It reminds one of the beautiful passage of Sterne, where the recording angel washes out the oath of Uncle Toby with a tear.

he was not preoccupied with any poetic thought; his aim was only to convince his auditory that neither prince nor baron could, with impunity, touch the possessions of the church. In order to attain his object, he recounted the following fiction in his sermon. A holy man who had descended into hell had there seen a ladder standing in the midst of the flames and fire of everlasting justice. All the men who belonged to the family of a certain German baron, who had usurped the domains of the church of Mentz, were condemned to come on this ladder after their death. The latest comer placed himself on the uppermost step of the ladder, and those who had preceded him descended a step, so that one after the other they were plunged into the horrible abyss.

In the chronicle of Malaspina, Dante no doubt read the adventure of the Marquis Hugues of Brandenburg, who, having followed the Emperor Otto the Third to Italy, got lost, by the visitation of God, in a forest, in the neighborhood of Florence, and there discovered a forge in which several men seemed to be at work. But he soon saw that the workmen were quite black, and that instead of iron, they were beating human beings on the anvil. He was told that these were condemned souls, and that his would be treated in the same manner, if he did not repent. On hearing this, the Marquis recommended himself to the Holy Virgin, and after his return to Germany, he sold all his property in order to found seven new monasteries.*

The Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great, however,

* Ricordano Malaspina, *Istoria*, c. 48.

was the classical book of Italian legendary literature; but it would detain us too long to analyze all the legends in it, and others which were in circulation in Italy. Those that we have mentioned suffice to show the spirit of the religious poetry of that country. They are full of that energy so natural to Italian poetry of all ages, but at the same time a spirit of mildness pervades them, which is not to be found in the legends of Germany or of France. The higher degree of civilization of Italy, and the vast authority which the Catholic faith had in that land, naturally imparted more of the mild and humble spirit of the gospel to its poetry. The visions of paradise are more numerous than in the more barbarous countries of the North, and it may safely be said that such legends as that of Alberic could have been found in no other country than Italy.

We have now seen how much the works of the ancients and those of the Middle Ages contributed towards the formation of the Divina Commedia. But there remains yet another source from which Dante may have drawn much of his inspiration. During those ages when the Roman Catholic faith prevailed universally, the mysteries of a future state were not only celebrated by poets and men of letters; they were sculptured by the great artists of the time. The cathedrals which then rose up, as if by magic, in all parts of Europe, were filled with images of another world. It is impossible that Dante should have entered any of the churches of Pisa or Rome without being powerfully impressed by all that surrounded him. On the doors of the church of Santa Maria di Orvieto, he must have seen the bas-reliefs sculptured by Nicholas of Pisa,

aided by some German workmen, in which the artist had represented the last judgment, the joys of paradise and the tortures of hell. It was very common thus to represent on the exterior of great religious monuments the visions of a future state; it seemed as if the artist wished the passer-by to be struck by the spectacle of the sufferings which awaited him if he erred from the right path in this world, and thus to induce him to enter the church, there to prostrate himself before the altar, and humbly to acknowledge his frailty. If he actually entered, another spectacle immediately caught his eye; consolation seemed to surround him on all sides. On the stained glass of the windows, he discovered the holy virgins who had suffered martyrdom; and above the organ he saw the rose, which generally represented the nine choruses of angels surrounding the throne of God.*

But the imaginative people of those times would not have been satisfied to behold these supernatural images merely carved in stone or marble. They wished to see them animated, and a soul breathed into them. Hence those Mysteries in which the legends of the wise and foolish virgins, or the history of the Virgin, were performed. A Mystery representing the infernal regions was acted at Florence in 1304, at the foot of

* It was, no doubt, in visiting some church that Dante conceived the idea of representing heaven in the form of a rose, on the leaves of which were seated the blessed.

'In forma dunque di candida rosa
Mi si mostrava la milizia santa,
Che nel suo sangue Cristo fece sposa.'

*Paradiso*, Canto XXXI.

the bridge, *alla Carraia*. Demons were seen persecuting the condemned. The number of persons assembled on the bridge caused it to give way, and a great many were drowned. 'Thus,' says Villani, 'what was announced as a mere amusement became a reality, and many persons actually went to visit the invisible world.' *

The subject that Dante chose was, as we have seen, far from being original. Like all men of genius, he understood, that, to be illustrious, it is not necessary to work with materials which have never before been used, but that the only subjects worthy the meditations and the labors of a great mind are those which have at all times agitated the human heart, and filled it with the strongest emotions. The materials of the Divina Commedia were everywhere to be found. Dante was surrounded by images which awakened and kept alive in him the habit of meditating on these awful subjects. The prophecies and visions of futurity were scattered throughout Europe; they only required that a master mind should appear, capable of embodying them in one great poem. Dante appeared; from his very youth he had deeply meditated the problem of human destiny, and in the life of an exile, where he had learnt 'how salt is the bread of others, and how hard the road is going up and down the stairs of others,' he

* Villani, *Storia*. Dante was already banished from his native land when this Mystery was performed. It is nevertheless probable, that this tragical event may have had some influence on his ardent imagination, and some persons have even gone so far as to suppose that this Mystery first gave rise to his immortal poem.

acquired that strength of character and power of thought which adversity alone can give, and without which even the man of genius cannot bring forth all that his intelligence conceives. Nothing was wanting but to decide the moment when he should commence his great undertaking. This moment was at hand.

On the 21st of February, 1300, Boniface the Eighth published a bull granting plenary indulgence to all those who should visit the tombs of the blessed apostles St. Peter and St. Paul during a fortnight. The capital of the Christian world was thronged with strangers from all parts of Europe. Not less than two millions of persons are said to have visited Rome during this period. Among the strangers who then went to that city were two Florentines, both of whom were forcibly struck by this extraordinary spectacle. One of them was Giovanni Villani, who there first conceived the plan of his great historical work;* the other was Dante,† who, amazed and confounded at the sight of this vast multitude crowding round the tombs of the two great apostles, to seek for the pardon of their sins, then resolved to put in execution the plan he had so long meditated. He felt how much he required the pardon of his own faults, for he too 'had lost the straight path.' He resolved to repent, and to make known his repentance to the world; he determined to write the Divina

* *Storia Fiorentina.*

† There can be no doubt that Dante was at Rome at this time. We know that he was several times intrusted with diplomatic missions to the papal court, and many passages of his poem prove that he was an eye-witness of the imposing spectacle of the Jubilee.

Commedia. Thus, having for years studied the works of the ancients, and the poetic legends of his own times, having long meditated upon the mysteries of eternal life, a single event sufficed to induce him to commence his immortal task. The death of Beatrice had first given him the idea of describing the terrors and felicities of another world; the Jubilee of 1300 filled his soul with that ardent faith and spirit of penitence so necessary for the execution of this design. Thus it is with the man of genius; events which to ordinary minds bear no peculiar stamp impress his imagination; and things, which seem in general to be of no importance, receive from him a life which they did not before possess. Michael Angelo could shape the rude stone into a Venus or an Apollo; Dante could compose the Divina Commedia out of the discordant materials which he collected, and make the world forget the sources from which he had gathered them, till the curious researches of a later generation should again rescue them from oblivion.

## JASMIN, THE BARBER POET.*

Las Papillotas! Such is the title of the two volumes of poetry we have before us — a title which would be singular indeed, if it were not accounted for by the profession of the author. Jasmin is, indeed, a *coiffeur*, and performs the menial offices of his profession with all the accuracy of a Figaro; but when his work is done, he does not, like so many of the brotherhood, spend his time in laying in a stock of scandal and gossip, which he may retail the next morning, when standing behind the chair of some fair lady, whose chief delight it often is, to listen to such stories. No! Jasmin, when he has laid aside his razors and his curling-tongs, devotes to the Muses his hours of leisure. This contrast between the vulgar occupation of the poet of Agen, and the truly beautiful poetry we find in his works, is particularly striking, in an age when poetry seems to have sought a refuge in the higher classes of society, and to have become rather the *passetems* of the man of fortune than the conscientious expression of a popular feeling. The

* *Las Papillotas de* Jasmin Coiffeur, Membre de la Societat de Sciencos et Arts d'Agen. Agen: 1835, 1842. 2 vols 8vo.

class of poets to which Jasmin belongs is, at present, very limited. He is essentially a popular poet. Sprung from the lower orders of society, an artisan himself, he has, in all his poetic effusions, addressed himself to the multitude, not to the select few. In former times it was not uncommon to find a poet thus devoted to the entertainment and to the instruction of the crowd. Judging of past ages, by means of that knowledge of general facts which history affords — for history deigns not to descend into the details of every private life — we almost fancy that there was a time when poetry circulated in the world, as freely as the air we breathe, — when every man was a poet, if not to create, at least to understand and to feel. When the atmosphere is full of mists and vapors, objects seen at a distance appear larger than nature; so when we look back into the past, things become magnified, and we involuntarily exaggerate their dimensions. It is perhaps thus in the present case; but yet we think it may be said, that among the ancients, as well as during the middle ages, poetry was more widely diffused, and had a more direct and powerful influence on the destinies of mankind, than it has in modern times. The distance which separated the poet from those who listened to his verses, was then less great Between them there seemed to be established an electric chain. He often borrowed from the people images, which he returned, after having given to them a new lustre, a new brilliancy, as the glass refracts the rays of the sun with increased intensity. The earlier Greek bards went from place to place reciting their verses, until they became indelibly engraved in

the hearts of their hearers. In the middle ages, the minstrel, or the troubadour, was the favorite of all classes. In the castle of the feudal baron, he would arouse the ardent and chivalrous spirit of the guests assembled around the festive board, by the recital of the noble exploits of Arthur and his barons, or the valor of those devoted Christians, who crossed the seas to rescue the sepulchre of their Saviour from an infidel foe; or else he would bewail, in strains so pathetic, the untimely fate of some fair maiden, that every eye would be moistened with tears of pity and compassion. But it was not alone in the mansions of the great, that the voice of the poet was heard. The peasant, too, would lend an ear to his songs, and himself repeat them, to beguile the weary hours of labor; and, alas! how weary must those hours have been, when he knew that it was not he who was to enjoy the fruits of this labor, but his tyrannical master. How different is the occupation of the poet in our own times! Shut up in the narrow confines of a densely populated city, or at best, inhabiting some country-seat, in which he is fortunate indeed, if, at every hour of the day, the shrill whistle of a railroad train does not break in upon his meditations, the only means he possesses of acting on his fellow-men, is the press — a powerful engine indeed, but how inferior, when the heart is to be touched, to the varied tones of the poet's voice when he recites his own verses. The poet, now, is the invisible being who sets the puppets on the stage in motion; in former days he was himself the actor. We may indeed be touched by the thoughts which he he expresses, for there is a secret harmony between

different minds, which enables them to communicate without any material intermediary; but still, we think that the poet, who addressed himself directly to the public, could more easily awaken deep emotions in the breast of his hearers. Let us not, however, be misapprehended. We would not be understood to express a regret for the past. This is but a simple statement of facts. We belong not to that class of worshippers of all that is gone by, who, in their admiration for what no longer exists, forget the beauties and the blessings of the present hour. The progress of civilization modifies everything. Poetry, in an age of material improvement, and of scientific discovery, cannot be the same as in an age when love and war seemed alone to reign in the world. But it may still, it does still exist, although modified in its manifestation. At a period of high intellectual culture, poetry must, of course, partake in some degree of the philosophical spirit of the times. Happy then, when it does not take the form of the stately and almost supernatural indifference of a Goethe, or the impassioned scepticism of a Byron! But even in these ages of improved civilization, the simple voice of pure and natural poety is still at times heard. In an age of political and social reform, like our own, when all the idols of the past are falling, one by one, to the ground, there are still some poets, whose poetry flows on in a calm and tranquil stream, and fills the soul with nought but pure and healthful instructions. Nature delights in these contrasts. In a barren soil, she, at times, brings forth flowers; at the foot of the glaciers, she places verdant meadows and genial springs, as if

to show that, even when she seems to have become extinct, she can, by the secret forces of which she is the mistress, arise with renovated vigor. Thus in ages of comparative barbarity, she often unexpectedly bursts forth with astonishing force and brilliancy; and in ages when civilization seems to have reached so high a pinnacle, as to leave nothing more for her to do, she still asserts her power, and shows that she is greater than civilization. She is not particular either about the garb in which genius is clothed. She often spurns the vase of pure and elegant form, and pours her richest gifts into a recipient of more homely shape and material. High intellectual culture is not always the necessary companion of genius. It is not alone by the contemplation and study of masterpieces, that the poet is enabled to produce works of which he may say, with the great Roman poet,

'Exegi monumentum aere perennius.'

Imitation is useless. The poet may, it is true, borrow from others, but even that which he borrows must be new — created within him, if it is to go forth in a poetic form. He must surround himself by that spiritual solitude, in which the voice of the world may yet be heard, but in which it only reaches him in a purer and more hallowed tone. Such a poet may well be found in the lower ranks of society. There is, indeed, a youthful force and vigor of intellect in those whose faculties have not been wasted on too vast a number of objects. Their thoughts are concentrated on some few great points. Unincumbered by the immense mass of knowledge which ages have accumu-

lated, they can, when genius lends them wings, take the most bold and lofty flights. Such a child of nature is Jasmin, the barber poet.

Jaques Jasmin, or Jaqueon Jansemin, (as he is called in his native patois,) was born in the year 1787 or 1788 at Agen. His father was a tailor, who, although he did not know how to write, composed almost all the principal *couplets* which were sung in the popular festivities of the neighboring country. Jaques' father and mother were both poor, but he was as happy as a prince when he was a child, for he had not yet learnt the meaning of those two words — rich and poor. Until the age of ten, he spent almost all his time in the open air, playing with his little companions or cutting wood. In the long winter evenings, he would sit at the family fireside on his grandfather's knee and listen to those wonderful stories which we all have heard as children, but which in the child of genius may be said to be the first cause which develops the poetic inspiration with which he is endowed. But these happy days could not last. One day, as he was playing in the street, he saw his grandfather taken to the hospital. 'Why have you left us? Where are you going?' were the boy's questions at this melancholy sight. 'To the hospital,' was the reply; 'it is there that the Jansemins must die.' Five days afterwards the old man was no more. From that time Jasmin knew how poor he was. How bitter was this experience to him! He felt no longer any interest in his childish pastimes. As he has himself beautifully expressed it, if anything drew from him a smile, it was but like the pale rays of the sun

on a rainy day. One morning, however, he saw his mother with a smiling countenance. What then had happened? She had succeeded in gaining admittance for him in a charity school. In six months afterwards he could read; in six months more, he could assist in the celebration of mass; in another six months, he could sing the *Tantum ergo*, and in two years from the time when he first went to school he was admitted into a seminary. Here, however, he remained but six months. He was expelled from thence on account of a rather suspicious adventure with a peasant girl, and perhaps still more because he had eaten some sweetmeats belonging to the director of the establishment. The despair of his family was great at this unexpected event, for they had been furnished with bread at least once a week from the seminary. They were now without money and without bread! But what will a mother not do for her children! His mother had a ring — her wedding ring: she sold it, and the children had bread once more, at least for a few days. He was now to learn a trade; he became the apprentice of a hair-dresser, and as soon as he could, opened a shop. His skill as a *coiffeur*, and, we may add, the charming verses which he had already composed, soon brought him customers. He married, and his wife, who at first objected to his wasting his time in writing poetry, soon urged him to do so when she found that this employment was likely to be profitable. He has since then been able to buy the house in which he lives. The first, perhaps, of his family, he has experienced that feeling of inward satisfaction which the right of possession is so apt to confer, when it has

been purchased by the meritorious labors of the hand and the head. He now enjoys that honest mediocrity which seems to be the height of his worldly ambition. Such are the only circumstances of Jasmin's life which we have been able to gather from the poetical autobiography entitled, '*Mons Soubenis.*' The life of a poet is not always interesting. Not unfrequently, its most striking features are the poetic flowers he has himself strewed on his path.

We have already said that Jasmin was a popular poet. To be this, in the true sense of the word, it is necessary to speak the language of the people. This Jasmin has understood. With the exception of two or three pieces in the collection we have before us, all his poems are written in his native patois. But he not only makes use of this language, he defends it against all attacks as the last distinguishing mark between his countrymen and the inhabitants of the rest of France. Among his poems, there is a reply to the discourse of a Mr. Dumon, member of the Chamber of Deputies, in which that gentleman, after having paid, it is true, a just tribute to the genius of the Gascon poet, said that it was not even desirable that the patois should be maintained. The reply of Jasmin is full of an ardent patriotic spirit, and is a noble defence of his native language.

'The greatest misfortune,' he says, 'which can befall a man in this world, is to see an aged mother, sick and infirm, stretched out on her bed and given over by the doctors. At her pillow, which we do not leave for an instant, our eye fixed on hers and our hand in her hand, we may for a day revive her languishing spirits; but alas! she lives to-day

but to die to-morrow! This is not the case, however, with that enchantress, that musical language, our second mother: learned Frenchmen have sentenced her to death for the last three hundred years, but she still lives; her words still resound. Seasons pass by her, and hundreds of thousands will yet pass.* . . . . . This language is the language of labor; in the city and in the country, it may be found in every house. It takes man at the cradle and leads him on to the tomb. Oh, such a language is not easily destroyed. . . . . Relieve us from our sufferings, but leave us our language! We like to sing even in the midst of distress. It seems as if in singing the gall of grief became less bitter. . . . . But the honor of the country demands it; we will learn French: it is our language, too; we are Frenchmen. Let the people learn it. They will then have two languages, one for the *sansfaçon*, the other for making visits.'

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* We give the first two strophes of this poem in the original, as an example of the language and style of Jasmin: —

L'on pu grand pèssomen que truque l'homme, aci,
Acò quand nostro may, bièillo, feblo, desfèyto,
S'arremozo tonto, et s'allièyto,
Conndannado pel medici.
A soun triste cabès que jamay l'on non quitto,
L'èl sur son èl et la ma dins sa ma,
Pondèn-bè, per un jour rebiscoula sa bito;
Mais hèlas! anèy bion per s'escanti donma.
N'es pas atal, Monssu, d'aquelo ensourcillayro
D'aquelo longo muzicayro
Nostro segundo may; de saben francimans,
La conndannon à mort dezunpèy tres cens ans;
Tapla bion saquela; tapla sons mots brounzinon;
Ches elo, las sazons passon, sonen, tindinen;
Et cent-milo-milès enquèro y passaren,
Sounaran, et tindinaran.

There is indeed no vestige of its ancient independence, to which a nation clings more eagerly than to its language. It has always been the endeavor of conquerors to destroy the national language of a conquered nation, as the only means of becoming entirely its master. And in truth, what can be more precious to a people, which has lost its independence, than to refer to its days of freedom in the language of its fathers? When once this tie, which binds it to the past, is destroyed, but little remains of its primitive character. The differences between languages are not arbitrary; they are the expression of the individual genius of the nation to whom they belong. And yet there are men, in this age of wild Utopian schemes, who, in order to carry out their ideas of social reform, would wish to leave but one *common* language to mankind. We say nothing of the practicability of such a project, — which could not even be executed by the means which the tyrannical government of a half-civilized country employs to extirpate the language of the unfortunate Poles, — but the very idea is monstrous in itself. Those barbarians, who poured into Europe at the downfall of the Roman empire, have been accused of vandalism because they destroyed the monuments of art which they found on their road. But what was their vandalism, when compared with that of these modern innovators? To destroy all the different dialects of the world to make room for one common language, is not only to destroy all the masterpieces of the past, but to cut in the blossom all future literature. Instead of the beautiful and varied form, which human thought now assumes

according to the language in which it is expressed, we should have but one stereotyped, monotonous and uniform literature, which would itself soon die for want of any impulse or stimulus from without. Fortunately, however, there is nothing to be feared on this ground. You may persecute a popular dialect and endeavor to stifle it in its growth, it will still come forth, even as the wild flower at times springs up in the cultivated soil. Wales has been for centuries subject to England, and Brittany to France, and yet they have maintained their original dialect. Even at this day the Welshman and the peasant of la Basse Bretagne understand each other better than they would understand those whom they call their countrymen. And the Gascon patois, against which innumerable regulations have been made, which is forbidden to be spoken in the schools of Gascony, can still make itself heard through the voice of Jasmin. He can say of his maternal dialect, notwithstanding the persecutions to which it has been subjected, what Galileo said of the earth: *E pur si muove.*

The two finest poems of Jasmin are unquestionably, '*L'Abuglo de Castel-Cueillé*,' (The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuellié,) and *Françonneto*.* The first is the touching story of a poor blind orphan. The first canto opens with the description of the preparations for a country wedding. 'At the foot of that high mountain where stands Castel-Cueillé, at the season when the fruit begins to ripen on the trees, this song was heard on

* The first of these two poems has been translated into English verse by Lady Georgina Fullerton

a Wednesday, the eve of St. Joseph's day. The paths should bear flowers, so lovely a bride is about to go forth; they should bear flowers, they should bear fruits, so lovely a bride is about to pass.' The bride and Baptiste, her intended, are going, according to the custom of the country, to gather branches of laurel to scatter before the door of the church and before the houses of the guests. But the bridegroom is silent; he speaks not to Angèle; he caresses her not. 'On seeing them so cold, so indifferent, you would think they were great folks!' The sadness of Baptiste is not, however, without a cause. His affections are elsewhere engaged. At the foot of the hill lives the young and tender Margaret, the prettiest girl in the village. Baptiste was her lover, they were to have been married, but alas! Margaret has lost her sight after a severe illness, and Baptiste, who has just returned to the village, is, in order to fulfil the wishes of his father, about to marry Angèle, thinking all the while of Margaret. Meanwhile nothing but merriment and mirth are to be heard in the fields, until Jeanne the old fortune-teller appears. She examines the hand of the bride, and exclaims: 'God grant, giddy Angèle, that in marrying the unfaithful Baptiste thou mayest not cause a grave to be opened to-morrow.' This sinister prediction interrupts for a moment the gaiety of the scene, but the clear voices of the young girls might soon be heard again singing their merry songs. In the young the memory of grief is but short. Baptiste, however, is still sad and silent. The second canto shows us Margaret in her solitary chamber. Baptiste has been three days in the village, and has not yet been to see her. 'And yet he knows,'

she exclaims, 'that he is the star, the sun of my night! He knows that I have counted every instant since first he left me! Oh, let him come again and fulfil his promise, that I may keep mine. Without him, what is this world to me? What pleasure have I? The light of day shines for others, but alas, for me it is always night! How dark it is without him! When he is by my side, I think no more of the light of day! The sky is blue, but his eyes are blue; they are a heaven of love for me! a heaven full of happiness, like that over my head! . . . . Where is Baptiste! He hears me no longer when I call him! Like the ivy which lies drooping on the ground, I need some support! But who knows? perhaps he has abandoned me! Alas, what a thought! They must bury me then! But I will banish it from me! Baptiste will return! Oh, he will return! I have nothing to fear! He swore it in the name of the Saviour! He could not come so soon! He is weary, sick perhaps. He intends perchance to surprise me. But I hear somebody! Now then is an end to all my sufferings! My heart does not deceive me! It is he! there he is!' The door opens — but Baptiste does not appear; her little brother Paul enters, saying: 'The bride has just passed! I have seen her. Say, sister, why were we not invited? alone of all her friends we are not there.' There is in this scene a touch of nature which many poets would perhaps have scorned to delineate, on the ground that it was too trivial. The cry of Margaret, 'My heart deceives me not,' when she is all the while mistaken, is admirable. Her heart is so full of hope and confidence that she naturally takes the first sound

she hears to be that of the footsteps of her beloved. How true and how beautiful! In the heart of woman there are such treasures of constancy and devotion, that she is feelingly alive to the smallest, the most unimportant circumstance which can still make her doubt the infidelity of the one she loves. Alas! what a fathomless depth of despair there must be in her heart when she no longer can doubt; when she must believe.

Margaret meanwhile questions the child and discovers that Baptiste is the bridegroom. Jeanne, the sorceress, comes in and endeavors to console the young girl, as if there were any consolation for such sorrows but time or death. 'You love him too well,' she says, 'pray God that you may not love him so much.' 'The more I pray God, the more I love him, but it is no sin, may he not yet be mine?' Jeanne replies not. Margaret understands this silence, but she affects to appear contented, and the old woman leaves her, believing that she is still undeceived. The third and last canto opens on the following morning — the morning of the day on which the wedding is to be celebrated. How differently were two young girls awaiting that sunrise. The one, the queen of the day, is preparing for her wedding; on her head she places a wreath, on her breast a nosegay of flowers; and in the midst of happiness she forgets to say a prayer. The other, alone and blind, has neither wreath nor flowers. Her eyes are full of tears; she throws herself down on her knees and prays to God to pardon her the sin she is about to commit. But it is time to go to the church. Angèle, surrounded by her friends, goes as in triumph. Margaret, leaning on her brother, wends her steps too towards the church.

But before leaving her room, she has concealed in her bosom a dagger. As they approach the church, they hear the sound of the melancholy olfray singing his doleful song. 'Dost thou not hear that sound, sister? Dost thou remember the night our poor father died we heard this sound? He said to thee: "My child, take care of Paul, for I feel that I am going to leave you." We all shed tears. Our father died, and was buried here. Here is his grave, and the cross is still on it. But why dost thou draw me so near to thee, as if thou wouldst smother me?' Alas, poor Margaret! It seemed to her as if a voice from the grave had cried: My child! what art thou going to do? But Paul hurries her on; they have entered the church. The bride is at the altar. Baptiste has pronounced the fatal 'Yes,' when a well-known voice exclaims at his side: 'It is he! Baptiste, thou wished for my death: let my blood be the holy water of this wedding!' She is about to stab herself, but surely a guardian angel protects her, for just as she is going to strike, she falls dead. Her grief had killed her! Everything then changes. Instead of the gay songs of the morning, the solemn *De Profundis* is heard, and everything seems to say: The paths should sigh and weep, so beautiful is the one who is dead!

We are fully aware how impossible it is to give a correct idea of the beauties of a poetical composition by means of an analysis. The critic can no more convey to his readers a true notion of the poetic flowers of a work, which he can but dissect as the anatomist dissects a body, in order to lay bare the lifeless skeleton, than the engraver can, with his burin, represent the

coloring and the general effect of a picture. But yet by his work, the engraver may give to him who sees it a desire to behold the original from whence it is taken — a desire, which he perhaps would never have felt, had it not been awakened within him by this even imperfect representation. So, too, may we not hope that our readers will wish to see the original from which we have taken this faint sketch? This poem first awakened the literary men of France, and in a measure the public itself, to a sense of the merit of Jasmin. In 1835 he was called upon to read it before the Academy of Bordeaux, and excited by his impassioned delivery an almost unparalleled enthusiasm. He had a similar honor conferred on him in 1840, when he was invited to read the poem of Françonneto before a still larger audience in the city of Toulouse.

The scene of this poem is laid in the south of France, in the 16th century, at the time of the persecution of the Huguenots, when the cruel Marquis of Montluc was covering the country with blood and tears, in the name of a God of mercy. The scene opens at a moment of comparative peace and quiet. The peasants are assembled to dance on the green turf. Among them is *Françonneto la Poulido de las Poulidos*, (the belle of all belles.) Like all belles, however, Françonneto is capricious. Surrounded by admirers, she leaves them to hope or to despair, according as they may be of a desponding or cheerful disposition, without pronouncing in favor of any particular one. But in the course of the evening she will be obliged at least to show some degree of partiality, for it is the custom to allow the dancer, who can succeed in tiring his partner out, to

take a kiss. What a struggle there was for this kiss! William, John, Louis, Peter and Paul are out of breath without having obtained the disputed prize! But here comes Marcel the soldier, to whom Françonneto is engaged, but for whom she cares perhaps less than for any of her other admirers. Surely he who is accustomed to all the hardships of war, will succeed in tiring out a young girl. But when the will is good the weakest girl is strong! Marcel is outdone; he is obliged to stop. Pascal the smith rushes forward, and in a moment has taken his place; but hardly has Françonneto taken a turn with him, when she stops, and holding up her cheek, receives the kiss. The air rings with the applause of the peasants at the triumph of Pascal. But Marcel the soldier, the favorite of Montluc, is not thus to be trifled with. 'You took my place too quickly, young man!' he exclaims, and adds a blow to the insult. How easily a storm succeeds to the calm! A kiss and a blow! Glory and shame! Light and darkness! Life and death! Hell and Heaven! All these things fill at once the ardent soul of Pascal. When a man is thus cowardly attacked, he needs not to be a *gentleman* or a soldier to avenge the insult without fear. No — look at him! A tempest is not worse! His eyes flash fire, his voice thunders! and seizing Marcel by the waist, he hurls him to the ground. He does not wish to kill him. He is satisfied. His generosity does not disarm Marcel, however; he wishes to continue the fight, but Montluc appears and puts an end to the quarrel. The soldier is obliged to obey, but between his teeth he might be heard to mutter: 'They love her and do all they can to cross my love; she laughs at

my expense. By St. Marcel, my patron, they shall pay for it, and Françonneto shall have no other husband but me.'

Between the first and second cantos, two or three months have elapsed. We again find the peasants met to celebrate New Year's eve, and Françonneto is still the queen of beauty. The festive meeting is however interrupted by the appearance of the man of the Black Wood, the dread of the neighboring country, who comes to announce that the father of Françonneto became a Huguenot before dying, and sold her soul to an evil spirit. Ill luck to him who shall venture to marry her. When her husband shall take the bridal wreath from her brow, the Demon will take possession of her soul, and wring his neck. 'Great words, high sounding comparisons could not express the appearance of the peasants, who at this dreadful prediction seemed to be changed into stones.' Françonneto alone remains unmoved. She believes at first that it is but a joke, but when she finds all her companions shrink back from her, she falls insensible to the ground. She is now shunned by all her companions. When she goes to church, they all avoid her. Pascal alone has not abandoned her, and even does not fear to offer her the blessed bread at the altar. What a moment was that for her! 'One would would think that the bread of a resuscitated God had recalled her to life. But why does she blush? Oh, it is because the angel of love has blown a little of his flame on the embers which lay lurking in her heart. Oh, it is because something strange, something new, hot as fire, soft as honey, has taken root and is growing up in her breast. Oh, it is

because she lives with another life; she knows and she feels it! The world and the priest are alike forgotten, and in the temple of God she sees but one man, the man whom she loves, the man whom she can thank.' She returns home, and then 'she does what we all may do; she dreams with open eyes, and without stone or hammer, she builds a little castle, in which by the side of Pascal everything is happiness.' But alas! why must she awaken from this dream? She was thinking of love, but reality now breaks in on her with its cold and iron hand; she remembers the prediction that he who marries her must die. In despair she falls on her knees before the image of the blessed Virgin. 'Holy Mother!' she exclaims, 'without thee I am lost. I love Pascal. I have neither father nor mother, and they all say that I am sold to an evil spirit. Take pity on me. Save me if this be true! or if they deceive me, prove it to my soul. I will offer thee a candle at *Nôtre-Dame*. Virgin so good, show me by some infallible sign, that thou receivest it with pleasure.' Short prayers, when sincere, ascend rapidly to heaven. Sure that she has been heard, the young girl thinks incessantly of her purpose. At times, however, she trembles; fear paralyzes her speech. And then again hope shines in her heart, as a flash of lightning in the dark of the night. The solemn day has come. She goes to the church and presents her offering at the shrine of the Virgin; but alas! her hopes are in an instant blighted. No sooner has she lighted the candle on the altar, than a violent peal of thunder is heard, and the light is extinguished. No doubt can now remain! She is condemned to a cruel fate! The peasants are exas-

perated, and resolve to set fire to her house. The flames are already spreading over it, when Pascal interferes and endeavors to save her. But he comes not alone. Marcel is behind him. 'Wilt thou marry me?' he exclaims. Pascal makes the same offer. Françonneto, after a struggle between love and duty, accepts Pascal's offer. 'I love you,' Pascal, she says, 'and wished to die alone. But you demand it. I can resist no longer, and if it is our destiny, let it be so, let us die together.' Two weeks after this scene, the marriage procession might be seen winding its way down the hill. But Pascal's mother entreats him not to proceed; his fate is decreed, she says, he will surely die. Pascal feels the tears running down his cheeks, but still he holds the hand of his beloved. How those tears affect him, but love is yet the stronger. 'Take care of my mother, if anything happens to me,' he says to Marcel. But the soldier, too, is shedding tears. 'Pascal,' he exclaims, 'in love as in war, an artifice is permitted. I forged the whole story of Françonneto's being sold to an evil spirit. I paid the sorcerer to frighten you with it, in the hope of forcing Françonneto to marry me. But alas! she preferred thee. I then resolved to avenge myself by putting you both to death. I would have led you to the nuptial chamber, and then have blown you up with myself. Everything was prepared for this crime. But thy mother has disarmed my anger by her tears. She recalls to my mind my own mother, who is no more. Live for her sake. Thou hast nothing more to fear from me; thy paradise descends now on earth. I have nobody left. I return to the wars. To

cure me of my love, a cannon-ball is perhaps better than such a crime.' He speaks and disappears. The marriage is celebrated. But here the poet stops. He had colors to depict grief; he has none wherewith to represent such happiness!

Beauties of the highest order are profusely scattered throughout both poems. They are of that kind, however, which makes it extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to render them in any language but that of the original. The patois dialect, in which Jasmin writes, is full of softness and simplicity, but, at the same time, energetic as the race to whom it belongs. In making use of such a dialect, the poet is not obliged, as the French writer is, to weigh every word, in order to ascertain whether it is worthy to be used or not in a poetic composition. Molière and Béranger are the only two French poets, who seem to be so perfectly master of the language in which they write, as to be able to express all their thoughts without circumlocution. To this perhaps, in a great measure, may be ascribed the popularity of the great comic writer, and if we may so say, the anticipated immortality of the greatest of modern French poets, Béranger. To us many of the French poets who are most admired, and deservedly so, appear very much as would a laborer who wore every day his Sunday dress. They are unfit for performing their common duties for fear of soiling their borrowed dress. From the heights on which they strive to dwell, they can take no part in the ordinary events of life. It seems to us that the merit of the poet is not to ennoble things by so disguising them as to make it sometimes even difficult to recognize them, but to present them in

their natural state, although in a poetic form. That nature, when left to herself, is never vulgar, is a precept which the poet should always bear in mind. Look, for example, at the peasant. He is rough, rude in his speech, but he is not vulgar. Take him to a city, and in six months, he will be essentially so. In endeavoring to make people forget his humble origin, he will show how out of place he is. When you saw him in the field, you thought him even graceful in his movements. In his new, and to him, uncomfortable dress, you find him awkward. And so it is with everything in nature. Leave things in the place which nature assigns to them, and you will find them all that they should be. But when, no matter from what cause, the beautiful order of nature has been perverted, that which was wont to appear noble and beautiful, is so deformed as to become common and sometimes hideous. The poet then need not fear to represent things as they are. He will make the peasant speak the language of the peasant, and the lord the language of the lord: for what would be vulgarity in the one is but nature in the other. Jasmin is well aware of this. We never find him endeavoring to give to his verses a borrowed dignity. They are always drawn from the life.

Jasmin has had to resist the temptation which is thrown in the way of every distinguished man in France, that of establishing himself in the capital. He has resisted it with a constancy worthy of the highest praise. The inducements must have been strong. In Paris, he would have lived in those literary circles in which his talents would have been fully appreciated; but at the same time he would have experienced the

envy of rival authors. At Agen, on the contrary, he lives quietly and admired by all his countrymen. We find among his poems an epistle addressed to a rich farmer of the neighborhood of Toulouse, who had strenuously urged his going to the metropolis to make his fortune. There is in this piece of poetry an energy and a vivacity of expression, which must have been anything but agreeable to the person to whom it was addressed. 'And you too, sir,' he says, 'do not fear to trouble the peace of my days and nights, but write to me to carry my guitar and comb to the great city of kings! There, you say, my poetic vein and the verses by which I am already known, would cause a stream of dollars to flow into my shop. You might, sir, during a whole month, sing the praises of this golden rain — you might tell me that fame is but smoke! glory nought but glory, but that money is money! I would not even thank you. Money! Is money anything to a man who feels burning in his breast the flame of poetry? I am happy and poor with my loaf of rye, and the water from my fountain. . . . . I enjoy everything. Nothing makes me sigh. I have cried long enough; I mean to make amends for it. Wiser than in the days of my youth, I begin to feel in this world, which we must all leave so soon, content which passes riches.'

The muse of Jasmin is generally of a serious turn, but there are, nevertheless, two humorous pieces in the collection before us, which are very excellent. The one is a description of a journey which the poet once took, and in which his travelling companions were quietly discussing the merits of Jasmin, without being at all aware that he was sitting by their side. The reader

can easily imagine to what amusing scenes such a mistake might give rise. The other, entitled *Le Chalibari*, is a mock heroic poem, like Boileau's *Lutrin*, and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, and which, had it been written at an earlier period, might have claimed a place by the side of those two capital poems. The nineteenth century is not exactly the best period for writing a parody of a style of composition which is now — and we trust ever will be — out of fashion. A satire on the manners and customs of the Middle Ages would be almost as well adapted to our times. There are many other poems in the works of Jasmin which are well worthy of notice, but we have neither the leisure nor the desire to write out an index of the two octavo volumes before us; we therefore dismiss the subject, sincerely wishing that no person who admires true poetry, will take our word for the beauties contained in the poems of Jasmin, but that he will judge for himself. We are much mistaken, or he will feel something of the pleasure we have ourselves experienced in perusing them, and, we may add, in endeavoring to make them known.

## COQUEREL'S EXPERIMENTAL CHRISTIANITY.*

It is a common opinion, and one which we regret to see so prevalent in our own country, that the French nation is a nation without religion, and even without religious aspirations. If any horrible crime is committed in France, there are hundreds to be found who will exclaim, What else could be expected in a country where there is no religion? These are grave imputations, and, as it seems to us, require some proofs to support them. That the French do not willingly accede to the present religion of France is a fact which we would not even wish to deny, for it is on this fact we found our belief that religious feeling is not extinct in that country. The time when Catholicism could exercise any real influence over the French people has passed away, never more to return. Catholicism is but nominally the religion of the majority of the French nation. Does it, however, follow, that in the hearts of those who have deserted the altars of the Church of Rome, the pure flame of religion has become extinct? By no means. It is, indeed, impossible for man to

* *Le Christianisme Expérimental.* Par Athanase Coquerel, l'un des Pasteurs de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris. Paris: 1847. 12mo. pp. 527.

eradicate from his breast that religious instinct which God himself has implanted within it. He may, for a time, seem no more to hear its voice, but he will sooner or later be again obliged to acknowledge its existence. So, too, a nation may, during a period of religious and social convulsion, no longer obey the dictates of this impulse, and abandon itself entirely to all the uncertainty and horror of scepticism and materialism. But when the revolutionary storm has subsided, when a nation has obtained that political or social freedom for which it struggled, it will feel, that, to enable man to bear the sorrows and disappointments which await him in this world, a cold and lifeless philosophical system is inadequate. It will then, once more, seek for an altar where it may offer up its prayers to God. This has been the case in France. Since that revolution, which was caused, perhaps, as much by the scepticism of the eighteenth century as by the vices of the Regent or of Louis XV., the French begin to feel the necessity of a religion in harmony with their real spiritual wants.

If this view of the present condition of France is not often taken, it is because we are apt to form our idea of the moral and social condition of a people from the extremes of society. This is unjust. It is not by what we see among a gay and heartless aristocracy, or in those classes that are plunged into the depths of misery and of vice, the necessary companion of misery, that an opinion of this kind is to be formed. If such were the only means of judging of the morality of a people, how low would England stand in our estimation! It is from the condition of the middle classes, that is to say, the majority of the nation, that we must judge of

the whole nation. If these classes are content with their imperfect form of worship, or if they are devoid of religious sentiment, then, and then only, may we despair of the future religious progress of a nation. If we look at the middle classes in France, we shall not, however, find any cause of despair. We shall there find many thousands of Catholics, who, were it not for that mysterious sympathy which binds every man to the faith of his fathers, and to that mode of worship which he was taught to profess when a child, would abandon their religion and become members of some Protestant church. We have ourselves known some who, although truly religious, never had taken the sacrament, because they were unwilling to conform to the usage of their church preparatory to this ceremony,—unwilling to confess their sins to a sinner like themselves. We have known others, again, who did not believe in the Trinity, or who denied the infallibility of the Pope. And yet all these persons sincerely and honestly believed themselves Catholics Tranquillize the conscientious anxieties of such persons, convince them that it is not only not wrong to abandon a church to which one does not truly belong, but that it is the duty of every Christian to join the church whose doctrines are the most in harmony with his own, and they would soon be found, we doubt not, at the foot of some Protestant pulpit.

M. Coquerel's work is intended to present to these Christians, who have renounced the religion of the past, but who are still doubtful as to the path which they shall now follow, a complete religious system, which may serve as the foundation of their future faith. Firm and

tranquil in his belief that France will one day be a Protestant country, M. Coquerel has devoted all his powers to the realization of this, his most ardent wish. The energies of a highly gifted mind, an impassioned and touching eloquence, and the treasures of a truly Christian heart, have been alike directed towards this great object. After thirty years of uninterrupted labor as a preacher, first in the French Protestant church at Amsterdam, and afterwards as one of the pastors of the Reformed Church of Paris, he has at last published the work we have before us. M. Coquerel belongs to that class of Christians who think, that, as there were reformers before the Reformation, so too there may be reformers in every age; and that, however much we may be indebted to those immortal men who first freed the world from the yoke of Romanism, we may differ widely from them in their manner of interpreting the Scriptures. An intolerant Protestantism, that is to say, a religious system in which liberty of conscience is the first word, but which ends with the solemn and horrible declaration, that there is only one church in which man can be saved, is as unfit for our age as the Roman Catholic faith. A new system is, then, to be sought. In this system, faith in God as a Father, in Christ as a Saviour, and in immortality as the continuation of our present existence, must be included. But faith will not alone be required. We are confident that man will be judged, not according to his belief, if that belief be sincere, but according to his actions. And must it not be so? If every Protestant has a right to read his Bible, and therein to find his faith, how can it be expected that all men should believe alike? Who can suppose

that the simple-hearted laborer, who on the Sabbath reads the Bible to his family, should understand it and interpret it as a Luther or a Calvin, a Chalmers or a Channing? No. The time is fast approaching when there will be a large class of Christians, who, when asked to what religious denomination they belong, will simply reply, — We are disciples of Christ; Christ has taught us to love God as a Father, to love each other, and to do by others as we would wish to be done by; we are Christians, not theologians. And when, at last, the number of those who profess these liberal views shall have so increased as to spread all over the world, when all nations shall meet together to offer up prayers at the same altar, then, and then only, Christianity will have accomplished its object in this world. How beautiful is this anticipation of the future condition of the human race! How soothing to the heart of the Christian, amidst the dissensions which now agitate mankind and divide them into innumerable sects, each of which is willing to assert that it alone is possessed of the truth!

There are many Christians, however, who may think that such a system savors too much of Rationalism. If they peruse M. Coquerel's volume, they will see, we think, that they are mistaken. They will see that the author, while he maintains our right to investigate, by the light of our reason, the various and difficult problems which surround us, at the same time shows that we shall necessarily, sooner or later, be stopped in our investigations, and be obliged to seek for another guide, or run the risk of remaining forever in darkness and uncertainty. Such a system assigns to philosophy and to religion each its true place. Their respective posi-

tions have been often strangely misapprehended. They have been viewed, not as successive stages of the same science, but as rival methods of teaching the same truths. If this were the case, then either the one or the other would be useless. If with the light of our reason alone we could penetrate into the deepest recesses of our souls and solve the dark mysteries which envelope our existence, if philosophy could give a satisfactory answer to those questions which have perplexed the wisest, — What am I? Whence come I? Whither am I going? — then might we not ask, To what purpose religion? Might not Christ have remained in his glory on the right hand of the Father, instead of taking a human form and submitting to all the evils attendant on a human life? Might he not have spared himself the sufferings of the most cruel of deaths? A correct view of our own nature will show us that philosophy is but the introduction to religion, the vestibule of the temple. Free to choose between good and evil, ignorance and knowledge, man may content himself with the imperfect and uncertain instructions of philosophy, or complete his knowledge by the aid of religion; he may read the first volume of his history, and neglect the second; he may pause in the vestibule of the temple as in a labyrinth, or take one step more, lift the veil which covers the sanctuary, and penetrate into the deepest mysteries of our being.

A work, founded on this distinction between philosophy and religion, must necessarily begin with a minute and careful examination of the nature, the faculties and the desires of man. Let us endeavor to follow M. Coquerel in this research.

Man has the consciousness of his own existence, and of his individuality. He alone, of all the animals that inhabit this earth, has a clear and distinct notion of himself and of what surrounds him. From this conviction naturally result two facts, — that man has not always existed, and that the source whence his life has sprung is not within himself. Man knows that he has not always existed, because, as he has the consciousness of a present, he would, then, have also within himself the evidence of a past existence. He, moreover, knows that he did not create himself; for if he had the power of creation, he would also have the power of maintaining his existence. On a further examination, man discovers within himself different powers or tendencies, which may be thus classed: — 1. the intellectual power, the object of which is knowledge; 2. the moral power, the object of which is virtue; 3. the affective power, which leads man to desire to form certain relations with his fellow-creatures; 4. the feeling power, which tends to a complete satisfaction of man's desire, — to perfect happiness; 5. the religious power, which induces man to seek for an object which he may adore.

The ideal notion of knowledge, of virtue, of love, of happiness, and of religion, which man has conceived in all stages of civilization, is but the object of these powers or tendencies. To deny that such an ideal exists is to declare that all the faculties, all the powers, of man are directed towards an unattainable object. This ideal does exist; it is the object of our life; it must be attained.

These few and simple observations on the nature and the desires of man, at once destroy three of the most

erroneous philosophical systems which have ever existed in the world, — pantheism, pyrrhonism, and absolute spiritualism.

We know that we exist; we feel our individuality. There is, then, something in nature which is not God. Pantheism is destroyed.

This consciousness of our existence is alike fatal to a system of absolute doubt; since this one fact, at least, is indisputable and undisputed.

And, finally, a system of absolute spiritualism can no longer subsist; for the knowledge we have of ourselves and of what is not us, teaches us that matter exists.

From these considerations, man rises to a higher and purer conception, that of the existence of God. He feels that God exists; for, if God did not exist, the religious tendency which he finds within himself, would be without an object. God is the ideal of the mind. This ideal is one. God is one. How simple and how beautiful are these thoughts! I am; and because I am, God is. That which it is vain to seek to prove by a philosophical demonstration is made evident by the religious instinct we have within us, and is alike revealed to the greatest and the most humble minds. If God is one, everything that is not God is created. Man, then, was created by God. The object of this creation is the complete satisfaction of all the powers and tendencies of man. Arrived at this degree of knowledge, we are stopped by an impenetrable mystery, that of our liberty. We cannot comprehend how God, who has created us and who watches over us, should have left us entire liberty to use as we like the faculties with which we have

been endowed. To this mystery, as to all mysteries, there is no answer. We all believe in our liberty and at the same time in the omniscience of God; but we cannot reconcile these two notions, which seem contradictory. To understand this mystery, it would be necessary to understand how God, when he had created the world, withdrew his almighty hand from his work. We are as much at a loss to comprehend how God leaves the heavenly bodies suspended in the universe, or how, after having formed the material world, he allows it to follow its laws, as to know how we can enjoy our liberty while God sees all that we are doing. The field in which this liberty is to be exercised is boundless, for the object of the powers of which we have recognized the existence within us is infinite. We can always approach nearer to God, or separate ourselves more from him. 'What a distance,' says our author, 'between him to whom it was said, "Where is thy brother Abel?" or him of whom the Saviour said, "It had been good for that man if he had not been born," and a Moses, with whom "the Lord spake as a man speaketh unto his friend," or a St. Paul, who desires to leave the world "to be with Christ!" And yet neither of these examples shows the last degree of separation, or the most complete union between God and man.' An eternal life can alone suffice for man to fulfil his destiny and to approach the throne of God. However high he may have risen, he will still have to ascend. The angels are even 'charged with folly' by God; the heavens themselves, that is, those who people them, 'are not clean in his sight.' Man is, then, immortal. If the object of all our faculties, of all our desires, is God,

must we not be immortal? Would the narrow limits of a condition, which, whether after years or centuries, must end, be sufficient for the accomplishment of our destiny? No. The time can never come when we shall possess sufficient science to authorize us to say, We know enough. The time can never come, when our religious aspirations will be so completely satisfied, that we shall feel ourselves near enough to God. The time can never come, when our affections will be so entirely gratified, that we can say, We have loved enough. We are immortal, and during the successive stages of our immortality, we shall have the same consciousness of individuality that we have during our present existence. If we were to lose that consciousness, it would be matter of little or no importance to us whether we were immortal or not. The activity of man is uninterrupted. Thus generation after generation follow on that eternal road, at the end of which is the Infinite.

'A new principle is an inexhaustible source of new views.' This remark of a distinguished French philosopher* is perfectly correct. If we take the principles which we have laid down as the basis of our philosophical and religious system, we shall view in a different light many of the most difficult and interesting problems of our destiny. We shall regard the notions of time and space, for example, as the necessary corollaries of these principles. Space is but the stage on which our activity is to be exercised; time, the successive gradations through which we must pass, in order to make

* Vauvenargues, Maxime 211.

that progress which we all so ardently desire. The terrestrial paradise, that golden age of virtue and innocence, of which all nations have dreamed, is the time when we were fulfilling our destiny, when we were advancing towards God; the fall of man, that fatal moment, when, instead of following the higher tendencies of his nature, he first trod that path which must lead him farther and farther from his Creator. From this change in the moral condition of man has resulted physical suffering. It is difficult to comprehend how so intimate a connection can exist between the moral and the physical world; but it would be still more difficult to understand how a world, created for a pure and innocent being, could continue the same after the fall of that being.

Applied to each individual life, the principles we have established will throw much light on some points that now seem obscure. Thus, our birth will appear to us but as our first entrance upon that sphere of activity, which is the world we now inhabit; life, but the length of time allotted us for our mortal task; and death, but the moment when, throwing aside our mortal body,— as a traveller, fatigued and harassed by the length of his route, throws off his soiled and dusty garments when he has arrived at his home, — we shall take possession of the new and better organization which awaits us on the other side of the grave. The moment of our death is, then, the moment of our resurrection. Between our life and our immortality there is nothing,— nothing but that solemn moment, which to the unbeliever and to the bigot is so full of gloom, but which to the true Christian is only a moment of rejoicing and

the true Christian is only a moment of rejoicing and of thanksgiving, for to him that moment is but as the delivery of a soul from its prison-house. The declaration of Christ to the repentant malefactor, '*To-day* shalt thou be with me in paradise,' may, then, be interpreted literally. And, finally, we shall better understand what is meant by the end of the world. What death is to an individual, the end of the world will be to the race. When all the resources of this earth shall have been exhausted, all its mysteries unravelled, all its beauties admired, it will become useless, and be cast aside as an instrument that can no longer be made serviceable. As to the moment when this final and solemn conclusion of the destinies of mankind in this world will take place, Christ himself has said, — 'But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.' But this we do know, that that moment need not be a subject of dark and gloomy forebodings. On the contrary, it will be an epoch of glory for mankind. It will be the last triumph of man in this world, his final deliverance from the shackles of matter.

This view of the nature of man, and the contradiction we find between his faculties and his present condition, naturally leads us to the thought, that he is not in the position for which he was created None of his legitimate aspirations or desires are satisfied. With an ideal conception of what our faculties should attain, we are ever prevented from realizing this conception. The fable of Tantalus is the history of mankind. It is natural that we should

seek a remedy for this evil. Thus for the first time, in this *experimental* system, the idea of a redemption is suggested. The object of a redemption must be to stop man in the course which is estranging him from his Creator, and to place him once more on the right path. Such a redemption, being intended for the whole human race, could not be produced by a secret agency working in the heart of each individual. It must be manifested in the person of a Saviour. The nature of the being who is to undertake so important a work must be of that kind which will enable him to hold communion with God, and at the same time to take a human form and live amongst men as one of them. If a Saviour had appeared in the world of so sublime and divine-like a nature as to fill his contemporaries with more of awe than of love, his mission would have been in vain. To show man the path which he is to tread, it is necessary that a Saviour should tread this path himself. He must go through all the different stages of a human life, he must die, he must rise from the dead. In all outward aspects he must belong to the country and to the age which are chosen for his mission. The moment selected for the appearance of a Saviour in the world seems at first to be a matter of little importance. It is not so, however. If man has the power to separate himself more and more from God, the time might come when he could no longer retrace his steps and tread once more the path which leads him towards his Maker. It was, then, necessary that the Redeemer of the world should appear at that precise moment when evil had reached its highest

point of intensity. If he had come into the world before that moment, the liberty of man would not have been respected; had he come after that moment, it would have been too late; his mission would have been in vain.

At a certain period in the history of mankind such a Saviour was given to the world. That he was the Saviour is proved by the time of his coming,—at a moment when virtue and truth seemed alike banished from the world, when man had fallen so low that he did not even attempt to assert his rights as a member of the human race, but accepted his abject and degraded condition as a matter of course and without a murmur,—at a time when the gladiator consented to lay down his life in the bloody amphitheatre for the amusement of an indolent and corrupt assembly,—at a time, finally, when, in the midst of orgies of which history blushes to record the obscenity, the rich were wont to place on their tables an ivory skeleton, as a memento of the brevity of life, and when 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' was a common and favorite maxim, Jesus Christ then appeared; the world was arrested in its progress towards evil; the *world was overcome.* since then the progress of mankind has been constant on the road of peace, truth, and charity. There may have been, in the eighteen centuries which have elapsed since Christ came into the world, moments when mankind have seemed to retrograde, but no one can honestly deny that each successive age of the Christian era has been superior to the preceding.

That Jesus Christ was the Saviour is, moreover,

proved by the place selected for his mission. Situated near the Mediterranean Sea, Palestine may be considered as the historical centre of the Old World. Originating in such a position, the new faith could the sooner spread to neighboring countries. Had its birthplace been more remote from the Western world, the stationary and immovable habits of the Asiatic race might have stifled it in its blossom. If, on the contrary, its birthplace had been in Europe, there would have been danger, with the ardent and changeable character of the race which inhabits that continent, that the tradition of the coming of Christ would have been so disfigured and perverted by the time he did appear in the world, that he would not have been recognized, but have been received as a stranger. No nation was better qualified than the Jews to be the guardians of the promise of a Saviour. That it was necessary that the mission of Jesus Christ should be announced to the world, scarcely needs to be proved. If it be true that the redemption was a necessary complement of the creation, the notion of a Saviour must have existed ever since the fall of man. Hence, also, the notion of a revelation, that is to say, a book in which the coming of a Saviour is announced, and in which is contained the realization of this promise. A revelation must be in part divine, in part human. The divine part of a revelation is called inspiration. To the idea that parts of the Scriptures are inspired, it is objected by some that God in creating man must have given him faculties which would enable him to discover truths without any subsequent Divine inter-

vention. Those who reason thus, forget that man is not what God made him. If man had followed the path which might have led him nearer and nearer to his Creator, he would have required no assistance from above. The necessity of a redemption is the sole cause of this mysterious communication between God and man. Without sin, no redemption is requisite; without a redemption, inspiration is ununecessary. Others object to inspiration on the ground that it is an inexplicable mystery. How presumptuous are those who reason thus! Do they not see, that, in order to understand how God transmits his thoughts to man, it would be necessary to know how God thinks?

There is another objection to inspiration, which, at first view, seems to be better founded. It has been asked,—What proof have we of the truth of inspiration? It were indeed vain for a man to declare himself inspired, and to pretend to speak in the name of God, if he could give no proof of the veracity of his statement. An assertion so extraordinary requires some evidence. This evidence cannot be internal. A man may call himself inspired, and may believe himself so, and yet be a madman. Some external evidence is necessary. This evidence may be of two kinds. The truth of inspiration may be proved by a prophecy or by a miracle. The annunciation of coming events has been considered as a violation of human liberty. This is but another view of the great question of human liberty, and does in no way render the mystery greater. If God is God, that is to say, if he

is an omniscient being, we must admit that none of our actions are hidden from him. If, then, at times, for some great purpose, he makes known to the world events which would otherwise remain hidden in the future, we cannot conceive that the liberty of man is more affected than if these events were not foretold. God knows that the Saviour has a false friend who is about to betray him, and the Saviour himself announces the crime of Judas. We do not see in what way the liberty of Judas is more affected than if this event had not been announced.

The power of prophecy must of course be considered as a great proof of the truth of inspiration. But this proof is not sufficient. Such evidence can be conclusive only for those who live, not at the time when the prophecy is made, but at the moment when it is accomplished. The contemporaries of him who calls himself inspired must also have some proof of the veracity of this assertion. If he possesses the power of performing miracles, he will be believed. A miracle has commonly been defined to be a momentary suspension of the laws of nature. This definition is evidently erroneous. To declare that an event has taken place in virtue of a momentary suspension of the laws which govern the world, it would be necessary to know all these laws. Where is the man who would presume to pretend to so much knowledge? The views of our author on this important subject are as follows. As the object of the redemption of mankind was to lead the world back to the state it was in before the fall of man, it must have the power to revive for a

time those forces which existed in the world prior to that event, and which since then have remained latent. A miracle, then, is simply the result of these forces brought into action by the regeneration of the world. Miracles thus become a necessary portion of a revelation. They not only prove what we have already said, that physical suffering was the result of moral evil; they moreover prove the efficacy of a redemption which has the power to revive the hidden forces of nature. But it may be objected to this theory, that some of the events which are related in the Scriptures as miraculous are in perfect harmony with the well known laws of our nature. This is true; but they are nevertheless miracles, because they occur by the order of some inspired man. A violent wind might blow and separate the waters of the Red Sea; but that this event should have happened at the order of Moses, so that the Israelites might pass through the sea, it is this that constitutes the miracle. No miracle occurs except on the order of one inspired; and the reason is obvious. If the miracle was in contradiction to the laws of nature with which we are accquainted, it would be considered as an extraordinary event, as a phenomenon; if, on the other hand, it was in perfect harmony with the laws of nature of which we have a certain knowledge, it would pass unnoticed. In either case, it would be without use. By this theory it will be seen that M. Coquerel takes nothing from the importance of the miracles. He not only believes in their truth, but even denies that a redemption could have been effected without their aid. They form an important, an

essential, part of revelation. They are the evidence of the right of the ancient prophets to announce the coming of the Saviour; they are, moreover, the guaranty of the truth of his mission.

Thus, by a natural and simple train of thought, we are led to the notion of a redemption, which we find realized in history with abundant proof. But were we left to our own reason, we should still be convinced of the truth of Christ's mission. Who, if it were not a fact, could have imagined a life so perfect as that of Jesus, under circumstances similar to those of every human life? Who could have imagined the Son of God, the Messiah, the Saviour of the world, under the humble garb of Jesus of Nazareth? The mind could undoubtedly have pictured to itself the ideal of human perfection; it could have clothed a being with all the attributes which it would desire for itself: but it could never have imagined the solemn, yet simple, scenes of the life of Christ,—his birth in a manger at Bethlehem, his pure and holy life, those scenes of his mortal career in which he showed himself so similar to us in all things excepting sin, his tears for the death of Lazarus, his joy at the success of the preaching of his disciples, his humble bearing towards his mother, his slow and painful death on the cross, his touching farewell to his mother and to the beloved disciple, and, finally, his glorious resurrection! No. Left to itself, the mind would have overdrawn the picture. An ideal Christ would have been either too distinct from, or too similar to, those amongst whom he was to live and die.

Now that we have arrived at the notion of a redemp-

tion, and find this notion has been realized in the world by the mission of Jesus Christ, let us examine, with our author, into the manner in which we ought to understand revelation. The first thought which presents itself here is, that the Christian religion, as revealed in the New Testament, has been commonly considered as mere instruction, as a theoretical collection of doctrines. To this view M. Coquerel objects. According to him, Christianity is something far better, far more practical. It is a new and salutary impulse given to mankind. It addresses itself alike to all the faculties, to all the tendencies, of our nature. Had it been but a cold and lifeless system, like the philosophical systems of antiquity, it would have addressed itself to but one of these tendencies; it would have addressed itself to the intellectual power alone. In other words, Christianity is not theology. He, who reads the Scriptures with a view merely to examine certain theological points, understands them not. He takes a part of religion for the whole. He considers it merely as a science, forgetting that the Saviour himself has said: 'If ye *know* these things, happy are ye if ye *do* them.' In the Scriptures, instruction is never considered as an object, but solely as a means of attaining to a more spiritual life, and to a better knowledge of God. The method employed in the revelation is either to make truth visible by means of indisputable facts, or to present it as certain, or to state it as an axiom, or to leave it in so dim and vague a light that our reason cannot entirely understand it.

There are but few truths taught in the Scriptures by the first of these methods. The greatest of these is,

unquestionably, the resurrection of Christ. In an age when the external appearances of death had hidden from the general eye the truth of the immortality of the soul, it was necessary to show by a fact that man rises from the dead the same as when he descends into the grave, — that is to say, that his identity is preserved, that he knows his friends, and that they know him.

All those truths, which are so intimately connected with the Infinite as not to be susceptible of demonstration, are considered as certain in the Scriptures. These truths are the attributes of God, our creation, our liberty, and Divine Providence. Here is another proof that revelation was not intended as a didactic work. The Scriptures are full of these truths; they form the very basis of our religion; and yet, throughout the Bible, there is no demonstration of them.

The truths which are considered as axioms are those which relate directly to our condition in this world. Not a word is to be found in the Scriptures on the organization of the family or society, on personal freedom, political order, or many other questions which form the object of so much of our speculation. If the Gospels were the work of man, and not of God, they would be replete with theories on all these subjects. How different is the work of God! To all the errors which existed in the world with regard to these important questions at the time of the ministry of Christ, the Gospel opposes no argument, no vituperations. It does not attack despotism as the most flagrant violation of all human rights, or polygamy as the subversion of all morality. The only arms it uses against them

are the fundamental principles, the spirit, of Christianity. 'Our religion,' says M. Coquerel, 'is the first and only religion which has shown this astonishing confidence in the authority of truth, to take the world as it found it, without directly attacking any of its forces; to throw truth, as by chance, into the midst of it, like the invisible seed which is sown by the wind, and to predict that this seed will certainly take root and grow into that large tree under the shade of which mankind may take refuge against every error and every evil.'

There are, finally, some truths which are left in so vague a light as to be incomprehensible to us in our present mode of existence. To the following questions, some of which have been the cause of so much strife in the Christian world, the Scriptures give no satisfactory reply: — What is the divine nature of Christ? How are the soul and body united? Does all communication cease between the living and the dead? What will be the organization of man in another world? What is the nature of angels and demons? These questions remain unanswered, it is true, because in our present condition the solution of such problems is entirely unnecessary for our progress. We do not mean, however, to say that an examination of these curious and interesting problems must necessarily be dangerous. Philosophy and religion may alike speculate on them, provided they do not attempt to give to the results of their investigations an importance which they cannot really possess.

In this rapid sketch of the work under review, we have now arrived at a point where it becomes necessary to inquire into the future destinies of our religion.

We must now endeavor to ascertain what are the triumphs reserved for Christianity, both in this world and throughout eternity. The first thought that naturally strikes us in connection with this subject is, that Christianity is the final religion of mankind. Jesus Christ is the only Saviour who will ever be given to the world. We have two guaranties of this fact. First, the Christian religion is entirely independent of every thing which surrounds it. It can exist in all places, in every climate, under all governments, and with every degree of civilization. How different in this respect from all false religions! You may destroy the Sinai or the Calvary, Rome, Wittenberg, or Geneva, and efface them from the memory of man,—the Christian religion will still exist. If you destroy Jerusalem and its temple, the Jewish religion has no longer any meaning; Christianity may plant its standard on any shore and in every soil. False religions are dependent even on the differences of climate which exist in different countries. The symbolism of the Egyptians cannot be conceived of elsewhere than on the borders of the Nile, that of the Indians but in the valley of the Ganges or the Indus; the mythology of Greece belongs to the warm and genial climate of that lovely land, that of Odin to the cold and frosty climate of the North. Thus independent of every thing external, Christianity must be the final religion of mankind.

The second guaranty which we have that Christianity is the final religion of mankind, is still more conclusive. It addresses itself alike to all our powers, to all our tendencies. To the intellectual power it promises

infinite knowledge; from the moral power it demands perfection; from the affections it demands love without end towards God and a similar love for our fellow-men. St. John says,—'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' To the tendency toward happiness our religion promises eternal felicity; and, finally, Christianity satisfies our religious tendency in showing us that our union with God may become more and more perfect. A religion which thus takes hold of man by all his faculties must be the final religion of mankind. A new religion would find nothing new to teach.

The influence of Christianity has been as yet of two kinds. It has had a direct influence on those who profess it, and an indirect influence on those who do not believe in its doctrines, or who are ignorant even of its existence. All the progress made in the world for the last eighteen centuries may be ascribed to it. But this indirect influence is not sufficient. If Christianity is the final religion of mankind, the time must come when all men will profess its doctrines. This time will come. But before our religion can become the universal religion of the human race, it must undergo different changes or modifications, which our author classes under the following heads.

First, Christianity must be freed from all ecclesiastical rules. The moral and religious laws which are given in the Scriptures are general, and never enter into minute details of conduct. The application of the law is left to each individual. The liberty of man is thus respected. In the Gospels, we do not even find any forms of prayer or of public

worship prescribed; any rules as to the rites of marriage or the duties of a married life, to death or mourning for the dead. Man, and man alone, has attempted to prescribe a certain number of rules, which cannot with impunity be transgressed. Such a course is in direct opposition to the spirit of Christianity. It is, moreover, absurd and impracticable. In endeavoring to write down rules of conduct which man must follow, who can pretend not to forget a single article? Happy would it be, however, for Christianity, if the sins committed in these dangerous attempts were only sins of omission.* It is a cheering sight to the Christian, to observe that many Catholics of the present day prefer to seek in their own conscience for the approbation or condemnation of their actions, rather than from their confessor. Christianity must, and will ultimately, be entirely freed from this pernicious system.

Christianity must, in the second place, be freed from all clerical hierarchy. It is evident that the distinction of the layman from the priest is not as old as our religion. Thus, for example, the administering of the sacrament was, in the early ages, a family rite. The father of the family was in the habit of breaking the bread and distributing it to his

* M. Coquerel published a few years ago an admirable letter to the Archbishop of Lyons, on the subject of a work published in his diocese entitled, — 'Collationes practicæ of the Seminary of St. Flour,' — a work in which are recorded crimes and abominations which one would rather expect to find in the Epigrams of Martial than in the productions of a priest.

children. Whether the time will come or not when Christianity can entirely dispense with all outward forms of worship, and consequently with a clergy to celebrate that worship, is a question which we cannot solve. The progress which our religion must make in this respect will tend to destroy all clerical hierarchy, to make all the ministers of God equal. This progress has been attained in many Protestant churches. It will finally be universal.

Christianity must, thirdly, be set free from all authority, no matter under what name it shows itself. No man and no body of men has a right to step between God and the Christian. All obligatory professions of faith will be abolished.

Our religion must also be delivered from all exaggeration in respect to the importance of outward forms. The principle, that God is spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and that it matters little what are the forms of this worship, must be universally adopted. A truly Christian spirit may be hidden under the most absurd and vain ceremonies.

Christianity must likewise be delivered from all superstitious views as to the literal interpretation of the Scriptures.

Our religion must, finally, be freed from the belief, that faith in a certain dogmatic interpretation of the Scriptures is necessary to salvation. Much progress has already been made in this respect. Christian communities are already beginning to be convinced that a man may be truly Christian, although his interpretation of the Scriptures be entirely opposed to

their own. The conscience of the Christian world is indignant, when, in our own times, a bull is issued from the pontifical throne of Rome, declaring that moral virtue is of no value in the sight of God, or when such men as Newton, Clarke, and Locke are declared to be bad Christians because they did not believe in the doctrine of the Trinity. When the whole world shall have been convinced that there is but one faith necessary to salvation, that which each man has formed for himself by the sincere and conscientious study of revelation, then the final triumphs of Christianity in this world will be at hand. For the last eighteen centuries man has sought in vain for peace and harmony in a complete unity of doctrine and of faith. Let him seek for this peace in the unity of all Christian hearts, and his search will not be vain.

Such are the changes through which Christianity must pass before it can become the universal religion of mankind. If we now ask what changes our religion must undergo before it can become the religion of eternity, the idea will naturally present itself, that Christianity must be freed from the notions of time and space. If we view our religion in this new light, we shall naturally be led to consider heaven and hell, not as two distinct places, in which the just are rewarded and the sinner is punished, but as two different dispositions of the mind. In a future existence, we shall be what we have made ourselves. If we have used our faculties to approach God, we shall be recompensed by the approbation of our conscience; if we have used them, on the contrary, to

separate ourselves from him, we shall suffer all the pangs of an evil conscience. The question here presents itself, whether these sufferings will be eternal; whether there is no hope of a final reconciliation between God and all his children. The answer to such questions is simple. It is possible for man eternally to misuse his faculties. We have already said that the road which leads him away from God is as infinite as the road which leads him towards his Heavenly Father. Man may, then, eternally suffer, because he may eternally do wrong. But, because this possibility exists, ought we to believe that it will ever be realized? Is it not more in harmony with the consoling instructions of our religion, to believe that the time will come when God will be all in all? We have, indeed, in the nature of man, almost a certain guaranty that he will not be eternally miserable. If he retain the consciousness of his actions in another life, he will know that he has sinned, and that therefore he suffers. Is it not natural, then, to suppose that he will seek to rise from his state of degradation, and to join those heavenly legions who are on the road of progress? We confidently believe that the time will come when all beings will form but one great family. We cannot but pity those who wilfully deny themselves so beautiful and consoling an expectation, and who believe that an eternity of suffering awaits every sinner. But, alas! what shall we say of those who believe that all who do not profess the same creed with themselves will be irretrievably lost? We turn from such a deplorable aberration of the human mind, and thank God that we do not believe

in so horrible a doctrine. We can cast our eyes over the whole extent of this world and contemplate the beings who people it, without fearing to meet the eye of one—yes, not even of one—sentenced to so hard a doom.

We have endeavored, in the preceding pages, to trace, as rapidly as possible, the principal features of M. Coquerel's remarkable work. It will be seen that he examines frankly and thoroughly all the problems which our religion suggests. Whether we accept his conclusions or not, the position which he holds in France and the influence which he exerts, entitle his opinions to consideration, especially when deliberately expressed with a reference to the present interests of society and religion. To say how soon the pure Christianity of which he has given the outline in this book will be popular in France, is beyond the reach of human foresight. In a country which is comparatively new to so pure a faith, it can hardly be expected that it should be immediately adopted. But the time will certainly come, when the French, as all other nations, will relinquish the superstitious errors of the past, and adopt a Christianity founded on a broader and more liberal basis. Our unshaken confidence in the truth of our religion, and in the purity of the form of Christianity which we profess, renders us firm in our belief that the time will certainly come, when all Christians will agree, not on theological points, which will ever remain open to discussion, but on all subjects essential to their progress in this world and throughout the different stages of their future existence. The time will come, when the

spiritual power of the pope will no longer be felt in its influence on mankind; perhaps the activity which has rendered Pius IX. so popular is but a display of that preternatural strength which not unfrequently announces an approaching dissolution. The time will come, when the confessions of faith of La Rochelle and of Augsburg, or the contradictory articles adopted by the Church of England, will no longer be considered as binding. And all these changes will occur without much struggle. The churches now dedicated to the Roman Catholic worship will be converted into Protestant temples; they will not be destroyed. The tapers which burn on the altars, as if the light of the sun were not a light sufficient for the worship of God, will be extinguished; the works of art which adorn them will be transported to some museum; the confessional will be removed; the priest in his rich and varied dresses will no longer officiate at an altar stripped of all its splendor; incense will no longer rise to the Gothic roof; but multitudes will still throng the church to hear the word of God read and explained.

We could wish, for M. Coquerel's sake, that he might live to witness these tranquil triumphs of Christianity over the errors of the past. Few men, indeed, have done more towards hastening the religious progress of their country than he. Those who are acquainted with his life know how much courage it has required to hold his ground in the Reformed Church of Paris. Surrounded by clergymen who believe in the creed of St. Athanasius, and in the impossibility of salvation for those who do not accept

that masterpiece of human ingenuity, he has been constantly attacked by his colleagues in the most bitter manner. To these invectives he has replied with firmness, but without overstepping the limits of Christian charity. Peace and unity in the Church have been the constant theme of his eloquent preaching. We remember to have heard him on one occasion, after having exhorted his hearers to maintain peace with those of their brethren whose doctrinal views differed from their own, exclaim:—'Do you not hear the sound of those who are waiting at the doors of this church to be admitted to commune with you? O, no! You hear them not. The noise of our vain and sterile disputes has buried their voice!' May his perseverance and his courage be recompensed! When at the hour of his death he shall look around him and does not see the seed which he has sown bursting forth into a rich and fertile harvest, he will console himself with the thought that he has done his duty, and that God will do the rest. He will remember that St. Paul has said — 'I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase.'

# THE REVOLUTION IN PRUSSIA.

1. *Handbuch des Staatswirthschaftlichen Statistik und Verwaltungskunde der Preussischen Monarchie.* Von Dr. Friedrich Benedict Weber, Professor zu Breslau. Breslau. 1840. 8vo. pp. 835.
2. *Versuch einer Statistik des Preussischen Staates.* Von Dr. Traugott Gotthilf Voigtel, Oberbibliothekare und Professor der Geschichte an der Universität zu Halle. Halle. 1837. 8vo. pp. 274.
3. *Preussen's Staatsmänner.* Vier Lieferungen. Leipzig. 1841 - 42.
4. *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung.* März, April, Mai, 1848.

Amidst the events that have agitated Europe during the past year, the revolution which occurred in Berlin on the 18th of March deserves particular notice. The commanding position which Prussia occupies as the great Protestant power of Continental Europe, the past history of that country to which Frederic the Great imparted so bright a lustre by his military genius, and, more than all, the rapid growth of a kingdom which, humble and recent as is its origin, has for the last half-century ranked among the most powerful states of Europe, all serve to give to the political commotions which agitate it an unusual degree of interest. There

is, indeed, something so impressive in the sight of a great and powerful nation like the Prussian rising up against its rulers, and overthrowing in a few hours the whole political organization of the state, that it must engage our attention and awaken our sympathies, even at a time when revolutions, shaking and overturning mighty thrones, convulsing society to its centre, and arming brother against brother within the walls of a common city, have become every-day occurrences. And when we consider the peculiar characteristics of a nation, perhaps better educated than any other in Europe, a nation which has ever enjoyed the reputation of being sincerely attached to its sovereigns, and which was certainly never suspected of being animated by that daring and restless spirit which causes a people to embrace, for the sake of change, any schemes of reform, however wild or absurd they may be, we feel that our interest is not misplaced, for we know that such a nation would not raise the standard of rebellion, unless it were actuated by some powerful and just motive. The lamentable events which in February last changed the form of government in France — the only effect of which has been, as far as we are able to see, to discredit republicanism in Europe — may have given the signal for the outbreak in Berlin. When the news of another French revolution reached the capital of Prussia, it was not unnatural that the people should think the moment was favorable for them also to take up arms, and endeavor to obtain from the king some political guaranties. But it would be rating the Prussian nation far too low, to suppose that this foolish desire of imitating that revolution, the importance of

which, owing to the poetical halo which Lamartine had succeeded in casting around it, was greatly magnified in the eye of the distant observer, alone actuated them. Nor would it be more just to attribute their glorious struggle to the machinations of those who profess the fantastic and absurd doctrines of communism or socialism, which we should view but with contempt, if they were not liable to produce so much mischief and crime. Such a party undoubtedly exists in Prussia, and has long wished to revolutionize the state, and to profit by disorder and anarchy in order to build up their own shattered fortunes. But this party alone did not make the Revolution of Berlin, and we must seek elsewhere for the cause of that mighty struggle, which, for a time, seemed to endanger the existence of royalty in Prussia.

In the history of all the monarchies of Europe, there are two great and inevitable contests which have already taken place, or are yet to come. The first is the struggle of royalty against the feudal system; the second is the struggle of the people against the unlimited power of the sovereign. It was the peculiar good fortune of France to experience, earlier than any other European state, the first of these revolutions. Louis XI. and Cardinal Richelieu — much as the duplicity of their conduct is repugnant to our moral feelings — did a great work for France. They labored to destroy the many sovereignties which divided the country, and to form one united nation under the yoke of a despot. The Revolution of 1789 accomplished the second change. The absolute power of the crown was broken down, and its authority limited.

It was not so in Germany. The first of these two crises is not to be found in her history till a much later period. The feudal system existed in that country down to the present century. The second struggle, upon which the German nations have but just entered, must also be accomplished. The recent revolutions at Berlin and Vienna have been but progressive steps in this inevitable course. This view of these events explains the difference in the feelings excited within us by the Revolutions of Paris and of Berlin. We cannot but consider the first as useless and criminal, — not so much a revolt against despotism, or a generous movement in favor of liberty, as one against order and in favor of the wildest anarchy. The second we regard as legitimate and just. Prussia has emerged from childhood. Prosperous in her commerce and industry, in science and literature at the head of all German nations, and alive to a sense of the importance of the part which she might be called upon to play in the future destinies of Germany, she could no longer bear to be held in the leading-strings of paternal despotism. She had been long enough deceived by her rulers; she no longer trusted in their promises, but relied on her own strength to assert her long-denied rights. This is not the place to prove that the Revolution of Paris was needless and wrong. Every impartial mind, even though at first seduced by the high-sounding promises of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and by the pompous eloquence of Lamartine, must by this time be convinced of the truth of this assertion. As to the second of our propositions, that the revolution which has transformed the military depotism of Prussia

into a constitutional monarchy was legitimate, we think that a brief sketch of the history of that kingdom since the French Revolution of '89 will sufficiently prove it.

Frederic William III., the father of the present king of Prussia, ascended the throne in 1797, at a time when it required more than ordinary talents to wield the sceptre. The treasury was nearly bankrupt, owing to the folly and extravagance of the preceding king. The army, which under Frederic the Great had excited the admiration of Europe, had been completely disgraced by the profligacy of that monarch. Prussia had been dishonored by the humiliating treaty concluded with France, and, added to these causes of difficulty within the kingdom itself, the principles of the French Revolution were beginning to be disseminated throughout Europe. It was evident that the new king would be obliged either to resist the growing spirit of innovation, or to favor those reforms which the progress of the age demanded. Fortunately for Prussia, Frederic William, without being a man of superior talents, had the welfare of his subjects at heart, and was willing to surround himself with able and faithful counsellors. The first acts of his reign were calculated to render him popular. He abrogated the edicts which his father had promulgated on religious matters and the press. He sought, as much from taste as principle, to maintain the strictest neutrality in European politics, but became finally involved in the coalition of 1805 against France, a coalition which was dissolved by the battle of Austerlitz. He was obliged again to take up arms when Napoleon formed

the Confederacy of the Rhine. It was his desire to establish a confederacy of the states of Northern Germany, as a counterpoise to the ambitious schemes of the French emperor in the Southern states; but he could not accomplish this object. Without a single ally, then, Prussia was obliged to encounter France in 1806. The battle of Jena decided her fate.

It has been said by a German writer, that it was Frederic the Great who was defeated at Jena. There is much of philosophic truth in this remark. It was he who had given to Prussia a new system of laws, and opened in the kingdom innumerable sources of wealth and prosperity. It was he who, by humbling the pride of the house of Austria, had given her that ascendency which she has since enjoyed. But from the time of his death in 1786, every thing had remained unchanged. Not one step in advance had been taken during the reign of his imbecile successor, Frederic William II., and in 1806 the Prussian monarchy was almost exactly in the same condition as when Frederic the Great expired. The feudal system of privileged and distinct classes had been maintained. The greater part of the soil was in the hands of the aristocracy, who could neither divide nor sell their estates, nor leave them by will to a commoner. Neither could the noble become the owner of the landed property of a commoner, or of the farm of a peasant, nor could he exercise the trade of a commoner. At a time when the French Revolution was beginning to bear its fruits, and to inspire the rest of Europe with a desire for the reorganization of society on a more liberal and equitable basis, this antiquated system — in which the

accident of birth exerted so fatal an influence on the whole life of a man — was still in force in Prussia. And it was these two powers, Prussia and France, — the one but a lifeless corpse, which had retained only the semblance of a form after the spirit of Frederic had abandoned it; the other full of youthful vigor, and inspired by those principles of independence and equality which had grown out of the Revolution — it was these two powers which met in the field of Jena.

Could the result of the contest be doubtful? Brought into contact with these new-creating principles, the old system crumbled into dust. Prussia fell, as many thought, never more to rise. The Peace of Tilsit (1807) deprived her of all her provinces between the Elbe and the Rhine, as well as of her possessions in Poland, including in all about five millions of subjects. She was, moreover, obliged to pay 120,000,000 francs to the French government, and to support 11,000 French troops in the very heart of the kingdom. Might it not well have seemed, even to the wisest, that Prussia was for ever crushed? It was not so, however; and it is not a paradox to affirm, that nothing but so heavy a blow could have saved her from utter ruin. The defeat at Jena brought to light the defectiveness of the old organization of the Prussian monarchy. Until then, king and nobility had alike opposed all plans of reform. Experience taught them wisdom. Not quite a year had elapsed after that memorable battle, when the king called Baron Von Stein to preside over his ministry, and a new era was opened in Prussian history.

This distinguished man, to whom Prussia owes more than to any other individual, if we except Frederic the Great, had been, it is said, recommended to the king by Napoleon, who called him '*un homme d'esprit.*' Stein was something more, and Napoleon himself soon discovered it. He determined to reform his country, to raise her from her humbled condition, and to enable her, when the moment should arrive, to free herself from the yoke of foreign dominion. The principles on which he proposed to found his reforms may thus be summed up:—'What the state loses in extent must be regained in intensity of power. That which is old has perished; everything must be created anew, if Prussia is ever to resume her importance among the nations of Europe. In what remains of the former larger state there are hostile elements. These must be got rid of, in order to make room for a united whole. The different classes are at variance with each other, on account of the favor which the one has always enjoyed, and of which the others did not partake. Union gives strength. Equal rights to all members of the state, no order being more favored than another, must be introduced, if union is desired. Each citizen must have the same duties towards the state. Each must be personally free, and obey only one master, the king, with his code of laws in his hand. And in order that duties and rights may be equal, and that the former be not oppressive for any one, there must be a national representation, by means of which better laws may be made. Every man must be allowed to exercise freely his powers, and to follow his own tastes and judgment, so long as he does not pass the limits

prescribed by religion, morality, and the laws of the land. All landed property must be accessible to every one wishing to acquire it; acquisition and possession must be facilitated by suitable laws. The administration of communities by government officers, or by single privileged individuals, is a dangerous practice, which precludes all unity of feeling, and which must be remedied. No one in the state, whether a corporation or an individual, should be judge in his own cause. The judiciary must therefore be separated from the executive. All must be governed by the same laws; consequently, there must be but one judicial authority, whose verdicts shall reach alike the highest and the lowest. Every one, except the criminal who tramples religion, morality, and the law under foot, must enjoy his liberty. The servant, too, must be free; the contract which binds him to his chosen master must not deprive him of his civil liberty. Master and servant must be protected by the same law. Mental cultivation elevates a people, and the higher it is carried, the higher will be their place in the confederacy of civilized nations. Education is the condition of all progress in order, power, and prosperity. The state must demand this education.'

No sooner had Stein accepted the difficult post which had been intrusted to him, than he devoted all the energies of his superior intellect to the execution of the reforms of which we have given the outline. He remained, however, but one year in the cabinet, and could not, of course, carry out all his plans in that time. What he did, however, was enough to entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his country. By the

edict of October 9th, 1807, all Prussian subjects were allowed to acquire and hold property of any description whatsoever. By this measure, the hereditary subjection of the peasantry to the proprietors of the estates on which they were born was suspended. Another edict removed the absurd restrictions which had until then fettered the proprietor, not only in the disposal, but even in the cultivation, of his land. These two edicts paved the way for the entire emancipation of the Prussian people.

Another most important measure of Von Stein's administration was the edict reforming the municipal organization of the cities. This edict, known under the name of the *Städte Ordnung*, was intended to give the citizens a more direct influence on all affairs relating to their community. Frederic William I. had taken from the cities almost all their privileges. It was the object of his narrow and despotic policy to bring everything, as much as possible, under the direct influence of the central government. All municipal magistracies were therefore confided to government officers. It was to do away with the evils resulting from such a system that the edict just mentioned was promulgated. Its object was to awaken a public spirit. The citizen was not only to take care of his own property, but to have a share in the interests of his community. The wisdom of such a measure will be readily understood. By granting to the middle classes a share in the local administration of the cities in which they resided, a stronger attachment was awakened in them for their common country. Patriotism is always developed in proportion as a

nation is admitted to take a part in the administration of its own affairs. Loyalty may exist under the sway of a despotic ruler; but we cannot conceive of patriotism without liberty.

In thus breaking down the old feudal system, and granting to the cities a more liberal organization, as indeed in all the other reforms of the minister, his object was twofold. He wished, in the first place, to prepare the nation for that struggle with France which he felt must sooner or later decide the destinies of Prussia and Germany. He understood that a nation in which the larger proportion of the inhabitants have no interest at stake, but follow blindly the dictates of a privileged class, was incapable of resisting the invasion of a nation like the French, in which the most perfect equality reigned, notwithstanding the despotism of its chief. It was not by mere brute force that a French army could be opposed. To conquer it, it became necessary to borrow somewhat from the principles by which it was animated. It was in consequence of this conviction, that Von Stein, notwithstanding his patriotic hatred for everything French, followed the French Revolution as his model in many of his proposed reforms. But he had another object in view. He desired to increase the power and influence of Prussia in the conduct of the affairs of Germany. He himself has said,—'My desire to see Prussia prosper did not proceed from a blind attachment to that country, but also from the conviction, that the divisions of Germany weaken her, destroy her national honor and feeling, and render her incapable of any good government. German

princes should remember that the independence of Germany depends on the moral and physical force of Prussia.' It was his hope, that, by giving liberal institutions to Prussia, she might become the central point round which would be collected the different nationalities of Germany.

The measures of which we have spoken were but the first of the long series of reforms which Von Stein proposed to make in the institutions of his country. Unfortunately for Prussia, he was not permitted to accomplish the work which he had so nobly commenced. In November, 1808, Napoleon, having learned that Von Stein had formed schemes for the deliverance of Germany from his dominion, forced the King of Prussia to dismiss him from the public service. Previously to leaving the cabinet, he communicated to the administration a paper in which his views as to the government of the state were boldly and clearly set forth. Although he signed this document, he did not himself draw it up. To Schön, another Prussian statesman and patriot, belongs the honor of composing this valuable scheme, known as the political testament of Von Stein. Had the views set forth in this document, which maintained that a general national representation was indispensable in order that the sovereign might become acquainted with the wants of the people, been carried out, it is difficult to say how much bloodshed and how many storms Prussia might have escaped.

On Hardenberg fell the difficult task of succeeding to Von Stein. Three departments of the administration were intrusted at once to this statesman,—that

of Foreign Affairs, of the Interior, and of Finance. The work to be done in each was immense, and would have intimidated a less consummate statesman than Hardenberg. His first care, on taking the reins of government into his hands, was to provide for the payment of the sum stipulated by the treaty of Tilsit. Prussia had suffered so much, and had been so impoverished by the war, that it was a subject of serious discussion, whether the province of Silesia should not be ceded to France in payment of the debt. Hardenberg was not the man to accede to so humiliating a proposition. He effected a loan in Holland, which enabled him to avert the danger with which the non-payment of the French claim would have threatened his country; and he then devoted himself to the continuation of the reform commenced by his predecessor. In his external policy, he sought for an alliance with England. In his internal reforms, France was his model, as it had been that of Von Stein. It was his wish to attain in Prussia, by peaceful means, that which in France had been the result of a stormy and bloody revolution. In the following words he has himself well expressed his intentions:—'My system rests on this basis, that each member of the state shall be free to develope and exercise his powers without hindrance from the arbitrary will of another; that justice shall be administered with impartiality; that merit, in whatever rank it is found, shall be rewarded; and that education, true piety, and appropriate institutions shall create in our country *one* interest and *one* spirit, upon which to found our prosperity and our security.'

The several edicts published during Hardenberg's administration were of the utmost importance. The exemption of the aristocracy from taxation was suspended. All the old corporations of trades were abolished, and the trades opened alike to all Prussian subjects. This measure, which was one of the most effectual means of breaking up the old forms of society, met with considerable opposition, not only on the part of those privileged families which had belonged to these corporations, but also of those philanthropists and political economists who censured it on account of the increase of misery and vice which it was, in their estimation, likely to produce amongst the working classes. The number of unskilful master-workmen, said they, would augment, whilst that of the subordinate workmen would be proportionally diminished, owing to the desire which every artisan would experience to exercise his trade on his own account. Moreover, the increase of workmen and tradesmen would be entirely out of proportion to the general increase of the population. Experience has proved these views to have been erroneous. Statistical returns show that, with the exception of a few trades, as those of butcher, tailor, shoemaker, baker, bookbinder, carpenter, &c., the number of tradesmen, although considerably increased, has not been so disproportionably to the increase of the general population; and that the number of persons engaged in such trades as those of the furrier, leather-dresser, tanner, glazier, &c., has diminished. It is also shown, that the number of workmen compared with that of masters has not diminished, but in many cases in-

creased; and also that, far from being less skilfully trained than under the old organization of the trades, the improvement in labor and workmanship, as a general thing, has been quite marked. To every impartial judge, it must, we think, appear that the measure of Hardenberg was wise and politic. By opening trade indiscriminately to all Prussian subjects, competition, without which trade must always languish, was excited, and industry was gradually brought to its present flourishing condition.

What had been done for trade was also accomplished for agriculture. It was freed from the shackles which had, until then, prevented its development. By the law of September 14, 1811, the peasantry first acquired the right of becoming hereditary possessors of the soil. Their labor was no longer to profit their masters only; they could now work for themselves and their families. The good effects of this measure were soon felt. In the hands of a peasantry enjoying the right of possession and transmission, agriculture improved immensely. Not only was more land cultivated than had previously been the case, but now that it was cultivated by those who were to reap the harvests, every means was taken to make it yield all that nature had intended it should. There was much opposition to the promulgation of this edict. In the then ruined condition of the country, when the larger portion of the estates of the aristocracy were burdened with debts, to deprive the owners of the rents which they received from their peasant-tenants was in fact to deprive them of their estates. Many of these estates were sold,

and frequently purchased by rich capitalists, whose wealth had been acquired in trade.

Such sweeping measures, causing so much of the landed property to pass into new hands, might seem unjust, if we did not consider the peculiar circumstances under which they had been adopted. Hardenberg felt the absolute necessity of improving the condition of the finances, and he saw no other means but those which he used to attain his object. In viewing the law which thus deprived so many of the old proprietors of their estates in order to create a new class of landholders, we should also bear in mind, that all Hardenberg's measures were taken with a view of preparing his country for that constitution which he, as well as Von Stein, desired to give to Prussia, and which she has only just acquired by means of a bloody conflict. The new class of proprietors formed by the legislation of September, 1811, was destined to gain every day in wealth, influence, and power; and Hardenberg could not but have seen, that it would soon be ready to claim its share in the government of the country. Had it not been the intention of the minister ultimately to grant a national representation, he surely would not have created so powerful a force in the very heart of the state. He was too profound a statesman not to foresee, that the day was not far distant, when not even a military power could resist the progress of the middle classes, and maintain a despotic form of government in Prussia.

While Hardenberg was carrying out his reforms in the civil organization of the state, Dohna, Scharn-

horst, Gneisenau, and Grolman were, as one may say, creating a new army. The army which had been defeated at Jena was constituted according to the principles of the old system, which Stein and Hardenberg so strenuously labored to break down. A nobleman alone could attain the rank of an officer, — doubtless in virtue of the remark of Frederic the Great, that a nobleman alone can know what honor is. The common soldier, excluded from all prospect of advancement, was a degraded being, over whom his superiors exercised the most cruel tyranny, whilst the peasant and the citizen feared him as one to whom life and honor were alike indifferent. Many foreigners were enlisted in the army. Flogging was used as a means of retaining them in the service, and of urging them on to battle. All this the distinguished military men whom we have named determined to reform. The barriers which prevented the common soldier from rising by his valor and his industry to the highest rank in the army were taken down. In a word, the army was thoroughly reorganzed. The energy which was displayed in this work, laid the foundations of that military system which was recently admired throughout Europe for its superior arrangement.

Not too soon had Prussia's statesmen commenced the difficult work of reform. Before they could complete their task as they desired, they were obliged to prepare for war. Napoleon had been defeated in Russia, and the French army was fast approaching the Prussian frontier. The government sought to gain as much time as possible; but when war could no longer

be avoided, the king — although reluctantly, such was his desire for peace — retired to Breslau, where he signed the treaty of alliance with Russia, and issued the famous proclamation, calling upon his people to struggle against the dominion of France, and to free Germany for ever from Napoleon's despotic sway. The long expected war broke out. Prussia, new-created since the battle of Jena, displayed in this war an energy surprising indeed, when we reflect on the short time which had been allowed her for preparation. The army, no longer resting its strength on slavish discipline alone, but animated by patriotism, and the desire not only of freeing Prussia from foreign dominion, but of securing liberal institutions, proved itself invincible. The French were expelled from the country. History has seldom recorded a more remarkable struggle, or a more glorious victory.

But neither has history often recorded so cruel a deception as that which awaited those who had not hesitated to risk their lives for their king and country. The people had hoped to obtain their liberty by this war, which, in their enthusiasm, they called 'the holy war.' Holy, indeed, would it have been, had Prussia's monarch not deceived his subjects in order to induce them to take up arms. When we look back to the period of Prussia's struggle for her liberties, and then call to mind the long series of disappointments which followed, only closed by the bloody revolution which has, let us hope, insured to her for ever the precious blessing of liberty, we are forcibly reminded of the mournful and prophetic words written by the patriot

Arndt in 1813:—'All will have been in vain,—so much blood, so much labor, will have been expended in vain,—if our rulers, in whose hands are our destinies, do not rise to a pure faith in God and the people. If they still continue to seek only the gratification of their petty ambition, the age will be convulsed by the most dreadful revolutions, and not until long after the earth has closed over our remains will a new world arise.'

When the war was over, the government, instead of fulfilling promises already made, continued to flatter the nation by holding out to them the most cheering hopes. On the 22d of May, 1815, the celebrated decree, promising a constitutional form of government to Prussia, was issued. This decree has been of such great importance in the subsequent history of Prussia, that we give it entire.

'The history of Prussia shows, indeed, that the beneficial condition of civil liberty, and the continuance of a just government founded on order, have hitherto found as much security in the qualities of the rulers, and in the harmony which exists between them and the people, as is compatible with the imperfection of human institutions. But wishing to consolidate them still more, and to give the Prussian nation a pledge of our confidence, and to posterity those principles upon which our predecessors and ourselves have carried on the government of our kingdom with true solicitude for the welfare of our people, in the form of a written document, as a Constitution for the Prussian state, we have decided as follows: —

'1. The people shall be represented.

'2. For this purpose, the provincial assemblies, wherever they still exist, shall be constituted anew, and conformed to the necessities of the times; and where none at present exist, they shall be introduced.

'3. The representatives of the country shall be chosen from the provincial assemblies, and shall sit in Berlin.

'4. The authority of the representative body is limited to giving counsel on all subjects of legislation which regard the personal rights of the subjects and their rights of property, including taxation.

'5. A committee shall be appointed, to meet in the capital without loss of time, consisting of inhabitants of the provinces and enlightened officers of the state.

'6. This committee shall occupy itself with the organization of the provincial assemblies and of the representation, as well as with the drawing up of the constitution upon the principles now established.

'7. The committee shall meet on the 1st of September of this year.'

The expectations which this decree raised in the public mind may easily be imagined. In the Rhenish provinces, especially, the excitement produced by its promulgation was intense. It is difficult to say whether the government had not counted on so strong a display of feeling in connection with this subject, or whether it was from a sincere desire to forward the real interests of the nation, that two years were suffered to pass without this decree being acted upon. It was not until 1817 that a committee for the formation of the constitution was appointed. For a few months, this committee worked hard at the task confided to them; but the king having undertaken a journey in the Rhenish provinces, their labors were suddenly interrupted. During the king's sojourn in the western portion of his dominions, a number of petitions and addresses were presented to him, in which he was reminded in the most direct manner of his promises. He hastily quitted the provinces, and re-

turned to Berlin, fully convinced, by what he had seen, that the nation considered a constitution as a thing of far too much importance to make it safe for the government to grant one. Had his subjects, like good and docile children, patiently waited until it should please their royal father to fulfil his promises, they would no doubt sooner have obtained their wished-for constitution.

By returning to Berlin, the king had hoped to escape the complaints and reproaches of his subjects. He was mistaken, however: for he had hardly reached his capital, when an address, drawn up at Coblentz on the 12th of January, 1818, by Görres, the celebrated leader of the radical party in the Rhenish provinces, was transmitted to him. It served but to confirm the unfavorable impression which his tour on the Rhine had made on his mind; and a cabinet order was immediately published, declaring, 'that neither in the edict of May 22d, 1815, nor in Article 13 of the Act of the Confederation, is there any time fixed for carrying the constitution into execution; that all times were not alike favorable for the introduction of change in the state; that whoever reminds the sovereign of the land of a promise given on his own free decision, evinces criminal doubts as to the inviolability of his word, and forestalls his opinion as to the proper time for the introduction of the constitution, which opinion must be as free as the first decision was; and finally, that the king would fix the time when the promise of a constitution should be fulfilled, and would not suffer himself to be hurried by untimely representations.'

How the hopes and expectations of the nation must have fallen, on perusing this singular document! This was, however, but the first step in that series of retrograde measures which signalized the latter part of Frederic William's reign. The constitution was no longer thought of, and only at distant intervals was it alluded to by some ardent and patriotic spirit, who was soon silenced. The only act which seemed at all in harmony with the liberal promises of the government was the establishment of provincial diets, which, however, never proved very dangerous to the general government.

But if the king did nothing towards giving his subjects a larger share in the management of public affairs, he continued to rule them with moderation and justice, and to develope such of the institutions of the country as he thought admitted of reform without endangering the royal prerogative. To the subject of education he gave much attention. As early as 1809, in the midst of the dangers which then menaced Prussia, he had founded the University of Berlin. In 1818, he established that of Bonn, and gave to those which already existed a new importance, by organizing them on a broader and more liberal basis. There now exist in Prussia six universities, those of Greifswalde, Königsberg, Halle, Berlin, Breslau, and Bonn. The condition of the public schools was also greatly improved. We need not dwell upon the important changes effected in them; the Prussian school system has now for many years been a model for imitation both in Europe and America. Other improvements were undertaken during the reign of Fred-

eric William III.; roads were constructed, canals opened, public buildings erected. Even during the calamitous period which followed the defeat of Jena, a million and a half of thalers were expended on public works.

But of all the events of this important reign, none, perhaps, is of greater interest than the formation of the German Customs-Union (*Zoll Verein*). It had been agreed at the Congress of Vienna, that the commercial intercourse between the different states of the German Confederation should become the subject of debate at the first meeting of the Diet at Frankfort. But fourteen annual meetings of the Diet at that place had been held without any decisive step being taken in regard to this important subject; and the Prussian government finally determined to open direct negotiations with the other states of the Confederation, in order to regulate their commercial intercourse. It is not strange that Prussia should have felt a deep interest in this matter. As arranged by the treaties of 1815, it is well known that the Prussian monarchy presents in its geographical configuration two great masses of territory, of unequal extent, and entirely separated from each other. The shortest distance between these two distinct portions of the kingdom is seven and three fourths German geographical miles.* The number of petty states which intervene, each of which possessed its own custom-house barriers, was a serious obstacle to the development of Prussian com-

* 21.72 German geographical miles are equivalent to 100 English miles.

merce. A treaty was therefore concluded, in 1828, by the Prussian government with Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Darmstadt, by which the custom-house barriers between these states were broken down. In 1833, other treaties were concluded, by which Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony united with the league. Since then, some other states have joined, and the Zoll-Verein now comprises more than 29,000,000 of people.* We cannot, without transgressing our limits, enter into any details on this interesting subject. The objects for which the league was formed, moreover, — the securing of a free commercial intercourse between its several members, the establishment of uniform duties, the division of the net produce of the duties among the different members in proportion to their population, — are well known. It was, as we have said, of the greatest importance to Prussia, not only in a commercial point of view, but as a means of acquiring a political ascendency over the smaller states of the league. It might be supposed that to Prussian custom-house regulations, which had already been adopted, would succeed the Prussian monetary system, Prussian post-offices, roads, weights, and measures. Austria has steadfastly refused to join the league; and it has, we believe, been generally understood, that she would not have viewed with so tranquil an eye the peaceful aggrandizement of her rival, if she had not received assurances from the Prussian govern-

* In 1847, the number of persons included in the Customs-Union was 29,393,372. The gross receipts for that year were 26,927,727 thalers.

ment, that she would be allowed to assert an undisputed supremacy in Italy. Of course, in the present condition of Europe, when nations seem to have taken their affairs into their own hands, these assurances have but little value; and we merely allude to them, as accounting for Austria's apparent apathy in presence of Prussia's increasing power and influence.

By such enlightened measures for the internal and external improvement of the kingdom, the government of Frederic William III. earned the well-deserved reputation of having zealously espoused the interests of the nation. In the midst of the prosperity which reigned around them, the people for a time forgot that their legitimate demands for a larger share in the government of the country had not been granted. The effects of the Paris Revolution of 1830 were, it is true, felt in Germany; but the partial insurrections to which the excitement of the popular mind gave rise were soon put down by the governments against which they were directed, and Germany once more subsided into that quiescent state for which she has become proverbial, and from which she has but just been aroused.

The latter years of the reign of Frederic William glided away tranquilly. The intellectual activity which the people could not bestow on political questions found ample room for development in matters purely literary and scientific. Prussia was gradually absorbing within herself most of the literature and science of Germany. The press, fettered as it was with regard to political discussion, continued to be the medium through which

the results of the deep research and learning of her literary men were disseminated throughout the country. Ages and countries in which political liberty has been most fully attained, are not always those in which intellectual culture has reached its highest development; and we would even ask, whether to the want of that liberty in Germany may not be ascribed that extraordinary development of her literature and science, to which there is no parallel in any other country in the same space of time. Her whole modern literature may be comprised in a period of about one hundred years; yet what treasures of learning, thought, and imagination are there to be found! Far be it from us to wish to justify the sovereigns of Germany in denying to their subjects a due share in the management of the affairs of the state. We merely question whether, if her young men had been all engaged in dabbling in politics, in forming parties, or in the pursuit of empty political honors, her literature would have flourished as it has. We doubt it.

After a long and agitated reign, Frederic William III. died at Berlin, on the 7th of June, 1840. A few days after his death, his political testament, which he had drawn up in 1827, was published. The conclusion of this document is so characteristic of his policy, that we give a translation of it.

'On you, my dear Fritz, will repose all the burden of the affairs of government, with the whole weight of their responsibility. For the discharge of them, you will be better prepared than most hereditary princes are by the position in which I have placed you. It remains now for you to fulfil my just hopes, and the expectations of the country; at least, for you to strive to do so. Your principles and sentiments are a security to me that

you will be a father to your subjects. Guard, nevertheless, against the desire for innovation so generally spread around you. Guard also against impracticable theories, but at the same time against too exaggerated a taste for old usages; the one is as pernicious as the other, and beneficial improvements can be attained only by avoiding these two evils. The army is in a flourishing condition. It has fulfilled my expectations, both in peace and in war, since its reorganization. May it continually bear in view its important duties! Do not neglect, so far as in your power, to promote unity among the European powers; but above all, may Prussia, Russia, and Austria never separate from each other. Their union may be regarded as the key-stone of the European alliance.'

We shall not pause to say much of the character of Frederic William's government. We trust that it is sufficiently illustrated by the brief outline of his reign which we have endeavored to present to our readers. That, under his administration, much was done for the Prussian monarchy, no one will deny. But the impartial historian, whilst he praises the monarch who encouraged the reforms of a Von Stein and a Hardenberg, will not forget that the same monarch was unmindful of the promises made to his people at a period of the utmost danger to Prussia. Naturally humane and just, his bigotry and his blind attachment to that absolute authority which he had inherited with the throne of his fathers, often led him to the most arbitrary and even despotic acts, and to give his consent to the measures adopted by his powerful allies, Russia and Austria, to crush all attempts at reform. To resist the power of Napoleon, he did not, as we have seen, scruple to allure his subjects by the most seductive promises, and thus to induce them to leave their tranquil homes and to

struggle for the freedom of their country ; and yet, but a few years after the French had been expelled from Germany, a preacher at Berlin, and under his very eye, could assert from the pulpit, without fear of being contradicted, that the war of 1813–15 had been erroneously called a war of liberation, for the object of that war had not been to insure liberty to Germany, but merely to restore to her rulers the unlimited sovereignty of which Napoleon had for a time deprived them. Well might Byron say, —

> ' Gaul may champ the bit
> And foam in fetters ! But is earth more free ?
> Did nations combat to make one submit,
> Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty ? '

Thus, faithless in politics, Frederic William III. asserted in religious matters the most complete despotism over his people. The will of the sovereign became the rule of conduct for the subject. That which should be the sacred tie between man and his Maker degenerated into a mere official relation between the king and the nation. In 1817, he had by a royal decree expressed the desire, that the Evangelical Lutherans and the Evangelical Reformers should unite in one church, of which he should be the head, and which should bear the name of Christian Evangelical Church (*Christliche Evangelische Kirche*). The people quietly submitted, and although, since 1830, there have been frequent attempts on the part of the old Lutheran party to reconquer their former independence, and to form separate churches, these efforts have for the most part proved ineffectual, in consequence of the many and

vexatious obstacles thrown in their way by the government. The king, however, in pursuance of his plan of bringing all his subjects to his own narrow views of religion, persecuted not only those of his people who, although Protestants, professed a different creed from his own, but also those Catholics who form so large a proportion of the population in some of the provinces of the kingdom. The long and heated debates between the government and the Archbishop of Cologne in 1837, during which that prelate was imprisoned in the fortress of Minden, place the king in the not very enviable light of being probably the first sovereign in Europe, since Louis XIV., who persecuted alike his subjects of both the great Christian sects.

Notwithstanding these faults, which will leave an indelible stain on his reign, Frederic William III. had done much to entitle him to the gratitude of his people, and when he died, the kingdom was in a far better condition than when he ascended the throne. Never before, indeed, had Prussia been so flourishing. The finances, although the receipts were not very great, — the whole amount in 1840 being 52,680,000 thalers, of which upwards of 24,000,000 were expended for the army, — were in perfect order, and amply sufficed for the expenses of the government. The sources of revenue in Prussia are taxation, government monopolies, and some particular establishments, such as the state lottery, the bank, &c. The most important of the indirect taxes are those on imports, exports, and the transit of goods, and the stamp tax. Previous to the formation of the Zoll-Verein, the first mentioned of these taxes was levied yearly, according to a tariff which was revised

by the government every three years. Of course, since the commercial union between Prussia and many of the German states has been established, the common tariff adopted by them can be modified only with the consent of all the parties concerned. The only government monopolies now existing in Prussia are the salt tax and the monopoly of playing-cards.

The happy condition of the finances, the improvements which had taken place in the kingdom, the situation of Europe, which had enjoyed so long a peace, but, more than all, the high estimation in which the character of the new king was held, gave rise to the liveliest hopes on his accession to the throne. As prince royal, Frederic William IV. had the reputation of being one of the most intelligent and highly educated princes in Europe. From an early age, he had been surrounded by the most distinguished men in literature, science, and art. Ancillon, Niebuhr, Schinkel, Ranke, and many others hardly less distinguished, had contributed to the education of the young prince. Full of wit and humor, as well as of imagination and fancy, — attached to the past, and yet ever dreaming of some bright future, this prince, by his kindly bearing to all who were deserving, and by his equitable character, had acquired an unusual share of popularity. Had he lived and died as prince royal, his memory would have been cherished like that of the Duke of Orléans in France. It was his misfortune to be called to a throne. As prince royal, all the amiable traits of his character, all the qualities of his mind, had full scope for development. He could charm a circle of friends by his brilliant and eloquent conversation, he could give full scope

to his vivid imagination, and strike out new and daring schemes of reform and improvement. He could do so without danger either to himself or to the people; but as king, and with the power to will every whim or caprice which his head had conceived, the case was widely different, and since his accession to the throne, he has fully exemplified the line of the French poet: —

'Tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier.'

We do not question his honesty or sincerity. During the eight years which have elapsed since he came to the throne, he has sought to promote the welfare and happiness of his people. He has devoted himself with uncommon energy to the study of their wants. He has labored hard, and passed nights in earnest discussion with his friends and counsellors. Whatever he has been able to do himself he has not left to others to do. And yet, notwithstanding all this, his power has been broken down and his pride humbled, like that of the most miserable despot. It has only been by means of a bloody revolution that his subjects have obtained from him those political institutions which they have so long desired, and which they so confidently anticipated that he would grant them on his accession to the throne. If we seek, however, to account for this apparent contradiction, the explanation will be simple. In his views on the subject of the government of Prussia, the king has been altogether mistaken. Instead of entering into the spirit of his age, and favoring the development of democracy, — and by this word we mean nothing more than what it really implies, popular government, — he has

constantly kept his eyes fixed on the past, and sought there for the ideal which he might realize in his dominions. He has not understood that, in our day, a sovereign, unless he imitate the despotic policy of the Czar of Russia, is but the representative of the will of the nation over which he rules, the delegate to whom they have intrusted their interests, without renouncing the supervision which every employer has over the person he employs. Instead of this, he fancied that the tie between sovereign and people is one of absolute authority on the one hand, and of blind and passive submission on the other. In his eyes, the extension of popular institutions, and respect paid to the will of the nation in the administration of public affairs, are not the natural results of an improved civilization, but favors which a sovereign may at his pleasure grant to his subjects, as a father would grant a toy to his children.

Prussia was ripe for free institutions in 1840, and a finer opportunity for giving to the world a memorable example of wisdom and moderation could not have been found than that which then offered itself to the king. Europe had enjoyed peace for a quarter of a century, when, owing to the overbearing attitude of the British cabinet, and the imprudence of M. Thiers, then at the head of the French administration, she was on the very eve of being involved in a calamitous war. The motive for such a war was but slight, and had the long, but ill-disguised, rivalry between the powers of Europe not predisposed them to embrace the most paltry pretexts for taking up arms, the affairs of the East would not have ex-

cited so deep an interest. The existence or non-existence of a power like that of Mehemet Ali — founded, as M. de Lamartine so well expressed it in the Chamber of Deputies, on no more solid basis than the sands of the desert — would hardly have induced the powers of Europe to go to war. As it was, however, the danger of a general conflagration was imminent. Would it not, then, have been both wise and natural for the Prussian government to allow its subjects to enjoy the freedom for which they had been gradually fitting themselves, and thus to prepare them for the war which then seemed almost inevitable? Twenty-five years had not been, as we have seen, lost upon Prussia. The people had acquired political information and a taste for public affairs. They were ready to take a share in the government. Would it not, then, we repeat, have been the part of wisdom to encourage this growing spirit, to favor its development, and not to endeavor to crush it, but only to confine it in its proper channels? Instead of doing so, the government simply took advantage of the impending alarm of war to flatter Prussia's national pride, — that dangerous pillow on which so many nations have been lulled to sleep, — by reminding her of the noble deeds which had been performed in the war of 1813.

The danger of war passed away, and the condition of Prussia remained unchanged. And yet the enthusiasm displayed at Berlin on the 15th of October, 1840, would have led one to suppose that Prussia was entering on a new era of progress and of liberty. Tha day had been fixed for the ceremony of the

homage (*Huldigung*) to the king, a performance which in Prussia takes the place of a coronation. Thousands had assembled on the public square in front of the palace, in order to see and hear the king, who was to address them from a stage erected for the purpose. As soon as he appeared, surrounded by his family and the great functionaries of the state, the air was filled with the most rapturous applause. After the oath of allegiance had been solemnly tendered by the orders assembled around the monarch, the king rose from his throne, and addressed the crowd in the following apparently extemporaneous speech:—

'In this solemn moment of the homage of my German subjects, I appeal to God that he may fortify by his all-powerful sanction the oath which has just been pronounced, and that which you are about to hear. I swear to govern in the fear of God and the love of mankind, with open eyes when the exigencies of my people and of my times shall demand it, but with closed eyes whenever justice will admit of it. I will, so far as in my power, maintain peace, and with all my strength support the noble endeavors of the great powers who, for a quarter of a century, have been the sentinels of the peace of Europe. I will, above all, seek to maintain our country in that position to which Providence, by an unexampled series of events, has raised her and made her the bulwark of Germany's safety and rights. I will in all things strive so to reign, that my country may recognize in me the true son of a father and mother who can never be forgotten, but whose memory will endure as a blessing for ages to come.

'But the ways of kings are full of tears, and worthy of compassion, when the hearts and the spirit of their people do not come to their aid. Therefore, in the enthusiasm of my love for my noble country, and for my subjects born to arms, liberty, and obedience, I address to you one question in this all-important hour. Answer me, if you can, in your own name, and in the

name of those who have sent you here. Nobles, citizens, and peasants, and all of you who can hear my voice, I ask you, if, in spirit and in heart, with word and with deed, with the sacred fidelity of Germans, and with the still more sacred love of Christians, you will aid me in my endeavors to maintain Prussia as it is, and as it must remain, if it is not to perish for ever? Will you aid me to develop those qualities by which Prussia, with only fourteen millions of inhabitants, has placed herself on a footing with the great powers of Europe, — honor, fidelity, striving after knowledge, right, truth, and progress, thus combining at once the wisdom of age with the heroic courage of youth? Will you stand by me in this work, during days of prosperity and adversity? O, then, answer me with that pure and solemn sound of our mother-tongue, — answer me with the word "Yes!"'

At this point of the king's speech, the enthusiasm of the crowd reached the utmost pitch. Every voice gave assent to his demand.

'This day,' continued he, 'is one of the deepest interest to Prussia and to the world. But your answer was for me; it is my property; I shall not give it up. It binds us in mutual love and fidelity. It gives strength, courage, and confidence. I shall never forget it, not even at my dying hour. So help me God, I will maintain my oath of this day, and in witness thereof I lift my right hand to Heaven. It is now for you to accomplish the festivities of the day. May the blessing of God rest upon this hour!'

This scene, to which we know of no parallel in recent times, must, indeed, have been one of deep interest to those who had the good fortune to witness it. Nor do we wonder at the enthusiasm of the people on this occasion. The emotion of the speaker, the deep tone of conviction with which he spoke, the originality of his address, so unlike the ordinary addresses of sove-

reigns to their subjects, all were calculated to excite in the hearts of common hearers the liveliest hopes of a king who commenced his reign under such favorable auspices. But the reader will be wholly at a loss to conceive how men long trained in the difficult art of governing, and initiated in all the arcana of politics, should have founded very sanguine hopes on so slight a basis. He will ask himself how such men could have been dazzled by this singular speech, this medley of chivalrous and religious sentimentality, — how the vague and indefinite language of the king could have satisfied them even for a moment. And if we call to mind another speech made by the king on the same day, we shall still less be able to comprehend this widespread enthusiasm and confidence. In this speech, he said : —

'I know that I am indebted to God only for my crown, and that I have a right to say, — Let him who touches it beware ! But I know also, and I proclaim it in presence of you all, that this crown is a sacred deposit intrusted to my family by that all-powerful God. I know that to Him I shall have to render an account, day by day and hour by hour, of my administration. If any one amongst you demands a guaranty from his king, he can receive neither from me nor from any one on earth any greater safeguard. Yes ! these words bind me more strongly than any words engraved on bronze or inscribed on parchment ; for they come from a heart which beats for you, and they will take root in the convictions of your souls!'

Now, if we heard such speeches as these uttered on the stage by some feudal prince in the midst of his barons and vassals, we should doubtless think them very fine ; and if they were well declaimed, the least

enthusiastic amongst us would applaud. But in real life, in the bustle and turmoil of political contests, we want something more substantial than such indefinite phrases as these. Without distrusting the royal word, it could hardly be expected that the Prussians would long content themselves with such vague promises. We go farther still. Even had the king, in conformity with the expectations raised by his high-sounding language, granted his subjects the most liberal institutions, we question whether they would have been long contented with a liberty resting on so doubtful a basis as this. They would soon have claimed as a right what they only enjoyed as a boon. Faith in the divine right of kings, and in all the erroneous maxims of government which result from that absurd principle, has now almost entirely died out. The rights of nations must rest on more solid ground than on the word of their rulers. The precept of the Civil Law, *Quod placuit principi legis vigorem habet*, is an exploded principle. Rights which are founded only on the will of one man are felt to be unstable and insecure ; for who can say, that the power which to-day condescends to grant liberty to a people, will not think fit to deprive them of it to-morrow ? And if one could answer for the sovereign who granted this liberty, who would be responsible for his successor ?

But enough of this. However strange it may seem to us that the king's speeches should have given rise to such bright hopes, it is certain that this was the case, and that the most entire confidence pervaded all classes of society. The first acts of the new reign served to confirm this favorable impression. All the measures

of the government seemed to have a liberal tendency. The king called to the capital all the literary and scientific men and artists he could prevail upon to leave their homes, and take up their residence in a more brilliant, but, as they soon found, less independent sphere. No regard was paid to political opinions in the invitations addressed by the king to such persons, and Berlin soon became the resort of many of the most distinguished men in Germany. The brothers Grimm, who had been expelled from the University of Göttingen by the King of Hanover, Tieck, Rückert, Herwegh, Freiligrath, Cornelius, and others, were at one time assembled in the Prussian capital, which seemed destined to become a second Weimar.

Frederic William has been accused by his enemies of calling around him these distinguished men, with a view of intoxicating them with the pernicious poison of royal favor, and of thus binding them by ties of gratitude and attachment to his person. We do not believe that such was his intention. His motives were purer. He had not calculated on the ardent and patriotic resistance of some of the poets whom he had imprudently called around him. It was his hope that he might shed a new lustre on Prussia, by placing her at the head of civilization in Germany; and perhaps, also, that he might turn towards matters purely literary and scientific the intellectual activity which was so rapidly spreading through his dominions. He did not understand that high intellectual culture cannot long exist in a nation without a corresponding development of their civil and political liberties. How, indeed, can a distinct line of demarcation be drawn between what is purely intellec-

tual and what belongs to more active life? How can you tolerate perfect freedom of discussion on religious, philosophical, scientific, and literary subjects, and yet prohibit any allusion to the living interests of the time? The king's eyes were soon opened; he found that he had gone too far, and that he must either cause his liberal course with regard to the distinguished men of the day to be followed up by an equally liberal conduct in politics, or must put a check on the feelings which he had himself encouraged. Unfortunately, he preferred the latter course. Freiligrath, who was in receipt of a pension from the government, was soon obliged to leave Berlin; and some of his poems, among others, one entitled '*Freiheit und Recht*,' and a translation of Burns's song, 'A man 's a man for a' that,' were prohibited by the censorship, as 'addressing themselves to false ideas of freedom, or exciting the hostile opposition of the different classes of society.' Herwegh, on a visit to Berlin, was received by the king, who conversed with him in the most friendly manner, but ended by saying to him,—'Mr. Herwegh, you are the second of my enemies who has been to see me. The first was M. Thiers. But your eyes will be opened one day, like those of Paul on the road to Damascus.' The next day, Herwegh received an order to leave the city.

Thus gradually were the hopes formed at the king's accession to the throne blighted. Year after year passed by, without any thing being done to develope the political institutions of the country. It had been confidently expected, that Frederic William would grant a constitution founded on the principles laid

down by his predecessor in the decree which we have quoted. To use the somewhat figurative language of a German writer, he was, like Solomon, to build the temple, a work on which his royal father had considered himself unworthy to lay hands. Six months after his accession to the throne (February, 1841), an edict rather pompously drawn up was issued, granting a slight development to the constitution of the provincial diets, but one which was far, very far, from answering the wishes of the nation. It gave rise to somewhat stormy debates in several of the provinces, and was every where severely criticised. The Assemblies of the provinces of Posen and Prussia Proper sent petitions to Berlin, setting forth their grievances, and reminding the king of his father's promises. The king's reply was haughty. The precipitation with which the decree had been judged was not, he said, the best way of exercising a happy influence on the kindly feelings which dictated it. He stated, moreover, that the promises of his father could not be considered as binding, as they had been *de facto* abolished by the decree of June 5th, 1823, constituting the Provincial Assemblies. In the course of the following year, a little further extension was given to the power of these Assemblies, and committees were formed, which met at Berlin.

We have not space enough to follow closely the history of the following years, in which rumors were constantly afloat of the promulgation of a constitution. It is sufficient to say, that nothing was really done until the year 1847, when, in the month of February, an edict was unexpectedly issued, providing that a United Diet should be assembled in Berlin so often as the

wants of the state, new loans, the introduction of new taxes, or the increase of those already existing, should require.

This Diet, formed of the members of the eight Provincial Diets,* besides the princes of the royal family, met for the first time at Berlin on the 11th of April, 1847. The king opened it in person, and in a long address set forth his views as to the form of government suited to Prussia. In the manner of this address there is something not unlike the complacency with which an artist or an author points out to you the fine parts of what he considers as his masterpiece. He laid great stress on his divine right and absolute power, but at the same time called upon his hearers to express their gratitude for the voluntary concessions he had made to the nation, and to admire the beautiful political structure he had raised. It was evident that Frederic William thought he had done a great work. The constitution on which he had been, if we may believe his own words, seven years at work, was promulgated, and was now for the first time put into operation. On the

* It may not be amiss to state, that the kingdom of Prussia is divided into eight provinces, viz. : — Brandenburg, Pomerania, Saxony, Silesia, Prussia Proper, Posen, Westphalia, and the Rhenish Provinces. Each of these provinces is administered by a High President (*Ober Präsident*), who may be considered as a royal commissary. By the law of June 5th, 1823, alluded to above, each of these provinces has the right to assemble a Diet. To have a seat in these Diets, it is necessary to have inherited, or acquired by other means, landed property, and to have held the same for ten consecutive years, to be at least thirty years old, to profess the Christian religion, and to be of good moral character.

opening of the Diet he had staked all his hopes of future fame, as the dramatic writer places all his on the first performance of a new play. It proved a failure. How, indeed, could this miserable *pasticcio* of the Middle Ages succeed in the midst of the nineteenth century? Not even those who had been seduced in 1840 by the king's language could again be carried away by passages like the following: —

'As the heir of an unweakened crown, which I must and will hand down unweakened to my successor, I know that I am perfectly free from all and every pledge with respect to that which has not been carried out, and, above all, with respect to that from the execution of which his own true paternal conscience preserved my illustrious predecessor.'

And again: —

'I have reserved the right of calling together these great assemblies on extraordinary occasions, when I deem it good and expedient; and I will do this willingly at more frequent intervals, if this Diet gives me the proof that I can do so without prejudice to higher sovereign duties.'

He expressed in strong terms his unwillingness to grant a written constitution to the people.

'I know,' he said, 'that with the rights intrusted to you, I grant you a costly jewel of freedom, and that you will employ it faithfully. But I know, also, that many will despise this jewel; that to many it is not sufficient. Many, and among them very worthy men, look for our safety in the perversion of the natural relation between prince and people into a conventional existence, granted by charter and ratified by oaths. But the example of one happy country, whose constitution was not made on sheets of paper, but by the lapse of centuries and by an hereditary wisdom without a parallel, should not be lost upon us. If other countries find their happiness in manufactured and granted constitu-

tions, we may admire them ; but Prussia could not bear such a state of things. Do you ask why? I answer, Cast your eyes on the map of Europe; look at the position of our country, — at its component parts; follow the line of its borders; weigh the power of our neighbors; above all, throw an enlightened glance on our history. It has pleased God to make Prussia strong by the sword of war from without, and by the sword of the intellect from within. As in the camp, unless in cases of the most urgent danger, the command must be exercised only by one person, so can the destinies of our country, unless it is to fall immediately from its elevation, be guided by only one will; and if the king of Prussia would commit an abomination, if he were to demand from his subjects the submission of slaves, he would commit a far greater one, were he not to demand of them the crowning virtue of freemen, — I mean obedience for the sake of God and conscience.'

In another passage, he thus strangely defines the rights of the members of the Diet: —

'Noblemen and trusty delegates, the late king, after mature reflection, called the Diets into existence, according to the German and historical idea of them. In this idea alone have I continued his work. Impress yourselves, I entreat you, with the spirit of this definition. You are a German Diet in the anciently received sense of the word; that is, you are representatives and defenders of your own rights. . . . . .

'It is not your province to represent opinions, or to bring the opinions of this or that school into practical operation. That is wholly *un-German*, and, moreover, completely useless for the good of the community; for it would necessarily lead to inextricable difficulties with the crown, which must govern according to the laws of the land and its own free, unbiased resolution, and which cannot — does not — govern according to the will of the majority, if it would not cause Prussia to become an empty sound in Europe.'

The speech closes with a still more explicit declara-

tion of the king's intention not to give into the hands of the members of the Diet any of the powers with which he himself was invested. If any doubts had existed on the subject, the following words must have dispelled them : —

'I have appeared amongst you, and addressed you with royal freedom. With the same openness, and as a proof of my confidence in you, I here give you my royal word, that I should not have called you together, had I had the smallest suspicion that you would have any desire to play the part of what are called "representatives of the people;" because, according to my deepest and most heartfelt conviction, the throne and state would be endangered by it, and because I recognize it as my first duty, under all circumstances and events, to preserve the throne, the state, and my government as they at present exist.'

We have quoted thus largely from the royal speech, in order to show the true character of the institutions granted to Prussia, and how little they were were calculated to satisfy the legitimate demands of the people. For what was this Diet heralded into existence with such pomp and ostentation ? What was it more than a show, in which the actors, if docile and obedient to the voice of their manager, were to be recompensed by being more frequently assembled to perform their parts ; but, if disobedient, were liable to the royal displeasure ? How is it possible that the king or his advisers should not have foreseen, that to grant this unreal mockery to the nation was far more dangerous than not to grant any thing ? How could they have failed to understand, that, in seven years of trustful expectation and constant disappointment, the nation had learned how much reliance it could place on the

fine speeches of its sovereign, and had found out the necessity of taking the matter into its own hands, if it ever expected to obtain any share in the management of public affairs? This was, indeed, what happened. The members of the Diet took as a reality what had been given to them as a sport. Like that heathen actor, who, on playing the part of a Christian martyr, was so carried away by the sentiments to which he was giving utterance, as to have been really converted, they kindled into enthusiasm by the mere acting of the parliamentary play which had been intrusted to them, and changed it into something real and substantial.

An address was voted in reply to the king's speech, which, although considerably modified from the one originally proposed, was firm and decided in its tone. The Diet thanked him in respectful language for what had been granted, but expressed the desire that more might be done. To this address the king replied, that what had been done was not to be considered as final, but rather as capable of further development (*nicht als abgeschlossen, vielmehr als bildungsfähig.*) The Diet continued in session until the 26th of June, when it was closed amidst considerable agitation, caused by the bold attitude of some of the members, who had not accepted the royal definition of their office, but considered themselves as the representatives of the nation, whose sacred duty it was to struggle for its rights. This first session of the United Diet was but a trial of strength, in which the members had acquired the conviction that they were not mere tools in the hands of the king, — a conviction which could not but prove fatal to the king's dreams of absolute sway. No one, however,

could have foreseen that they would not again assemble until a bloody revolution had broken down the despotic government of Prussia.

The remainder of the year 1847 passed away quietly for Prussia. But last spring, the country was awakened from its apparent tranquillity by the unexpected news of the downfall of Louis Philippe, and the proclamation — some call it the *establishment* — of a republic in France. This news seems to have produced, from the first, the liveliest impression in Prussia, as well as throughout Germany; and the king deemed it advisable, in closing, on the 6th of March, the session of the committee of the Provincial Diets, which had met to revise the penal code of the kingdom, to announce that in future the United Diet — the convocation of which, as we have seen, depended entirely upon the royal pleasure — should be assembled regularly every four years. Greater concessions would have been necessary to calm the excitement which then prevailed throughout the country. The members of the committee were dissatisfied.

On the evening of the 8th, the students of the University of Berlin met in the *Thier Garten*, a park in the immediate vicinity of the capital, for the purpose of drawing up an address to the king, demanding the further development of the rights of the people. In the midst of their debate, the president of the police made his appearance, and after having made himself known to the principal leaders of the meeting, informed them that he had no intention of preventing their proceedings, and if they would vote a loyal address to his Majesty, that he would pledge his honor

to remit the same to the king in the course of a few hours; but as the king had positively determined not to receive any deputation, he advised them to renounce their plan of sending him one. The students, however, who did not wish to be thus cheated out of the public demonstration they had designed making, broke up the meeting, and convoked a larger assembly for the following day. At this meeting, which was attended not only by the students, but by a large number of citizens, an address was adopted, demanding from the king entire liberty of the press and of speech, an amnesty for all political offences, equal political rights, trial by jury, the reduction of the standing army, and the immediate convocation of the United Diet. It was not until after a long debate, that the assembly could decide upon the proper way of transmitting this address to the king. It was finally decided, however, that it should be handed to the delegates of the city, then in session, for them to present it to his Majesty; and in case they should refuse to do so, an audience should be demanded for a deputation, which might carry him the address.

The next day, (March 11th,) the delegates themselves voted an address to the government, in which they made very nearly the same demands, and, moreover, requested that a German Parliament might be convocated, as the only means of securing to Germany that independence without which she would be unable to hold her position and to assert her rights in the difficult crisis in which Europe had been involved by the recent events in France. They, however, declined taking charge of the popular address, and

resolved to send their president to the king with the address which they had themselves adopted. The king received him graciously, and replied, that it gave him the greatest satisfaction to find that the faithful citizens of Berlin were the first to lay before him their grievances and their desires. He added, that he was fully alive to a sense of the importance of the crisis; that he had therefore determined to convoke the United Diet, that an edict to that effect was to be issued on the following day, and that to that body he would confide the future destinies of Prussia. He laid particular stress on the necessity of circumspection. Courage and prudence, he said, was the motto of every good general. A house cannot be erected in a day, and if it is to last, it must have a solid foundation. The result of this interview was the convocation of the Diet for the 20th of April.

Meanwhile, serious disturbances had broken out in the city. As early as the 13th, the people had assembled in front of the palace, amidst shouts for liberty and freedom of the press, and skirmishes had taken place between the troops and the citizens. The proclamation issued on the following day, reminding the people of the existing laws against riots, and enjoining on all manufacturers and shopkeepers to prevent their workmen from mingling in these tumultuous assemblies, and on all keepers of hotels or other public places to prohibit — under the penalty of forfeiting their license to keep such places — all political discussion within their establishments, failed to produce the desired effect. On the evening of the 14th, an immense multitude assembled on the great square. Their atti-

tude was calm, and possibly no disturbances would have ensued, had not a body of cavalry thrown itself into the midst of the crowd. A large number of persons were wounded in this affair.

The following day, a petition was sent from the citizens to the city delegates, demanding that the troops should be ordered not to take any further part in the disturbances, and that the guard of the city should be confided to the citizens themselves. This petition was forwarded to the government, who declared that a committee should be named to take cognizance of the events of the preceding day, and to provide such measures as should be deemed necessary for the preservation of order. This assurance seemed for a short time to calm the agitation which pervaded the city; but when the news of the Revolution at Vienna reached Berlin, the effect of the startling intelligence on the excited multitude may readily be imagined. Crowds were again assembled in the streets and around the palace. An armed force was once more called out, and a bloody conflict was the result. Barricades were formed with astonishing rapidity, and the struggle continued until a late hour in the night, when the mob were finally completely driven back from their barricades.

This defeat did not allay the excitement, for on the following day the streets were again thronged with people. They seemed even to have gained courage by their first attempt at revolution, unsuccessful though it had been; for many appeared with the German tricolored ribbon (red, black, and gold) in their buttonholes or on their hats, and smoking,—a privilege

which had not been enjoyed for many a year in the streets of Berlin. The space in front of the palace of the Prince of Prussia, the king's brother, and well known for his absolutist principles, seemed to be the rendezvous of the crowd; and it was feared that they entertained some sinister design on the palace. The day passed, however, without any serious disturbances.

On the morning of the 18th, a day which will be long remembered in the annals of Prussian history, a large number of citizens resolved to present a petition to the king, assuring him of their loyal attachment, and demanding the dismissal of the troops from the city, the immediate organization of an armed burgher-guard, liberty of the press, and the speedy convocation of the Diet. But before they had time to present this petition to the king, a royal edict was promulgated, granting liberty of the press, and convoking the Diet for the 2d of April. The citizens, full of joy at what they deemed the happy termination of the disturbances, crowded before the palace to express their gratitude to the king. Twice the king appeared on the balcony, and was hailed by the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude. After he had retired, one of the ministers came forward, and requested the mob to return quietly to their homes. This demand was received with murmurs by the crowd, and in their turn they demanded that the soldiers, who were stationed under the palace windows, should be dismissed. As this desire was not complied with, they pressed forward, menacing the soldiers and brandishing their sticks. At this moment a couple of shots were fired, and a scene of the utmost confusion and tumult ensued. The people, amidst

cries of Treason! Treason! ran in every direction, to raise barricades against the troops, who were advancing on all sides. The conflict was long and bloody. For thirteen hours, the people fought against an armed force of not less than twenty thousand men. At last, towards morning, the combat ceased, and the king, finding all resistance useless, issued a proclamation to his *beloved Berliners*, which, after endeavoring to explain the sad events of the preceding day by attributing them to a set of lawless individuals in the crowd, who had taken advantage of the *accidental* shots fired by the troops to raise the standard of revolt, ends with the following words: —

'Return to peace and tranquillity, break down the barricades which still remain, and then send me men animated with the old Berlin spirit, with words such as are becoming in presence of your king, and I promise you that the troops shall immediately evacuate the streets and the public places. Hear the paternal voice of your king, inhabitants of my beautiful and faithful city of Berlin. Forget what has passed, as I desire to forget it myself, in the interest of the great destinies which, with the blessing of God, await Germany and Prussia. Your gracious queen, stretched on a bed of sickness, your true and faithful mother and friend, joins her tearful prayers to mine.'

Had this proclamation been issued on the preceding day, much bloodshed might have been prevented. As it was, the people had suffered too much to be willing to make the first concessions; the struggle was renewed. Finally, at about twelve o'clock on the 19th, the king at last determined to issue the order for the troops to return to their barracks. Tranquillity was thus restored to the capital. The people were triumphant, and they carried in solemn procession the bodies

of the slain to the palace, where the king was obliged to come forward himself, and contemplate the victims of his blind obstinacy. The guard of the city was confided to the citizens themselves, a political amnesty was granted, the unpopular ministry were dismissed,— in a word, all the wishes of the people were granted.

Of the real cause of the sad events of the 18th there seems as yet to be no satisfactory account. Some say that a shot was fired by accident, and caused the alarm amongst the crowd; others, that the troops fired only after they were attacked by the mob. The friends of the king maintain, on the other hand, that the government had been informed of the designs of the Republican party to overthrow the existing order of things in Prussia, and to follow the then seductive example of France, and that, when the crowd rushed forward towards the palace, it was thought that the intended attempt had commenced, and that the troops alone could save the state. Be this as it may, the people had attained their object, and despotism was crushed in Prussia. Few excesses were committed during this eventful struggle. The attempt to tear down the palace of the Prince of Prussia — who was supposed to have given the troops the order to fire on the people — was fortunately checked by a workman, who rushed forward and wrote on the walls the magic words,— 'National Property.'

A few days after these memorable events, the king issued a proclamation (May 22d) to his people and to the German nation at large, in which he declared, that, in the difficult crisis in which Germany was then placed, her only safety was in her union under one

chief. 'I will,' says the proclamation, 'undertake this direction in the day of danger.* I have now adopted the ancient colors of Germany, and placed myself and my people under the banner of the German empire. Prussia shall henceforth be merged in Germany.'† This declaration, hailed with enthusiasm at Berlin, was not received with like favor in other parts of Germany. It was thought that the king intended to usurp the imperial crown. Many persons, even in Berlin, seemed to have viewed the matter in the same light; for when, on the morning of the 23d, the king rode in solemn procession through the streets of the capital, he was received with shouts of 'Long live the German emperor.' 'No,' replied the king with vivacity, 'I bear colors which are not mine; I do not wish to usurp any thing; I wish for no crown, no dominion. I wish for the freedom and unity of Germany; I wish for order. I have done only what has more than once been done in German history, in a moment of great danger to the country; I have placed myself at the head of the whole nation; and I am confident that the princes of Germany will sympathize with me, and her people support me.'

Among the many strange events which have occurred in Europe within the past year, we know of none more strange than this singular declaration of Frederic William. We do not agree with those who think that a man must necessarily profess the same opinions throughout life; on the contrary, we think it but nat-

* *Für die Tage der Gefahr.*

† *Preussen geht fortan in Deutschland auf.*

ural that circumstances, and, above all, experience, should modify — nay, even entirely change — the political opinions of a man. We admire the

'Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,'

who retains through a long and active public life the same opinions; but we can understand that this should not always be the case; and, indeed, we see no good reason why he who was a radical at twenty should not be a conservative at forty. But we confess that we cannot but distrust the very sudden conversion of the king of Prussia, who, in a few days, passes from one extremity to the other of the scale of political opinions. Yesterday he was blindly attached to all the forms of the past, and to-day he is the enthusiastic admirer of free institutions. Yesterday he was the defender of the divine right of kings, and of royal power to be limited only by the free grants of the sovereign himself, — and to-day he not only wishes all nations to be free, but is desirous of placing himself at the head of the liberal movement in Germany. This savors more of policy and ambition than of deep conviction.

His conduct was thus viewed in some parts of Germany, particularly in the south and west, where were again manifested those feelings of jealousy and rivalry which have ever proved so fatal to the establishment of political unity throughout Germany. In the *Wiener Zeitung* appeared, shortly afterwards, a reply to the king's declaration, in the name of the German nation, in which it was stated, in the boldest language, that they could not accept the position which the king offered to take.

'Your Majesty,' says this striking document, 'is the only German prince who granted the inalienable rights of his people only in the midst of barricades, and on the dead bodies of the best of his subjects, and when his throne began to totter. The German people have learnt to appreciate you, and have not confidence in you. It is with blood-stained hands, sire, that you raise the German colors which for so many years you persecuted. The people recoil at your royal enthusiasm. . . . . It was an Austrian prince who drank a health to united Germany, when the idea was scorned in Prussia. The House of Hapsburg would have the history of past ages and the love of its subjects on its side, did it wish to assert its ancient rights. But Austria recognizes that by the representatives of the people alone can the choice of an emperor be made, and that this choice must be left free.'

On the 2d of April, the second session of the United Diet was opened at Berlin. Not quite a year had elapsed since Frederic William, with all the pomp and splendor of absolute power, had harangued the first Diet of the kingdom. How eventful that year had been! The Diet was this time opened by one of the ministers, M. Von Camphausen, who, in a very brief address, stated that the Diet had been assembled to lay the foundations of the Prussian constitution by adopting an electoral law. A loyal address was immediately voted, and after a session of only eight days the Diet separated. In this short period, the electoral law was voted, and a grant of 40,000,000 thalers — to be levied in such manner as should be deemed expedient — was made to the government. The elections shortly after took place, and on the appointed day the first Prussian national assembly met.

Here we must pause in the sketch which we have endeavored to give of the history of Prussia within the

present century. It has been our desire to show what faults on the part of the government caused those sad events which have convulsed a country that was wont to be so tranquil. We trust that we have succeeded in showing how fully the Prussians were justified in taking up arms, in order to wrest from the government those liberal institutions which the spirit of the age so loudly demands. Here we dismiss the subject; for within the last six months, the history of Prussia has been entirely absorbed in that of Germany, and our limits will not permit of our entering on so vast a theme as that of the German revolutionary movement. Had we even the space, we should hardly venture to attempt it. We should be deterred by the many difficulties which the subject presents, for we know not where to seek a guide to lead us through the dark labyrinth of German affairs. And, indeed, what a spectacle Germany now presents! Elements of discord on every side — a regulating power nowhere; nation opposed to nation, and house to house, without any visible bond which can reunite them; the fear of reaction on the one hand, and the far greater danger of anarchy on the other; innumerable theories and plans for the regeneration of the common country, and not a man to put them into execution; the middle classes opposed to the aristocracy, and to what remains of the feudal system; the working classes filled with hatred and envy for all those who hold a higher place than themselves in the social scale; the literary men and the students of the universities burning to realize their long cherished hopes of establishing a republic; Communism, Socialism, Fourierism pouring their poisoned doctrines into the ear of

the ignorant or the unwary; — such is the picture which Germany presents!

What is to be the result of this state of things? Where is the arm that shall arrest this confusion, and bring forth order from such a chaos? Where is the man possessed of virtue, wisdom, and genius sufficient to unite these discordant elements, and to create, as it were, a new society, — a new Germany? We look in vain for such a one. Although the apparent reluctance with which he made liberal concessions to his people has greatly diminished his chance, the king of Prussia may, if he act with prudence, be called to the imperial throne. The dearth of great men in Germany, and the distracted condition of Austria, make him unquestionably the most prominent candidate for that high and difficult station. But should he ever attain this goal of his ambition, we very much doubt whether he could succeed in establishing a permanent government. We believe that Germany has yet many storms to go through, many scenes of bloodshed and crime to witness, before she can reach that peace, tranquillity, and unity which she is now seeking. The accumulated errors of ages are not swept away in a day, although it be a common mistake of our time to suppose so. We are too prone to think that society can be remodelled, and states reorganized, with the same promptitude with which we erect a manufactory or lay out a railroad, and to believe that the mere formation of a government is sufficient to satisfy the wants of a people. But it is not so. We have confidence in the ultimate good which is to result from the present disturbed condition of the Old World. We cannot believe that Europe is

again to be plunged in the horrors of barbarism, although, in moments of despondency, one is almost inclined to believe it. The ultimate result will be — it must be, if we believe that the events of history are under the control of Providence — to favor the progress of civilization. Let us not, however, be impatient for the result. We may not live to see it. Christianity, divine as it is in its origin, and aided by prophecies and miracles, has existed eighteen centuries in the world, and yet one half of mankind are not yet subjected to its beneficent sway. Why should we, then, hope greater success for institutions purely human?

As for Germany, she will, we trust, feel that revolutions only give an impetus to the onward progress of mankind, and that on time alone depends their real and permanent improvement. She will not, let us hope, be dazzled by the seductive illusion of establishing at once a republic. Let her rather slowly prepare for that form of government which is the ultimate object of all the European revolutions. To adopt such a government at present would be, in our opinion, only to retard its permanent establishment; for we firmly believe that there is but one country in Europe — and for that very reason, she is less disposed than any other to adopt the name of that which she already possesses to a considerable extent — where republican institutions would not in a very short time degenerate into despotism.

# THE REVOLUTION OF 1848 IN SICILY.

*La Rigenerazione; Giornale Storico Politico della Sicilia,* diretto dal Signor Luigi Tirrito. Anno primo della Rigenerazione. Palermo. 1848.

In our last number, we gave a brief account of the Conquest of Sicily by the Normans, and presented a sketch of what may be deemed the brightest period in the history of that island. Since then, the periodical, the title of which is quoted above, has come to our notice, and from the materials that it furnishes we can frame an imperfect narrative of the struggle for independence, which commenced in that land in 1848, before France had broken down the barriers which hemmed in the mighty flood of Revolution, and which she is now as intent on rebuilding as she was then eager to destroy. To render this account more intelligible, we must first cast a glance at the former history of the island, in order to show the nature of its connection with Naples.

It is well known that when the family of Hohenstauffen succeeded the Norman princes in Southern Italy, both Naples and Sicily were united under one

government. This continued to be the case during the administration of the princes of the House of Anjou, until 1282, when, in consequence of the Sicilian Vespers, the French were driven from Sicily, and the island passed under the dominion of the House of Arragon. The kingdoms continued to be separated until Alphonso V. conquered Naples, and once more united the two provinces under a common sway. When the house of Arragon became extinct, both kingdoms were subjected to Spain, by whose monarchs they were governed until the death of Charles II., (the last male heir of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria); when Philip having succeeded to the throne of Spain, the Two Sicilies passed to the house of Austria. This arrangement was not destined to last long. Elizabeth Farnese, the second wife of Philip V., had succeeded in procuring for her son the Duchies of Parma and Tuscany. But a ducal coronet alone could not satisfy her insatiable ambition, and she determined to use every means in her power to obtain for him the crown of the two Sicilies. Charles was enjoying the pleasures of youth at his ducal residence at Parma, when he received letters from his mother, apprizing him of the plans which had been formed for his future greatness. Spain, France, and Lombardy were then in league against the empire; a mighty French army, led by Berwick, had passed the Rhine; another, under the command of Villars, had descended into Lombardy. The object of this undertaking was to overthrow the imperialists beyond the Rhine, to drive them from Lombardy, and to conquer the Two Sicilies, 'which,' wrote Elizabeth to her son, 'will be yours, as soon as

they are rescued from their present possessors. Go, then, and conquer! The most splendid crown in Italy awaits you.' Charles, naturally ambitious, and sharing in some degree the warlike spirit of his ancestors, was easily persuaded to obey this summons, especially as he believed he had some right to the Two Sicilies, in consideration of the ancient dominion which the kings of Spain had exercised over them.

The expedition against Naples was successful, and Charles, after he had entered the capital, and subdued the different fortresses of the kingdom, determined to make an attack on Sicily. The people of that island desired him to be their monarch, perhaps as much from the love of change, as from the natural enmity of all Italians for the Germans. The Spanish fleet left Naples on the 23d of August, 1734; and no sooner had it appeared before Palermo, than the Viceroy fled to Malta, and the city surrendered. Messina did the same, and the whole island soon followed the example thus given. The treaty concluded at Vienna, in 1739, confirmed Charles in his new conquests, and thus the Two Sicilies were again united into one kingdom.

The first object of the young king was to reform the legislation of the country, which, under the dominion of the house of Austria, had been much neglected. But he had neither courage nor foresight enough to strike a decisive blow at all the abuses which had been accumulating for centuries in the State; and although he certainly did effect some salutary reforms, he did much less than a prince of a more energetic and independent nature might have accomplished. The feudal pretensions of the aristocracy, the exorbitant claims of

the clergy, the municipal privileges of the cities, were obstacles to reform, which more firmness and wisdom might have overcome, but which Charles had not the face to surmount. On the whole, however, when we consider the misrule to which the Two Sicilies had been so long accustomed, the reign of Charles was rather favorable to his people. In 1759, this monarch was called to the throne of Spain; and as it had been stipulated in the treaty of Vienna that the Two Sicilies should never again be united to the Spanish monarchy, he conferred the former kingdom on his son, who commenced his reign under the name of Ferdinand IV.

The first part of his reign offers no event of importance; but Ferdinand's administration, during the latter part of the last century, was marked by the most despotic and inquisitorial policy. The assassination of Gustavus of Sweden, the outbreak of the Revolution in France, the death of Louis XVI., and the Reign of Terror in Paris, were events well calculated to fill with apprehension a government which had rested rather on physical force than on the love of its subjects. The vigilance of the police daily increased, innumerable arrests on the slightest suspicion took place, and the whole kingdom was in a state of constant agitation. Such was its condition, when Bonaparte, at the head of a republican army, entered Italy, drove the Austrians out of Lombardy, and agitated every part of the peninsula with fear of change. Alarmed at the progress of the French, the king of Naples declared war against them, though with little prospect of waging it with success. The invading army took Gaeta, Pescara, and Civitella, and on the 21st of December, 1798, the

royal family were obliged to leave Naples, carrying with them the crown jewels and treasures of the State, and leaving the unhappy country involved in domestic and foreign war. On the 23d of January, the French entered Naples, promising the people a better government, and that neither persons nor property should be molested. Naples was declared to be an independent Republic, and was to be administered by an assembly of citizens.

The French did not long occupy the city, however, and on their evacuating the territory in 1799, Ferdinand IV. was recalled to the throne. Exile had not taught him wisdom, and his restoration to power was the beginning of a new career of cruelty and oppression. In 1806, on the approach of Joseph Bonaparte and Massena at the head of a powerful army, he was again obliged to abandon his capital, and under the protection of the English he sailed for Sicily. Joseph entered Naples, and was shortly after proclaimed king of the Two Sicilies; but two years afterwards, he was called to the vacant throne of Spain, and Joachim Murat became king of Naples. Meanwhile, Sicily remained under the control of the Bourbons; and Queen Caroline, taking advantage of the condition of the king, who was incapable of attending to business, assumed the reins of government. Weary of the authority which the English were arrogating to themselves in Sicily, she determined to rid herself of them, and if all hope of reconquering Naples was gone, to reign at least unmolested in the island. For this purpose, she concluded a treaty with Napoleon, by which it was agreed that the ports of Sicily should be opened to the

French, on condition that they should drive the English away. Whilst these negotiations were pending, Murat made an unsuccessful attempt to get possession of the island. The negotiations between Caroline and Napoleon could not be so secretly carried on as not to become known to the English, who immediately began to counteract the political measures of the queen.

The island was in a distracted condition, and the English determined to attempt to remedy the existing state of things by constitutional means, before resorting to open force. For this purpose, they induced the government to convene a parliament; and this assembly, which was destined to produce radical changes in the organization of the State, met in 1810. By it the lands held by feudal tenure were made allodial, and many baronies were abolished. To this measure, the barons, who seem to have showed a most disinterested and patriotic spirit, made no objection, although the reform could not but injure their revenues and lessen their influence. The parliament also decreed, that a general assessment of the land should be made, in order that the land-tax might be more equitably distributed; and great improvements were effected in the judiciary. In these reforms, the nobility had taken a large share; and the queen, finding that her power was on the wane, resolved to act vigorously in support of the royal authority. She caused five of the principal noblemen in the island to be arrested. This imprudent course defeated the object which she had in view; for the English, finding that they could no longer depend upon her, especially since the marriage of

Maria Louisa had created a bond of union between Napoleon and the queen, resolved to unite with the barons. For this purpose, Lord Bentinck was sent as minister to Palermo. The first thing he did was to demand the liberation of the barons who had been imprisoned. The queen haughtily refused, and demanded of Lord Bentinek by what right he obtruded himself into the affairs of the kingdom. Finding that her determination was inflexible, Bentinek left the room, exclaiming, 'Either a constitution or a revolution.' He immediately went to London, and having procured full powers, returned to Naples in less than three months. Now that he was invested with the supreme command of the army, and could support his counsels with an armed force, the queen found resistance useless. She was obliged to retire to a country-seat in the neighborhood of Palermo, and the king was forced to abdicate in favor of his son, as vice-general of the kingdom. Bentinek was elected captain-general of Sicily, and consequently the whole command of the nation rested in his hands. These events occurred in 1812.

The parliament was again convoked for the purpose of remedying abuses and remodelling the fundamental laws. A new constitution was formed, and, after some hesitation on the part of the young prince, it was solemnly ratified. By this instrument, the legislative power and the power of levying taxes were vested in the parliament alone; its decrees, when sanctioned by the king, were to have the force of law. The executive power was committed to the king, whose person was to be sacred and inviolable. The judges were

entirely independent of both king and parliament; the ministers were reponsible for every act, the senate having the right of examining and impeaching them for high treason. The parliament was composed of two chambers; the one for the representatives of the people, the other for the peers. The power of convoking parliament belonged exclusively to the king, who was, however, required to assemble it once in every year. These were the chief features of a constitution, which was soon to be violated by the monarch, though the people justly regarded it as the charter of their liberties.

No sooner, indeed, had the downfall of Napoleon restored Ferdinand once more to the throne of the Two Sicilies, than he abolished this constitution. Such treachery could not have been expected from a king, who, twice an exile from a portion of his dominions, had been received by the Sicilians with hospitality, and had been enabled by them to support his Neapolitan retainers, his expensive army, and the luxurious court which he had established at Palermo. That the remainder of his reign should have been one continued struggle of the oppressed Sicilians against his despotic sway, is no cause for wonder. The discontent which had long been cherished at last broke out in the open rebellion of 1820. This is not the place to give a full account of the celebrated insurrection which then took place. It is well known that the king granted a constitution for Naples, and promised to restore to his Sicilian subjects the constitution of 1812; but the absolute powers of Europe objected to his course; and when he went to the Congress at Laybach, he found

that the Emperors of Austria and Russia, as well as the King of Prussia, were determined to declare void all the acts of his government subsequent to the revolutionary movement. Instead of maintaining his right to regulate the affairs of his own kingdom as he chose, Ferdinand acquiesced in the proposition of the Northern powers to send an army into Italy to restore him to absolute power. He was thus enabled to return to Naples once more as its absolute sovereign, but branded with infamy for his treacherous conduct. Under his successor, Francis, the government was maintained on the same principles.

But it was reserved for the present king, Ferdinand II., to complete the work of despotism, and thus to prepare the way for the events of which we are about to speak. When Ferdinand I. was restored to the throne of the Two Sicilies, in 1815, it was with the understanding that the island of Sicily should be administered as a separate kingdom, possessing independent rights and a separate constitution. Unmindful of this, he had no sooner got possession of the throne again, than he labored to centralize every thing in Naples. He never convened the parliament of Sicily, and although the constitution provided that the taxes should not exceed 1,847,687 *once.* without the consent of this parliament, he established new taxes at his pleasure. His successors followed this course, so that, in 1838, the amount of money received by the government in taxation was 5,800,000 *once.* Had this money been spent in Sicily, the Sicilians would have had less cause of complaint. But this was not the case. Sicily should have borne about a quarter part of the expenses of the united king-

dom, and should have received about a third of the offices; instead of which, it had to pay about half the annual expenses, and scarcely shared at all in the administration of the state. In the ministry which existed previously to the late insurrection, out of eleven ministers there was only one Sicilian, and he occupied the least important place.

It was the present king who consummated this despotic work in 1837, by taking away the power of the Lieutenant-General of Sicily, by abolishing the Ministry of State for Sicilian affairs, by centralizing in Naples the whole administration of the island, and by confiding the most important offices in the island to Neapolitans, thus reducing Sicily to the rank of a province of Naples. By this means, he paralyzed its energies and impoverished its people; but he also roused the national indignation, and gave rise to the present struggle for independence. Since the revolution of 1821, many petitions, signed by large numbers of Sicilians, had been addressed to the government, imploring it to grant the constitution of 1812 to the island. They had all proved vain, and it was not until such peaceful means of attaining their object had been exhausted, that the Sicilians had recourse to force. On the 12th of January, 1848, the growing discontent broke out in open rebellion.

The beginning of this insurrectionary movement was unquestionably hastened by the effect which the liberal measures of the new papal administration had produced throughout Italy. When Cardinal Mastai Ferreti succeeded Gregory XVI., in the month of June, 1846, it was thought that the new pope, the *buon*, the *gran*

*Pio*, as he was enthusiastically called by the Italians, was about to emancipate Italy from the state of degradation and bondage in which she had been so long held. Doubtful as any one, who is guided in his political speculations by the sober dictates of his understanding rather than by the seductive impulses of his heart, may be as to the future prospects of Italy, he cannot but be interested in the many endeavors which have been made since the downfall of Napoleon, by the people of that once prosperous land, to recover their independence and their former standing among the nations of the world. The restoration of Italian nationality under one form or another has been the aim of all Italian patriots, since 1814. The Carbonari, a political sect founded in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies during the stormy administration of Queen Caroline, continued for a long time to be the principal secret society of Italy, but was at length superseded by the sect of 'Young Italy,' at whose head was Mazzini. He was driven from Italy in 1831, in consequence of the share he had taken in the insurrectionary movement which occurred after the French revolution of 1830; and he maintained his influence by his contributions to a journal called *La Giovine Italia*, which he founded at Marseilles. At a later period, he attracted the attention of the whole of Europe, not by any merit of his own, but through the conduct of the English Home Secretary, who, to satisfy the demands of the Austrian government, violated the secrecy of his private correspondence. He has since, by his connection with the late revolutionary government of Rome, become the object of admiration of the radical party in Italy, France, and England, and, we

are sorry to say, of many of our own countrymen, who, through a mistaken zeal for republican principles, are too prone to admire every fanatical demagogue who may chance to rise for a few hours on the crest of a revolutionary wave. We cannot see that Americans are any more bound to sympathize with every radical movement in Europe, which dignifies itself with the name of republican, than we should be to lend a favorable ear to the ravings of our own demagogues, — of those, for instance, who recently kindled a civil war in Rhode Island, or of the Anti-rent party who assassinated sheriffs and constables in New York. The sympathies of the true American should be enlisted on the side of liberty and order, and when he becomes convinced that those two blessings can only be attained in Europe, — at least, for the present, — by a constitutional monarchy, his sympathies should be with that form of government.

It was not by Mazzini or his party that Italy could be regenerated. To suppose that the Lombard and the Roman, the Sardinian and the Neapolitan, would unite to form one Italian republic, and that the princes who had so long held these countries under their absolute dominion would either resign their privileges and place themselves at the head of the movement, or would yield without a long and desperate resistance to the revolutionary torrent, would be to argue little knowledge either of human nature or of history. Societies like the Carbonari, the Patrioti Europei, the Federati, the Filadelfi, the Giovine Italia, or any of the innumerable associations which have arisen in Italy during the present century, can do but little for the regeneration

of a country. A despotic government is not overthrown, still less induced to adopt a different political course, by such means. It should be met openly, frankly, and lawfully, and reminded that there is a power greater than any which a despotic ruler can command, — public opinion. Moral force is the only force likely to be of much avail against a government which has under its control large standing armies. This truth began to be understood by a large party of Italians, who abandoned these secret societies, and lent a willing ear to the calmer and more rational views of such men as Gioberti, Balbo, and D'Azeglio. Gioberti, in his able and eloquent work on the supremacy of Italy,* maintained that, in order to establish any thing like political unity in the peninsula, a league of Italian princes, having at their head the Pope, must be formed. Balbo and D'Azeglio preached the renouncement of all violent measures; according to them, the independence of Italy could be attained only by peaceful measures, by patience, moderation, and endurance. Arms are only to be resorted to when all other means have been exhausted, and when the nation is ready for such a struggle. 'I hold,' says D'Azeglio, in speaking of the melancholy disturbances which occurred at Rimini in 1845, 'I hold this movement a premature and dangerous one, and I shall hold all such partial movements as premature and dangerous. I may say boldly, that I consider them as worthy of blame; because a minority has never the right to judge, whether the time has come

* *Del Primato Civile e Morale degl' Italiani.* Per V. Gioberti. 1843.

or not to plunge the nation to which it belongs into the great struggle for independence; for it has not the right to risk on a mere chance the subsistence, the tranquillity, the liberty, the life of an incalculable number of fellow-citizens, and, what is still more important, the honor and future destinies of a whole nation.'* Balbo advised his countrymen to wait until some great event in Europe, such as the fall of the Ottoman Empire, should render probable their success in shaking off the yoke of Austrian dominion, the first and necessary step for Italian independence.† In speaking of the different impulses given to public opinion, we should not forget the annual meetings of scientific men in different cities of the peninsula, which were first organized in 1839, and which, by bringing together men from different parts of the country, kept alive a national spirit. Nor should we forget the privilege of copyright, which has been but recently extended to the whole of Italy, and by means of which, the different publications issued in the country were more widely circulated.

When Pius IX. was raised to the papal throne, it seemed as if the golden dream of Gioberti was about to be realized. The first wish of the new Papal Government appeared to be to found an administration more in harmony with the spirit of the age. A general amnesty was granted; hundreds of exiles, who for years had been wandering through Europe or enjoying the hospitality of France and England, were allowed to

* *Degli ultimi Casi Di Romagna.* Di Massimo D'Azeglio. 1846.

† *Delle Speranze d'Italia.* Di Cesare Balbo.

revisit their native land; many of the severest laws against the press were abrogated; the code was revised, the administration reorganized and secularized, the magistracy reformed. A new era seemed to be dawning for Italy. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. All eyes were turned towards a pope, who seemed to renounce all the political traditions of the Vatican, and to be ambitious of the novel reputation of a reforming Sovereign Pontiff. From one end of the peninsula to the other, the people were induced to demand of their sovereigns reforms corresponding to those which had been made at Rome. Tuscany soon followed the movement. Charles Albert, to whose memory a tribute is due, in spite of the many blemishes of his character, for the noble manner in which he defended the cause of Italian independence, and then, renouncing his honors and the dream of an ambitious life, went to die in a foreign land broken-hearted and despairing, was soon engaged in the struggle. The other states of Italy were irresistibly hurried on in the same course. Who, on seeing the enthusiasm created by the Pope at that time, could have foreseen the events, which have since occurred at Rome, — the beloved Pius driven from his capital, and forced to seek refuge in the states of that contemptible tyrant, Ferdinand of Naples, that *Borbone*, *Borbonaccio*, *Borboncino*, ferocious as Nero, and mad as Caligula, as the Sicilians contemptuously call him? It is a memorable lesson to remind princes and statesmen of the heavy responsibility which is incurred, by attempting the great work of reform, unless certain of being able to stop its career whenever it becomes necessary.

It is dangerous to slacken the reins of a fiery steed, unless confident that you have retained the power of checking him at will.

The enthusiasm to which the acts of the new papal government gave rise, necessarily spread to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Neither the despotism of the government, nor the vigilance of its agents, could conceal from the people the hopes which had been awakened in other parts of Italy. No custom-house barriers or military outposts could prevent the magic words of independence and regeneration from reaching the ears of the discontented subjects of Ferdinand of Naples. Like the other nations of Italy, they were too intent on their great aim, the liberty of their country, and too much excited by the enthusiasm of the moment, to stop to consider whether a pope could really be a reformer, in the sense in which that word is at present understood; whether the infallible successor of St. Peter could, by a stroke of his pen, undo the work of his equally infallible predecessors, and remodel the whole constitution of the papal government; whether the temporal power vested in the hands of a sovereign, who in all spiritual matters is absolute, could be other than absolute; whether Catholicism, as understood at Rome, could be reconciled with a free form of government. These were questions far too serious, and requiring too much reflection for the Italians to have meditated them as they ought, before embarking on the dangerous sea of revolution. The first liberal measures of a pope filled with the best intentions, but unconscious of the incompatibility of his authority with the reforms which the age de-

manded, were enough to dazzle the imagination of all Italians, and to fill their minds with the golden dream of independence. To give reality to this dream, and so to direct public opinion as both to check the hasty and rash ebullitions of patriotic feeling, so natural amongst a people long restrained, and to rouse from their apathy those whom long years of suffering and passive submission had rendered almost indifferent to the hopes and destiny of their country, was the hard task which the intelligent men of all parts of the peninsula had to perform.

There was no state in Italy in which they had more difficulties to contend with, in attempting to accomplish this work, than the Two Sicilies. The political differences between Naples and Sicily, the municipal rivalry between the principal cities of the island, the indolence and indifference of the Italians, the courage and ardor of the Sicilians, the consequent difficulty of urging the former and restraining the latter, and the want of any understanding as to the course which the people ought to adopt, were obstacles not easily overcome. The leading patriots endeavored, however, to convince the people, that the hatred which had existed between the two parts of the country had been kept alive by the government, which hoped by this means to keep them more surely in bondage; that the Sicilians in fact loved the Neapolitans, although, by identifying the people with the government, it often appeared as if they cherished an invincible hatred against them; and that the Neapolitans, who were suffering the same wrongs as the Sicilians, could not be suspected of wishing to subjugate a country which possessed its own

institutions and laws. They endeavored also to break down the spirit of rivalry, which had long existed between the principal cities of the island, and to check the ardor and impatience of the inhabitants.

As to the means by which the regeneration of the state might be accomplished, two courses were proposed. The one was preferred by those, who, knowing the character of the Neapolitan government, the obstinacy of the king, and the devotion with which he was served by the army, thought that it was necessary to oppose force to force, and make an appeal to arms. The other was entirely pacific, and was favored by those who thought that there was no force equal to moral force. They proposed that, by means of clandestine printing-presses established in the different cities, the enthusiasm of the people should be kept alive and prudently guided ; and that the people should refuse to pay the taxes, and endeavor, by associating as much as possible with the army, to gain it over to the popular cause. The latter proposition was received with the greatest favor, and the nation were preparing to carry it out, when the Calabrians, impatient of restraint, and exasperated against the government, broke out in open rebellion. The royal troops, aided by a very effectual police, soon disarmed the insurgents ; but the indignation of the whole nation was roused by the cruelty which the government displayed, and the king perceived it would be necessary to adopt some measure to tranquillize the public feeling. One of the ministers, Santangelo, who had rendered himself especially obnoxious to the people, was dismissed ; and although the honors with which he was invested in

order to console him for his disgrace somewhat weakened the effect, the feelings of the people were somewhat soothed. In the theatres and public places, the cries of 'Long live the King, 'Long live Pope Pius,' and 'Long live the Reform,' were constantly heard. In Sicily, the enthusiasm at the disgrace of Santangelo was very great, for he had always been regarded as a personal enemy of the people of the island. Any manifestation of this enthusiasm was prohibited. At this time, the direction of the police of Palermo was in the hands of General Vial. By his inquisitorial administration, he had rendered himself the object of universal hatred. Indeed, to judge from his conduct, one would suppose that his sole object was to urge the people to rebellion, in the hope that the nobility and the wealthy inhabitants of the city would join him in putting down any such attempt. It was thus, at least, that the people understood his conduct; for when proclamations were posted up on the walls, inviting them to take up arms, they immediately tore them down, declaring that the police was only urging them to rebellion in order to ruin them. The whole population of the island was indeed united in a determination to obtain from the government a constitution, and only to appeal to arms when all other means should fail. There was no conspiracy formed;

> 'Un popol non congiura; ognun s'intende
> Senza accordo verun;'

but the whole nation might be said to have resolved to accomplish this great object. No secret was made of this intention, and great agitation prevailed throughout

the country. The government alone was blind to the growing discontent, and still relied on its military force to prevent any manifestation of opinion in the island. At the beginning of the month of January, a proclamation was issued from Palermo and circulated throughout the island, in which the Sicilians were called upon to take up arms in the following energetic language:

'Sicilians, the time for prayers is passed; pacific protestations, remonstrances, and petitions, all have remained ineffectual. Ferdinand has treated them all with contempt; and a people who were born free, and are now loaded with chains and reduced to misery, can no longer delay to claim their legitimate rights. To arms, sons of Sicily! Our united force will be invincible. The break of day on the 12th of January shall be the glorious era of our regeneration and independence. Palermo will receive with transport every Sicilian who shall come armed to sustain the common cause, and establish reformed institutions in conformity with the progress of Europe, and the will of Italy and of Pius IX. Union, order, obedience to chiefs, respect to property. Robbery is declared a crime of high treason against the country, and shall be punished as such. Whoever may be in want, shall be supplied at the common charge. Heaven will not fail to second our just undertaking. Sicilians, to arms!'

Even this proclamation was unheeded by the government, and the consequence was that, on the day appointed, the long anticipated revolution broke out. The 12th of January had been selected by the people because it was the king's birthday, a day which was generally celebrated by public rejoicings, but which was now to serve as the epoch from which to date a revolution that was to render Ferdinand the object of the contempt and execration, not only of those who had to suffer from his cruelty and tyranny, but of all such

as have one spark of generous feeling left. On the morning of that day, Palermo wore a mournful aspect. The streets were deserted, the shops closed, the troops were confined to their barracks, and one might have fancied that some dire calamity had befallen the city. No agitation was visible except in the neighborhood of the royal palace, which was surrounded by troops. In the course of the day, however, animated groups began to form in the streets. Bands of young men with arms in their hands marched through different parts of the city, encouraging the people, and shouting, Long live the Pope! Towards evening, the aspect of affairs became more menacing. The troops were ordered out, barricades were formed, and a conflict commenced between the populace and the soldiers. But either the troops sympathized with the people, or they were unwilling to fight, for they were repelled at almost every point without much bloodshed. During the night, the people seemed to be sole masters of the city, which was illuminated. The next day, however, was to decide the struggle. The troops seemed to have gained courage during the night, and on the morrow a serious battle commenced between the two parties. The people formed a more deliberate plan of attack, and on the 14th, a number of the principal noblemen and citizens of Palermo formed a Committee of Public Defence. This committee was divided into four sections; one for military affairs, of which Prince Pantelleria was the head; another for finances, under the direction of Marquis Budini; a third, under Marshal Settimo, for the publication of all matters of interest to the people; and the fourth for provisioning the city,

under the guidance of the Duke of Montcleone. The insurrection was thus organized, and the government, finding no other means of subduing the insurgents, resolved to bombard the city. The bombardment consequently commenced without any notice given to the foreign consuls residing at Palermo. So direct a violation of the law of nations could not pass unnoticed; and on the 19th of January, the foreign consuls met at the house of the French consul, and made a solemn protest against the bombardment. The only effect of this protest was to suspend hostilities for twenty-four hours; and on the 21st, the firing recommenced.

But weary of carrying on hostilities which seemed to be without effect on the exasperated people, the commander of the troops sent to the Committee of Public Defence to ask what were their demands, and on what conditions they would lay down their arms. An endeavor to ascertain this point would have been more reasonable before attacking the city in so barbarous a manner. The reply of the committee was calm and dignified, and must have proved to the king's brother, the Count of Aquila, who was then with the Neapolitan fleet which was at anchor before Palermo, that the revolution was more serious than the government had apprehended. 'The people,' they replied, 'care little for the horrors of a bombardment, and will lay down their arms when the whole of Sicily, represented in a general parliament, shall have adapted to the wants of the times that constitution which was solemnly confirmed by its kings, recognized by foreign powers, and which has never been openly taken from the Sicilians.' Meanwhile, however, the king, by a decree published

on the 18th of January, had granted some concessions to his Sicilian subjects. It was provided that a prince of the royal family should reside in the island as Lieutenant-General; separate administrations were granted to Naples and Sicily, and the powers of the *Consulta di Stato* were increased. These concessions, which, in fact, merely reëstablished the government on the same footing as in 1816, were not sufficient to satisfy a people who began to be conscious of their strength. The committee refused them, and once more promised to lay down their arms in the hall of the parliament when it should be assembled.

Hostilities were accordingly renewed. The palace of the governor was stormed and taken, and the troops were compelled to abandon the city, and take refuge in the castle, or on board the Neapolitan fleet. The castle became now the principal object of the attack of the insurgents. While they were preparing to march against it, the commander received despatches from his government, announcing that, on the 29th of January, a constitution had been granted for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. This was on the 3d of February. An officer was immediately sent to the President of the General Committee, to inform him of the gracious act of his sovereign. An immense crowd had assembled to hear the official communication of the government read, and it awaited in breathless anxiety the reply of the General Committee. It was as firm as their former replies had been. The people had taken up arms, they said, in order to regain their former constitution, which in 1812 had been remodelled by their parliament; and they would only suspend hostilities when

the parliament should have been assembled in Palermo. This reply was received with unbounded enthusiasm by the people. On the following day, it was resolved to attack the fort of Castellamare. On the 8th of February it surrendered, and the tri-colored flag, inscribed with the magic words, *Confederazione Italiana*, was hoisted on the battlements. Colonel Gross, who commanded, was permitted to embark with the garrison, thus leaving Palermo entirely in the hands of the insurgents.

Meanwhile, the rest of Sicily had thrown off the yoke of Neapolitan dominion, and the General Committee of Palermo had proclaimed itself a Provisional Government. These auspicious events were celebrated by a solemn *Te Deum*, executed at the cathedral; and on the evening of the 6th, the city was illuminated and the theatres were opened. The writer of *La Rigenerazione* dwells with delight on the enthusiasm displayed on this occasion. The splendid duet of Bellini's Puritani was performed amidst the rapturous shouts of the assembly. At the last words, —

> 'Bello è affrontar la morte
> Gridando liberta!'

the people were so transported by the words and the spirited music of their lamented countryman, that they arose and joined in such a chorus as had never before been heard in Palermo. It is difficult for us to conceive of the impression produced by such a scene on an Italian assembly, and there is perhaps some reason to distrust the success in any great undertaking of a people which thus wastes its energies. We should

make due allowance, however, for the excitable temperament of a southern race, passionately fond of music, and for whom, owing to the care with which the governments of the different states of the Peninsula guard against the performance of any music which might excite the multitude, the execution of certain pieces has become almost a political event. Yet those who were making so noisy a demonstration, should have been reminded of what M. Michelet once said to a large concourse of young men who had assembled to hear his lecture, and who were applauding him in the most vociferous manner: 'You had better reserve your strength, for you may be called upon to exercise it on some more important occasion than this.'

Meanwhile, Lord Minto, the English Minister, was endeavoring to make peace between the King of Naples and his Sicilian subjects. The constitution granted on the 29th of January had been, as we have seen, rejected by the Sicilians, who still maintained that they would only lay down their arms, when they had obtained a separate parliament. The government could then only choose between war and this concession. Owing to the intervention of Lord Minto, the latter course was followed. The King sanctioned the plan of convening a Sicilian parliament, and on the 24th of February, the Provisional Government issued a decree convoking the parliament for the 25th of March. Thus all cause of difficulty between the two countries seemed to have vanished. The King of Naples had sanctioned the decree for opening the parliament; he had agreed to adopt the constitution of 1812, with such modifications as the progress of the age might demand; one of his

brothers, or one of the principal noblemen of Sicily, was to govern the island as Viceroy; a responsible minister was to reside in Sicily, and money was to be coined in both states.

The fickle monarch, however, fearing that he had gone too far, issued on the 22d of March a document in which he solemnly protested against the proceedings of the Provisional Government of Sicily. They tended, he said, to the dismemberment of the kingdom; and from the bearing of the Sicilians, it was evident that they had determined not to come to any understanding with the government. On these grounds, the king considered it his duty to protest against any act which should not be in accordance with the constitution he had granted. He had apparently forgotten that the Sicilians had refused that constitution, or perhaps, with his despotic view of government, he did not understand that a constitution, like any other contract, requires two parties to it. This protest was only laughed at by the Sicilians; it reached Palermo on the 24th of March, and on the following day, the parliament was solemnly opened. The large church of San Domenico was selected as the place where the ceremonies of the day should take place. Thirty-three years had elapsed since the last parliament had met; and the joy of the people may readily be imagined, when they heard the solemn peal of the bell of San Antonio, which announced to the city that the representatives of the nation had once more assembled. The president of the Provisional Government addressed the assembly, and rendered an account of the manner in which the General Committee had performed the difficult and

arduous task which it had undertaken. He ended by declaring that the parliament of Sicily was now solemnly opened, and then requested the two houses to adjourn to the halls which had been provided for their meetings, there to decide immediately upon the form of the executive. The multitude then retired, but remained till a late hour at night in the streets, participating in the festivities of the occasion. On the following day, the Parliament issued a decree that the executive power should be entrusted to a President of the government, and to six ministers to be named by the President. Ruggiero Settimo was unanimously elected President, and immediately formed a ministry, of which Michele Amari, the distinguished author of the *Guerra del Vespro Siciliano*,* was a member. The Parliament then entered upon its labors. On the 13th of April, the Minister of Foreign Affairs announced to the Parliament, that the King of Naples having sent four plenipotentiaries to represent the *Two* Sicilies at the meeting of the Italian League which was to take place at Rome, he had come to propose that the Parliament should decree, that Ferdinand of Bourbon had, by this act, forfeited his right to the crown. This proposition was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and the following decree was voted.

'The Parliament declares: —

'1. Ferdinand of Bourbon and his dynasty are for ever fallen from the throne of Sicily.

'2. Sicily shall govern herself constitutionally, and call to the throne an Italian Prince as soon as she shall have reformed her *statuto*.'

* See the *N. A. Review* for April, 1847.

This decree was signed by the Marquis of Torrearsa, President of the Chamber of Commons, by the Duke of Serradefalco, President of the Chamber of Peers, and by Ruggiero Settimo, President of the Kingdom.

In conformity with this law, the second son of the late king of Sardinia was called to the vacant throne, on the 10th of July, under the name of Albert Amedeus I., King of Sicily. The crown was refused by this Prince, and the king of Naples formally protested against the act by which the Parliament had declared the throne vacant, and offered it to the Sardinian Prince; and he immediately ordered an expedition to be equipped against his Sicilian subjects. Consequently, on the 29th of August, a body of 14,000 troops were sent to reinforce the garrison of Messina, and the city was formally summoned to surrender. The authorities having refused, the place was bombarded, and after a few days, it was compelled to yield. This characteristic act of useless barbarity, which reduced the once flourishing and beautiful city of Messina almost to a heap of ruins, began the series of events which have marked the reëstablishment of Neapolitan rule in Sicily.

It is not our intention to give even a sketch of the bloody struggle by which Naples has once more gained possession of the island. Our purpose is already attained, if we have given our readers any more correct or definite impressions on the subject of this Sicilian revolt than they before possessed. That a revolution commenced under so favorable auspices, and which at first inspired us with lively hopes, that the time had at last arrived when justice was to be

done to a nation which had been so long held in bondage, — that this revolution has ultimately proved unsuccessful, should surprise no one. The regeneration of Sicily depended on the regeneration of Italy; left to themselves, the islanders could do nothing. When Rome fell into the hands of such men as Mazzini and Garibaldi, and Charles Albert was defeated in his last heroic struggle with the Austrians, the hopes of Italy were crushed for the present century, perhaps forever. Surely there never was a more favorable moment for that unhappy country to assume her former rank among the nations of the world than after the February Revolution in France. Austria was distracted by internal dissensions, and consequently lay open to every attack from without; England was unwilling, if not unable, to go to war; and France would unquestionably have sent an army to the rescue of the Italians, had they demanded such aid. And what have the Italians accomplished? Although the reply may seem harsh to some ears, we can but answer, nothing. They evinced great enthusiasm, sang patriotic songs, unfurled the Italian banner from one end of the peninsula to the other, took up arms for their defence, and gave proofs of courage and energy on a few occasions. But what has been the result? When the revolution commenced, Rome had a liberal sovereign, who governed constitutionally; he was hurled from the throne, and has now returned to the Vatican without having promised a single political guaranty to his people; the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was governed by foreigners, and the foreigner still rules there. The two Sicilies were subjected to the capricious sway of a Spanish

Bourbon, and he still governs them. Two years have passed, during which the peninsula has been agitated and impoverished by war; her commerce has been stopped; foreign travel, which has been a source of large income to her, has been impeded; her rulers have been rendered more despotic by her unsuccessful efforts at shaking off their yoke; the courage of her people has come to be doubted, and less sympathy is felt for her. Her future attempts at regeneration will be distrusted after she has missed such an opportunity as that which has just been afforded, and the world will reproach her in the words of one of her own poets:

'Mesta Italia! . . . .
Qual momento hai tu perduto!
Quel momento, oh Dio, chi sa
Se mai piu ritornera!
Gia sorgea ringiovanita
L'avillita tua virtù,
Come mai tornar potrai
Al languor di servitù.'

Is it true, then, that Italy has so degenerated that no hope for her remains, — that she has fallen never more to rise? He must be a bold prophet who will dare to answer this question now. Yet, as long as there is a spark of life left in a nation whose past history can almost compensate for its present degradation, we shall not think that all chance is lost of seeing Italy once more prosperous and independent.

## SCHMIDT'S HISTORY OF THE ALBIGENSES.

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*Histoire et Doctrine de la Secte des Cathares ou Albigeois.* Par C. Schmidt, Professeur à la Faculté de Théologie et au Séminaire Protestant de Strasbourg. Paris et Genève. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

Among the heretical sects which menaced the safety of the Church in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, none is more celebrated than that of the Cathari or Albigenses. Its history is deserving of peculiar attention. The curious system professed by its adherents, in which many of the errors of paganism were so strangely blended with what was most pure and spiritual in Christianity, the heroism with which they struggled against their powerful foes, and the cruelties to which the latter subjected them during that melancholy crusade which laid waste one of the richest and most flourishing countries of Europe, give to their history an uncommon interest. The origin of the Cathari has been the subject of much controversy; by some, they have been regarded as the immediate descendants of the early Manicheans; others have maintained that

they derived their doctrines from some Gnostic sect, or from the Priscillianists and the Paulicians or Bogomiles. Mr. Schmidt ascribes to them a Græco-Slavonic origin. According to him, their doctrines originated in Bulgaria at the beginning of the tenth century. The Slavonic population of this country were converted to Christianity so late as the middle of the ninth century by two Greek monks, Methodius and Cyrillus. These missionaries had allowed the neophytes to preserve their national language in the celebration of the rites of the Church. At a later period, this politic conduct, to which the rapid conversion of the inhabitants was mainly to be ascribed, was abandoned, and the use of the Slavonic dialect in public worship was forbidden by the most stringent regulations. The spirit of opposition to which this persecution of the national language — that most precious jewel of a nation's inheritance — excited among the people, was singularly favorable to the growth of heresy. That doctrines like those of the Cathari, in which the instructions of Christianity were so closely mingled with many pagan superstitions, should have been adopted by the people, is accounted for by the recent date of their conversion from heathenism. Their former belief in the existence of an evil spirit, known under the name of Czernebog or Diabol, to whom they rendered a worship equal to that consecrated to God, might well prepare them for the reception of the new heresy, which was founded on the belief in two supreme spirits, the one good and the other evil.

It seems plausible, then, that this system was invented, at the beginning of the tenth century, in some

Græco-Slavonic monastery in Bulgaria, where the monks, exasperated by the persecution to which the national language had been subjected, were disposed to shake off the yoke of the Church which had ordered this great wrong. Abandoned, in the solitude of their monastery, to their own meditations and studies, they may have endeavored to form a religious system for themselves, and have arrived at the conclusion that the world is governed by two principles, and that, in order to become pure (*Καθαρός*), it is necessary to free the soul from all worldly claims.* If we consider that the traditions of the Manichean heresy had been carefully preserved in the monasteries of the East, and that,

* Cathari, from the Greek word *Καθαρός*, seems to have been the original name of the sect. It was afterwards known under different names, according to the different countries in which it appeared. In Italy, its partisans were commonly called *Patareni*, probably from a place of ill-repute at Milan, where they were in the habit of meeting. In the north of France and in England, they went under the appellation of *Publicani*. The derivation of this name is somewhat obscure, but according to Ducange and Mosheim, it was a corruption of *Pauliciani*, a name by which the crusaders called them on their return from the East. In the south of France, where they were most numerous, they were known under the names of *Textores*, from the large number of weavers who adopted their doctrines; — and of *Bonshommes* or *Albigenses*, from the territory in which they principally resided. It is by this last name that they are most commonly known. In parts of Italy, they were called *Cazari* or *Gazari*, the Greek ϑ being pronounced as a *z*. The pronunciation gave rise to the German word *Ketzer*, which afterwards became the generic name for all heretics, as the word *Cathari* had been the generic name of several of the heretical sects of the Middle Ages.

consequently, the Greek monks of Bulgaria must have been acquainted with them; if we remember, too, that the belief that the life of man is a constant struggle with the devil was one of the favorite doctrines of the Middle Ages, it will not appear surprising that their speculations took this form. It was not strange that they should so exaggerate the power of Satan as to consider him at last as the equal of the Deity. But the argument which seems to have the most weight in favor of our author's opinion is, that the translation of the Testament in use among the Cathari of a later period was from the original text commonly used in the Greek Church, and which differed considerably from that adopted by the Latins.

But whatever may have been the origin of the heresy, it is certain that, about the middle of the tenth century, it began to spread rapidly throughout Europe, and at the end of the twelfth, it had attained its greatest development. When, in 1198, Innocent III. ascended the papal throne, the Cathari were numerous throughout the whole south of Europe, and even in Flanders, and parts of Germany and England; they had succeeded in establishing, in the midst of an orthodox society, an heretical church, firmly organized, and daily acquiring new strength by the zeal of proselytes willing to lay down their lives for their faith.

It was in the south of France that the heresy had the most numerous adherents. There it resisted longer than in any other part of Europe the cruel war which the church waged against it; and it was not until the spirit of the people of Languedoc was broken, and their nationality merged in that of the French, that the sect

was finally extirpated. Many causes combined to favor the growth of heresy in these provinces. The state of civilization, which was more advanced than in the northern parts of France, and which gave rise to a feeling of jealousy and rivalry not extinguished until the south was subjected to the sway of the French king, the civil and political liberty which the people enjoyed, and the independent tone which the Troubadours assumed in their writings, — had produced a greater toleration of religious opinions than existed in any other country of Europe. At the time of which we are writing, this toleration was so great that the heretic church was allowed to exist unmolested by the side of its formidable rival; and it was not unusual to find, in the same family, Catholics and Cathari living at peace with each other. Catholicism had lost many of its adherents by the vices of the clergy and its other professors. Ecclesiastical dignities were monopolized by members of powerful families, who passed their lives in sensual enjoyment. The clergy had become an object of such general contempt, that the saying, 'I had rather be a priest than have done this thing,' became as proverbial as the former one, 'I had rather be a Jew.' The Troubadours, in sarcastic *sirventes*, openly attacked the vices and crimes of the priests and monks. 'There is no crime,' says one of these poets, 'for which absolution may not be obtained. For money, they would give to renegades or usurers that Christian burial which they would refuse to the poor, who have not the means of paying for it. They pass the whole year in luxurious living, buying good fish,

very white bread, and exquisite wines.' * To this deplorable condition of the clergy, who, as a chronicler of the time expresses it, 'instead of feeding their flock, thought only of fleecing them, and what was worse, instead of endeavoring to instruct them, set them the example of every vice,' the rapid growth of the sect may be principally ascribed, especially as the pure and virtuous lives of the heretics contrasted so favorably with those of the priests. As the number of the heretics increased, the tithes in many places were no longer paid. The churches, abandoned by the people, were shut up and fell into ruin. On the eve of the great Christian holidays, at the time when these churches had been wont to be crowded with a pious multitude, assembled to witness the pomp and splendor of the Catholic service, the populace collected to perform obscene dances or sing profane songs around the deserted altars. The whole Catholic system seemed to be crumbling into dust. Many of the most influential noblemen of the country lent their aid to the heretics, who, under such protection, were enabled to organize their church. It was divided into several dioceses, the principal of which was at Toulouse, where reigned Count Raymond, who had himself joined the sect.

No sooner had Innocent III. been called to the papal throne, than his attention was drawn by the Archbishop of Auch to the suffering condition of the Church in southern France. He at once resolved to devote all his energies to the extirpation of the heresy, which,

* Pierre Cardinal, apud Millot, *Hist. de Troubadours.* III. p. 269.

unless speedily counteracted, would destroy for ever the authority of the Romish Church. He regarded it as the sacred mission, which he was called upon to accomplish, not only to root out the heresy, but to exterminate the heretics. He did not look upon them as men whose judgments were erroneous, and who should consequently be converted by the mild appliances of persuasion, but rather as spirits of evil, who labored to corrupt mankind and to lead their followers to perdition. No measures seemed too violent which might accomplish his object. For this he did not hesitate to devastate that beautiful land, which had been the resort of the most learned and accomplished men of the age; for this he was willing, on the ruins of that once prosperous country, to establish the Inquisition, and to erect the scaffold and the stake. Where peace and civilization had reigned, war, — not such as the civilization of modern times has rendered it, — but mediæval war, with all the horrors which the word implies, a war of extermination and ruin, was waged in the name of the Church. Innocent believed that his first and highest duty was to oppose the stream of heretical opinions before it had overwhelmed the Church which he was appointed to defend.

But before we speak of the crusade against the unfortunate Albigenses, it may be proper to present a brief account of their doctrines. The task is not an easy one. All the works written by members of the sect have been lost, and the historian is obliged to have recourse to the writings of their adversaries, in order to obtain any information in respect to their tenets. Hence the confusion and obscurity which pre-

vail in regard to them, and which have even caused some writers to confound the Cathari with other sects, — the Waldenses, for example, — whose doctrines were on many points entirely different. Other writers, distrusting the accounts given of them by Catholic authors, have been led to view them far more favorably than a close examination of the authorities will warrant. Those whose religious opinions incline them to sympathize with all who, in past ages, have opposed the power of Rome, may naturally be unwilling to place confidence in such authorities; but we believe these authorities may be consulted with safety. Many of those who undertook the refutation of the doctrines of the Cathari had once themselves belonged to that sect, and must consequently have been acquainted with its doctrines.* There are books on the subject so voluminous, and giving evidence of such erudition and research, that it seems hardly probable that they could have been written to refute doctrines wholly imaginary. A strong argument in favor of the authority of these works is the fact that, whilst they agree with each other in all essential points, their testimony is corroborated by the depositions of the witnesses and the accused before the inquisitorial tribunals of France and Italy. It would, indeed, be desirable to have some work written by a Catharist, but none such exist, or have come to light; and from the writings of the adver-

* Of these, Reinerius Sacchoni, a native of Piacenza, is the one to whom writers on this subject most frequently refer. His work entitled, *Summa de Catharis et Leonistis* has been published in the fifth volume of the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdot.* by Martène and Durand.

saries of the heresy we collect the following summary of the doctrines professed by its adherents.

The fundamental principle of the whole system is one which must form the basis of every spiritual religion; namely, that God must contain within himself every perfection. In him there can be nothing evil, nor can any thing bad emanate from him. From this, the Cathari infer that every thing created by this God must be perfect as he himself is perfect, and that, consequently, as nothing in the visible world is perfect, this world cannot be his work. All created beings are limited in their attributes and full of imperfections. The perfect God cannot, then, have given them life, since, if they proceeded from him, it would be impossible to account for their not being perfect as himself. If he was not able to make them perfect, he is not all-powerful. If he was able, and did not, he must have been actuated by the fear that perfect creatures might become as powerful as himself, and such a feeling cannot be reconciled with the idea of a perfect God. But if the perfect Deity did not create the world, how came it into being? The answer is, an evil spirit must have created it. On the subject of the existence of two principles, a schism took place in the sect at an early period. The original Cathari maintained, that the evil spirit is as absolute and eternal as the good; the new party held, that the evil spirit was a created being, who became evil by his own free-will, and that he will ultimately be overcome and destroyed. We shall examine only the first of these systems, as the one more commonly received. The other never made many proselytes, partly because the

absolute ditheism of the primitive Cathari was firmly established when the new system was first proposed, and partly because the moral principles, the mode of worship, and the clerical organization were precisely the same for both parties.

The primitive Cathari founded, as we have said, their belief in two supreme spirits on the supposed impossibility of an imperfect world being the work of a perfect God. They did not fail to back their assertion by scriptural quotations. All the passages alluding to the opposition between the flesh and the spirit, between God and the world, were brought to bear on their theory. The evil spirit, then, in their system, is the creator of all things visible. He presides over them and maintains them. The invisible world, the world of spirits, is the work of the perfect God. It is inhabited by celestial beings composed of a soul and a spiritual body. The opposition between these two divinities and these two creations is eternal. Each of these Gods has his revelation. The Old Testament is the revelation of the evil spirit; that of the good is to be found in the New Testament. The examples drawn from the two books of the Bible to illustrate their system are too numerous to be cited. The following, however, may give an idea of the value of their reasoning on this point. The God of the Old Testament, say they, created a man and a woman; and in the New Testament it is said, 'there is neither male nor female, but ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' Jehovah says: 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman;' the God of the New Testament wishes, on the contrary, to reconcile all things unto himself. The

God of the Old Testament curses; the God of the New blesses. The first repents of what he has done; consequently, what he has done is bad; the second 'is the Author of every good and perfect gift.'

Such were the reasons on which they founded their belief that the Old and New Testaments are two distinct revelations. Moses, in their opinion, received his instructions from the spirit of evil, and was himself a juggler and an impostor. He is condemned to eternal suffering for having obeyed the orders of his master, and for having commanded his people to wage war against their enemies. All the other writers of the Old covenant are also reproved, as it is written, 'for as many as are of the work of the law are under the curse.' The consequence to be derived from this absolute distinction between the two revelations was inevitable. As the Old Testament was the work of the Devil, its laws were not to be obeyed. St. Paul himself has said, 'A new covenant has made the first old. Now that which decayeth and waxes old is ready to vanish away.'

If it is admitted that the universe is administered by two distinct divinities, the one of whom creates what is material, and the other what is spiritual, the question naturally arises, how does it happen that human souls have fallen under the dominion of evil? To this the answer is, that the heavenly souls, which as we have seen, were created by the perfect God, were induced to descend upon earth by the machinations of the Evil One. At the same time, the Cathari absolutely deny free-will; for, say they, if the perfect God had created souls endowed with the liberty of doing good or evil,

he would himself be the author of evil, which is impossible. How then are these two doctrines to be reconciled? By the following myth. The spirit of evil, weary of seeing the perfect God reigning over a holy and happy people, and envying them their felicity, penetrated into heaven under the form of an angel of light, and persuaded the heavenly souls to follow him upon earth. Deceived by the form which he had assumed, they consented to follow him and to abandon their God. When the evil spirit had thus acquired dominion over these souls, he confined them in earthly bodies. In thus uniting them to matter, he thought to prevent for ever their return to heaven.

This myth, on which the Cathari depended for solving the difficulty which arose from their negation of free-will and their belief in the fall of these heavenly souls, in fact explains nothing. If the inhabitants of heaven did not possess the liberty of choosing between good and evil, how can it be said that they *consented* to follow the Demon to the earth? To say that they were deceived by this spirit of darkness, does not solve the difficulty, for their consent to leave their celestial abode implies the power of refusing to do so, and consequently the liberty of choice. The weakness of the whole system is strongly exemplified here. If it were true that, originally, all souls were perfect, because created by a perfect God; and if, on the other hand, all evil was derived from an evil cause,—if the principle of Aristotle, on which the Cathari founded their belief in the existence of two supreme creators, *contrariorum contraria sunt principia*,—were admissible to such an extent, the inevitable consequence

would be that, between the two creations, there could never be any contact. Unable to deny that such a contact really exists, the Cathari were obliged to maintain that the souls of men were those of fallen angels; and as they denied their free-will, they were led to imagine the absurd fable which we have mentioned, the absurdity of which is not a little increased by the fact that it does not at all answer the purpose for which it was intended.

This view of the origin of the human race naturally led the Cathari to believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis. As God takes no part in the creation of evil spirits, all the souls in the world are the same which followed Lucifer from heaven. They have consequently passed through many bodies. Some of the adherents of the sect went so far as to state through how many bodies each soul must pass. As these souls, however, were created perfect, it is impossible that they should remain for ever on earth, which the Cathari regarded as the domain of the Devil and the only hell which exists. All will be ultimately rescued from the power of the Evil One; all will be saved, and enjoy the immortal life for which they were created. This belief in the redemption of all mankind was so firmly adopted by the sect, that they regarded the doctrine of predestination, as laid down by Augustine, as a monstrous error, contrary to all our notions of the goodness and justice of God.*

* An adherent of the sect is said to have made use of the following language with regard to this doctrine of Augustine: '*Quod si teneret illum Deum, qui de mille hominibus ab eo factis, unum salvaret et omnes alios damnaret, ipsum derum-*

In a system which taught the necessity of the salvation of all men, the presence of a Saviour would seem to be wholly unnecessary. But the sect attributed a great work to Jesus Christ. After having permitted the souls which he had created perfect, to remain many thousand years under the power of the demon in order to expiate their guilt, the perfect God resolved to put a limit to the triumphs of his adversary by sending Jesus Christ upon earth. The Cathari rejected the Catholic view of the nature of Christ. They regarded him as a being created by the Father, but superior to all other created beings. The object of his mission on earth was to remind the captive souls which dwelt there of their celestial origin, to teach them their error with regard to the God in whom they had until then believed, to show them the means by which they could return to the true and perfect Deity, and, finally, to found a Church, in which should be received all those who accept his revelations and obey his laws. As the bodies of men are the work of the evil spirit, and as the perfect spirit of Christ could not dwell in such a body, the sect believed that the Saviour had come into the world with the celestial body with which souls are invested in heaven. It was in this spiritual body alone that he became incarnate, and he appeared in the world without having acquired a single material principle. Hence his language to his supposed mother: 'Woman what have I to do with thee?' The body in

*peret et dilaceraret unguibus et dentibus tanquam perfidum, et reputabat ipsum esse falsum et perfidum, et spueret in faciem ejus.*' Acts of the Inquisition of Carcassonne, 1247.

which Christ appeared on earth had the appearance of humanity, but it had no wants. If he ate, or drank, or slept, it was in order not to reveal his true nature to the adversary, from whom he had come to rescue the souls of men.

With regard to the miracles wrought by Jesus, they applied to them the words of St. Paul, 'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,' and interpreted them all spiritually. The blind, to whom Christ restored their sight, are those blinded by sin; the tomb, from which he called forth Lazarus, is the darkness in which the sinning soul is buried; the bread which he distributed to the multitude, is the word of life; the storm which he subdued, is the storm of earthly passions. They reproached the Catholics bitterly for believing that Christ could work visible miracles.

We have said that, in this system, one of the principal objects of the mission of Christ was to found a Church, by admission into which men are saved. As it might have been objected that there was a contradiction between maintaining that all men are saved, and at the same time that, in order to be saved, it is necessary to enter the Church, they obviated the difficulty by saying that, by the necessity of becoming members of the Catharist Church, they merely implied that the adoption of this faith hastened the moment when the souls of men should once more return to their celestial abode. It might also have been objected, that thousands of men had died before the Catharist doctrines were known. Were they to be eternally miserable? This objection they answered by referring to their doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

The souls of those who had died before the coming of Christ passed through different bodies, until, at last, by being received into the Catharist Church, they were reconciled to God. In taking such a view of the salvation of mankind, it will be seen that death could not have the same meaning for all men. To those who have accomplished their expiation by being admitted to the Church, it is the termination of their sufferings in this world; freed from the shackles of matter, their souls again participate in the glory and happiness for which they were created. For those, on the contrary, who have not accomplished their period of penance, death is but the passage from one body to another. The heavenly souls, which had been seduced by the evil spirit, had abandoned their celestial bodies before descending upon earth. When they are again relieved from their bondage, they will take possession of these bodies. This was what the Cathari understood by the resurrection of the body.

If we look only to the peculiar tenets of the Cathari, considered as matter of mere speculation, it seems difficult to understand how so many Protestant writers should have claimed them as brethren, and almost asserted their orthodoxy. Their system, however, was practically established, and, as often happens, the practice was much better than what might be legitimately inferred from the doctrine. We cannot but admire the purity and holiness of the lives of these heretics, and we wonder at the simple and spiritual form of worship which they established at a time when the Catholic Church was displaying the full magnificence of its ritual, and cumbering the simplicity of

Christianity with the invocation of saints and the exposition of relics and images.

The whole practical tendency of the system which we have sketched must have been to free men from all attachment to the things of this earth. The world was the work of the spirit of evil. The only way of resisting sin, and effecting a total change of life, was to enter the Church. Those who were admitted to the Church received the sacrament called the *consolamentum*, and were then considered as freed from all impurity, and they received the name of *perfect*. After they had attained this desirable condition, they did not pass their lives, as might have been expected, in idle meditation, awaiting the moment when their souls should be permitted to cast off the bodies in which they had been confined. They went from place to place, preaching and giving instruction, and also administering the *consolamentum* to those whom they deemed worthy. 'We lead,' said one of them, when summoned before the tribunal of the Inquisition at Carcassonne, 'a hard and wandering life; we flee from place to place, like sheep in the midst of wolves; we suffer persecution like the apostles and martyrs, and yet our life is holy and austere. It is passed in abstinence, in prayer, and in labors which nothing can interrupt; but to us every thing is easy, for we no longer belong to the world.' Their life might well be called austere. The *perfect* were to take vows of poverty and chastity, and never to resort to arms even in self-defence. They were to avoid taking the life of an animal, for they held that the souls of men sometimes passed into the bodies of animals. They were to abstain from

meat, milk, eggs, and cheese, because all animal food is the work of the Devil. Vegetables, fruits, bread, the oil of olives, and wine, furnished their repasts. They believed that no sin was greater than marriage, which they would not distinguish from adultery or concubinage. They founded this doctrine on the words of our Saviour, 'The children of this world marry and are given in marriage; but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage.' The *perfect* Cathari were generally clothed in black, and carried under their cloak a leathern pouch containing a copy of the New Testament, which they never laid aside. They had peculiar signs by which they recognized each other; and even the houses in which they lived were marked in such a manner as to be easily discovered by the initiated. When they travelled, they were received every where with the greatest kindness. If they stopped in a village or a castle, they were waited upon by the inhabitants. Even the most powerful noblemen deemed it an honor to serve them at table.

These honors compensated but poorly, however, for the hardships and privations which they were obliged to undergo, and the number of the *perfect* was never very large. But the number of believers was very considerable. These who were called *credentes* were not subjected to the same rigorous discipline as the *perfect*. They might marry, make war, and eat of whatever food nature afforded, provided they confessed these sins to the *perfect*. But unless they received the *consolamentum* before they died, they could not be

immediately saved. The *consolamentum* was therefore frequently administered to the *credentes*, on their death-bed. This holy rite was not, however, indiscriminately administered to all those who demanded it. An attempt was made first to ascertain whether the dying person demanded it from conviction, or only to make sure of heaven by this means. Thus, we read that it was refused to a woman on the ground that it would be difficult for her to adopt the strict life of the *perfect*, in case she recovered. In some instances, for fear that those who had received the rite might again fall into sin if they recovered, the *perfect* ordered them to allow themselves to die of hunger. Horrible as this may seem, it was but a natural consequence of the whole Catharist system. It is singular, indeed, that suicide should not have become a common occurrence amongst its adherents. It could certainly not be regarded as a crime to destroy that body, which was the work of the spirit of darkness, and only impeded the progress of the soul.

From what has already been said, it is evident that, like many reformers of a later day, the Cathari were no less intolerant than their persecutors. Their church was the only true church, out of which there was no salvation; they were the descendants of the early apostles, the people of God upon earth, for their church alone was composed of none but perfect members. How, indeed, demanded they, could the Catholic church, which counted among its members so many men abandoned to every vice, how could it be the 'glorious church' of which St. Paul speaks, 'having neither spot nor wrinkle, nor any such thing, but being holy

and without blemish?' But their church represented the Christian church in its primitive simplicity. They believed, also, and in this respect they seem to have erred less, that their worship was of the same character with that of the early Christians. The more spiritual the mode of worship, the more they believed it to be in harmony with the instructions of the Saviour. To adore God, no particular place seemed to them necessary, no vain and useless ceremonies need be observed. In those places where they enjoyed the most liberty, however, they had erected edifices for the purposes of worship. In them there were no ornaments. A bench or table, covered with a white cloth, took the place of an altar. On this the New Testament was always open at the first chapter of the Gospel according to John. No bells admonished the faithful of the hour of worship, for they regarded the bells which had so long summoned men to what they deemed an idolatrous worship, as an invention of the devil. The forms of worship were as simple as the buildings in which it was celebrated. The service was performed either by a minister of the sect, or by one of the *perfect*. It commenced by the reading of passages from the New Testament, which were afterwards explained according to the doctrines of the sect; and this was followed by a benediction. Afterwards, the whole assembly joined in the Lord's prayer, the only prayer which they ever used.

The Cathari only recognized two sacraments, the *consolamentum*, and the benediction of bread, or communion. The first of these, which, as we have seen, was of such vast importance, consisted merely in a

minister, or one of the *perfect*, laying his hands on the disciple, who wished to be admitted to a full communion with the church, and invoking the blessing of God upon him. It held the place of the Catholic baptism. It was necessary to prepare by abstinence and prayer for this solemn rite. For three days previous to the ceremony, the candidate was not to partake of any food. When he was thus prepared, he was introduced in silence into the sanctuary, where the worship was performed. There, the minister, holding in his hands the Testament, instructed the neophyte in the tenets of the sect, informing him of the austere life which he would have to lead when once admitted into the true Church, warning him at the same time to beware of the Church of Rome, and to persevere unto death in the new faith, by which alone he could attain to immortal life. The neophyte then demanded and received the benediction in the usual form, and the minister handed him the Testament to kiss, and finally placed it on his head, whilst the other *perfect* who were present advanced and touched him, thus signifying that he was now their brother. The ceremony closed with the usual church service.

As to the other sacrament of the Albigenses, the benediction or breaking of bread, it took place at first at every meal at which one of the *perfect* was present. Before sitting down to the table, one of them took some bread, and breaking it, handed it to those who were present, saying, 'May the grace of our Lord be with you.' But when the persecutions against the sect commenced, this practice was limited to the great religious festivals at Easter and Christmas. This cere-

mony, as may be conjectured from the whole Catharist system, was viewed only as a symbol of the union of the members of the early Christian church. To these reformers, as to many of those of a later day, the bread with which they communed underwent no mysterious change by the words of the minister. They did not interpret literally the words of the Saviour, 'This is my body;' but considered the doctrine of transubstantiation as highly blasphemous. 'The priests,' said they, 'make gods of paste, and afterwards eat them! How can the body of Christ, that spiritual body, which had only been manifested in the world as a real body, be contained in a piece of bread, which, like all things material, is the work of the Demon?'

In spite of the virtues practised by the Cathari, they did not, any more than the early Christians, escape the calumnies of their enemies. The power they ascribed to the spirit of evil, and the mystery with which they assembled to worship, led the ignorant people to believe that they adored the Devil, and to imagine that their nocturnal meetings were consecrated to every species of wickedness. They were accused of holding the most absurd and licentious doctrines. There does not seem to have been any foundation for such accusations, and, indeed, many of the Catholic writers of their day cannot refrain from rendering a homage to their virtues, and even cite their zeal for the propagation of their faith as an example to be followed by all Christians. They were, unquestionably, most ardently attached to their church, and willingly encountered every danger to extend its dominion. They compassed Europe for the purpose of making proselytes.

Sometimes they went about openly preaching their doctrines; at other periods, they would visit, as merchants, the great towns, in which annual fairs were held, in the hope of gaining over many souls from the large concourse of men from every country which assembled at these periods. Nor were their efforts unsuccessful. While their preaching was listened to with delight, their simple and austere life deeply impressed those whom they encountered in their travels; and many were induced to imitate their example, that they might share with them the glories of eternal life.

We have said that Innocent III. was no sooner raised to the pontificate than he determined to arrest the progress of this sect, and, if possible, to erase its name from the memory of man. His first step was to direct a letter to the archbishops and bishops of southern France, in which he said, that, owing to the rapid growth of the heresy, he had determined to send Reinerius and Guido, two men of much learning, as his legates to Languedoc, to endeavor to bring back the erring to the true church. To these two legates he gave full powers. Their first duty would be to excommunicate the heretics, and to confiscate their possessions. If they did not then yield, the legates were to call upon the noblemen of the country to take up arms against them. Reinerius and Guido effected nothing; and in 1203, the Pope appointed two Cistercian monks, Raoul and Pierre de Castelnau, to be his legates. The unlimited authority with which he clothed these emissaries rather retarded than favored his plans; for the clergy, irritated by the arrogant bearing which they assumed, refused to act in concert with

them. Arnauld Amalric, Abbot of Citeaux, was joined with them; but fearing that even this powerful auxiliary would not enable them to carry out his views, Innocent ordered them to preach a crusade against the heretics, and he wrote a letter to Philip Augustus, in which he represented to that monarch, that the time had now come for the spiritual and temporal powers to unite for the defence of the church. He declared it to be Philip's duty, as one of the most powerful princes of Christendom, to use his authority against the heretics, and that if he was unable himself to command an army, he should send his son in his place. Philip was not moved by this language. He was far too prudent to embark in an undertaking, the issue of which seemed then so uncertain.

Meanwhile, Foulques of Marseilles had been appointed bishop of Toulouse. The youth of this prelate had been passed amidst the licentious pleasures of the Troubadours. He was himself a proficient in the gay science, and by his songs had charmed many a fair lady. He abandoned all this and entered a convent, where, in appearance, he renounced the world; but in truth, he was still pursuing self-gratification: he had only changed the object of his passion. 'He had devoted,' says a French writer, 'one half of his life to gallantry, he gave up the other without hesitation to the cause of tyranny, murder, and plunder.' He proved a powerful auxiliary to the legates in their work of persecution. The legates were also joined by twelve Cistercian monks. Thus prepared, they set out, clad in sumptuous attire, and attended by a splendid retinue, to preach the gospel of the Roman Catholic Church

throughout the country. The people murmured. One day, these luxurious apostles chanced to meet Diego d'Azebès, Bishop of Osma, and Dominic, one of his canons, who were just returning from Rome. The Bishop was astonished at such indecent display on the part of Christian missionaries, and seriously remonstrated with them. 'It is not thus,' he said, 'but on foot, that you should march against the heretics.' The Cistercians followed his advice, and he and his companion became their active coadjutors.

Thus the Bishop of Osma, and Dominic, whose name was afterwards to acquire a great celebrity, began to preach against the Albigenses. They went together from place to place, every where entering into theological discussions with the heretics, and endeavoring to convince them of their errors. However easy it might be for the Catholics to overcome the Cathari in argument, they made no progress in converting them, and still less in expelling them from the country. In those places where the heretics were most numerous, when the Catholic inhabitants were asked why they did not drive them out, they replied, 'We cannot; we have grown up with them, and we know the purity, the sanctity, of their lives.' The people heaped insults on the missionaries. They threw dirt at the Bishop and at Dominic, and spat upon them. The bishop was so irritated that he called loudly upon the Lord 'to let His hand fall heavily upon the heretics, as chastisement alone could open their eyes.' Shortly afterwards he returned to Spain. The monks who had come from Citeaux, and who now began to despair of success, went back to their convent, and Pierre de Castelnau

and Dominic were left alone to conduct the work of persecution.

We have already said that Raymond, Count of Toulouse, one of the most powerful noblemen in the south of France, favored the heretics. From an early age he had associated with them, and when he succeeded his father, in 1194, he openly protected them, and always retained a number of the perfect at his court to administer the *consolamentum* to him in case he should be suddenly taken ill. The Pope endeavored to induce him to banish the Cathari from his dominions; and when he steadfastly refused, he was solemnly excommunicated. At the same time, the legate excited the neighboring barons to make war on Raymond, who, fearing an invasion of his territory, now promised submission to the Pope. But this reconciliation with Rome did not last long. Pierre de Castelnau publicly upbraided him for his want of faith in not expelling the heretics, and again excommunicated him. The Count lost his temper, replied angrily, and threatened Pierre with death. This imprudent speech was eagerly caught at by one of the Count's attendants, who pursued the legate, and killed him as he was about to embark in a boat on the Rhone.

The murder of the papal legate was the signal for the crusade which had been so long meditated. The Pope, exasperated at so daring a violation of his pontifical authority, called upon the princes of Christendom to avenge the desecrated majesty of the Church. He immediately ordered the bishops of Provence to preach a crusade against the unhappy Count and his heretic subjects, who were worse than the infidel Saracens. 'And

as,' added he in his circular to the bishops, 'according to the holy Fathers, it is not necessary for one to keep his faith with those who do not keep theirs towards God, or who have separated from the communion of the faithful, we, in virtue of our apostolic authority, release from their allegiance all those who think they owe obedience to the Count, and we permit any Catholic to pursue him, and to occupy and take possession of his dominions.'

The king of France and his barons were also entreated to enter without delay upon this holy war against the excommunicated Count. The abbot Arnauld, and Navarre d'Aix, the new papal legate, went, preaching the crusade throughout the country. To those who should enlist in the sacred cause, Innocent promised the same indulgences as to those who visited the Holy Land. Many were even allowed to change their vow of an expedition against the Saracens for one against the Albigenses. It may readily be conceived how many were glad to avail themselves of so favorable an opportunity of fulfilling a religious duty without making a dangerous voyage across the sea, and thus to expiate a life of guilt and crime. Instead of those distant expeditions, in which so many Christians perished by the arm of the infidel, or by famine and sickness, an enterprise now offered itself, in which, to use the words of the priests who exhorted the barons to take up arms, 'the labor was but small, the distance short, and yet the recompense eternal.' It must not be supposed, however, that all those who enlisted were actuated by such pious motives. Many joined the army from the hope of rich plunder; others, from the north of France,

were actuated by a jealousy toward the south, a jealousy so strong that Innocent did not fail to discover it and to avail himself of it. Thus a large army was formed.

Raymond, to whose wavering and cowardly bearing on this occasion may perhaps be ascribed the success of the crusade, was so alarmed at the approach of this powerful body, that he asked to be reconciled to the Church, and even consented to assume the cross himself. Innocent, acting according to his favorite maxim, that dissimulation is allowable towards heretics, consented to receive the Count once more into the bosom of the Church, rightly thinking that it would be easier for the heretics with their most powerful protector enlisted on his side. He reflected, too, that when the other barons who favored the heresy were reduced, it would be far less difficult to break with Raymond and plunge him in irretrievable ruin.

It was in the Church of St. Gilles, where the remains of Pierre de Castelnau had been interred, that Raymond was admitted to the sacraments of the church. There, in presence of some twenty bishops, he was obliged to take a solemn oath upon the Eucharist and certain holy relics to persecute, by every means in his power, the heretic Albigenses. He was then stripped of his clothes, and a priest having fastened a stole round his neck, led him nine times round the church, scourging him all the while with a whip. After this ceremony, he was admitted to receive absolution.

Influenced by the example of the Count de Toulouse, his nephew, Raymond Roger, Viscount of Béziers, who was well known as one of the partisans of the sect,

offered to make his peace with the Church. The Pope refused this, as he thought he might subdue him by other means. The Viscount, finding that no other course was left him, immediately prepared for war. Leaving a large garrison in the town of Béziers, he himself retired to Carcassonne, where he made every effort to impede the progress of the invading army. Meanwhile the crusaders, clad in their heavy armor, but wearing on their breast the holy sign of the cross, and carrying in their hands the pilgrim staff, to show in what a sacred cause they had engaged, were advancing under the command of Arnauld, the Abbot of Citeaux, through the valley of the Rhone, by Lyons, Valence, Montelimart, and Avignon. At Valence, they were met by the Count de Toulouse, who now completed his disgrace by actually taking up arms against his persecuted countymen, whom he unquestionably favored at heart.

On the twenty-second of July, 1209, the army laid siege to the town of Béziers. Reginald de Montpeyroux, bishop of the city, who joined the crusaders, having been admitted within the walls, assembled the inhabitants in the church of St. Nicaise, and exhorted them to yield before the vengeance of God and the Church should fall upon them. 'Go and tell the legate who sent you,' was their reply, 'that our city is strong and good, that our Lord will not fail to assist us in our present misfortunes, and that, before we would be guilty of the cowardly act which you demand of us, we would eat our own children.' The bishop then returned to the army, full of grief at the ill success of his endeavors to save the unhappy inhabitants from their fate.

When their bold reply was repeated to Arnauld, he solemnly declared that not one stone in the city should remain on another, and not one life should be spared. This promise was but too strictly adhered to. The town was taken, and when the leaders of the army asked of the bloodthirsty abbot what they should do, as they could not distinguish the heretics and the Catholics; 'Kill them all,' was the reply; 'God will know His own!' Thus was perpetrated one of the most horrible massacres recorded in history. Although there exists considerable discrepancy among writers as to the exact number of persons who perished, it is certain that not less than twenty thousand were sacrificed to the blind fury of fanaticism. The town was set on fire and entirely destroyed.

From Béziers the army proceeded to Carcassonne, where they arrived on the first of August, having laid waste the whole intermediate country. The city was attacked amidst the holy chants of the church. Peter of Arragon, who was the liege lord of Béziers and Carcassonne, had come to endeavor to make peace between his vassal and the crusaders. All he was able to obtain, however, was that the Viscount should be allowed to leave the city with twelve of his followers, provided all the other inhabitants were abandoned to the invaders. When Roger heard this proposition, he exclaimed that he had rather be flayed alive than consent to it. 'The legate,' said he, 'shall not lay hand on the least of my followers, for it is I who have brought them into danger.' This noble reply availed him nothing. The city fell into the hands of the merciless enemy; some of the inhabitants succeeded in escaping

through a secret passage, and the others were put to the sword. As for the Viscount, he was arrested in spite of a safe conduct which he had obtained, and was held prisoner in the fortress, where he soon afterwards died, as many supposed, from the effects of poison.

After the taking of Carcassonne, the Abbot of Citeaux assembled the principal noblemen in the army, in order to select one to take charge of the administration of the conquered country, or, as M. Michelet expresses it, in his spirited history of France, 'to keep watch in arms over the bodies of the dead, and over the ashes of ruined cities.' The Duke of Burgundy and the Counts of Nevers and St. Pol generously refused the offer which was made them, saying that they had come to fight against the heretics, and not to deprive the Viscount of Béziers of his dominions. Simon, Count of Montfort, was less scrupulous, and after an affected hesitation, he accepted the office. This man, whose name is connected with the most bloody scenes of the war, had but recently returned from the Holy Land, where he had been distinguished not less for his valor than for his blind submission to the Church, and his rigorous observance of its rites. Without compassion, when his fanaticism was excited, he was yet kind to his followers, and ever considerate of their wants. Many anecdotes are related of the strictness of his morals, and his humanity towards the female prisoners who fell into his hands. These virtues, uncommon as they were in those times, cannot efface the recollection of the misfortunes which he brought upon the flourishing provinces that he was appointed to govern. Unable

even to read, he felt no regard for learning and civilization. He seemed to have but one thought, that of crushing the heresy. The Church could not have found a man better suited to carry out her views, and in her gratitude she called him the champion of the cause of God.

It seemed as if nothing now remained to be done but to convert the remaining heretics. The possessions of the Viscount of Béziers, the most powerful protector of the Cathari since Raymond of Toulouse had abandoned their cause, had been wrested from him, and the crusade appeared to be at an end. But success had inflamed the ambition of Simon de Montfort, and he resolved to continue the war until all the provinces which the heresy had penetrated should be subjected to his sway. His first act, on taking possession of his new dominions, was to order that the tithes should be immediately paid. He also established new taxes in favor of the Church, and carried measures generally with so high a hand, that the barons, who had come to take part in the war, and were already disgusted with the many scenes of cruelty and bad faith they had witnessed, hastened to return to their own dominions. Simon thus found himself almost entirely abandoned. He was not discouraged, however, and even ventured to demand of the Count of Toulouse certain of his subjects who were suspected of heresy, threatening him with an invasion of his territory if he did not comply. So insolent a message roused Raymond from his apathy. He boldly replied that he did not recognize the authority of Simon, and that he would only obey the mandates of the Pope.

Thereupon the legate excommunicated him, and the Count resolved to go to Rome in order to complain to the Pope himself of the manner in which he had been treated. He arrived at Rome at the beginning of the year 1210, and was graciously received by the Holy Father, who refused, however, to permit him to justify himself in his presence, as the Count had demanded, but referred him to a council to be held at St. Gilles in three months from that time. Raymond, disheartened, hastened to leave Rome, 'where,' says a chronicler, 'he was greatly afraid of falling ill,' and returned to Toulouse. At the appointed time, he appeared before the council of St. Gilles, where he was examined by Arnauld and his associate, the canon Theodosius. He declared that all the conditions of his reconciliation with Rome had been faithfully fulfilled. His inquisitors denied this, and reproached him with not having exterminated all the heretics in his dominions. The Count could not restrain his tears, and the sentence of excommunication was solemnly confirmed against him.

Meanwhile, Simon de Montfort had succeeded in levying a new army, and had commenced attacking the castles in the neighborhood of his dominions, which still served as places of refuge for the heretics, who had been compelled to abandon the cities. One of their principal strongholds was the castle of Minerve, in the vicinity of Narbonne, to which Montfort laid siege. It held out for a long time, but was at last obliged to yield to the superior force of the assailants. One of the articles of the capitulation was, that those who would abjure their heretical opinions should be

allowed to leave the fortress unmolested. As some of the crusaders murmured against this stipulation, by which they thought they might be deprived of some of their victims, Arnauld reproved them, saying, 'Be not alarmed; I know these heretics. Not one will recant.' Arnauld judged rightly. A priest, Guy de Vaux Cernay, was entrusted with the task of conversion; but his endeavors were vain. After they had listened for some time to his eloquent exhortations, they replied, 'We do not wish for your faith. We have renounced the Church of Rome. You labor in vain, for neither in life nor in death will we renounce the opinions which we have formed.' Thereupon Count Simon ordered that one hundred and forty of them should be publicly burnt. This horrible death did not damp the ardor of their enthusiasm, and they hastened to throw themselves into the flames. After this, the gates of many other castles were opened to the crusaders by their tenants, who feared a similar fate to that which had befallen the unhappy inhabitants of Minerve. It was now evident that the only course which remained for Raymond was to endeavor to resist by force the invasion with which he was threatened by Simon.

As yet there had been no open hostilities between these two men. The ambitious leader of the crusaders was only waiting, however, for a pretext to attack the Count, and this was easily found. In the spring of 1211, Montfort had taken the castle of Lavaur, one of the strongholds of the heretics. During the siege, Raymond had neglected to furnish the army with provisions. This was considered as a sufficient cause of

complaint against one who had incurred the displeasure of the Church, and hostilities commenced. After two years of alternate success, the Count of Toulouse was reduced, in 1213, to the possession of the city of Toulouse and a few of the neighboring towns. He then called upon the king of Arragon to come to his assistance. Don Pedro generously responded to this appeal, and his first step was to send deputies to Rome to remonstrate with the Pope against the conduct of Simon of Montfort. They represented to the Pope that, not content with occupying all the places inhabited by heretics, the leaders of the crusade had stretched out their greedy hands towards lands whose inhabitants were not even suspected of heresy; that they had obstinately refused to hear the justification of the Count, although the latter was ready to submit to every thing, even to exile, provided his dominions might pass into the hands of his son. The Pope listened with seeming interest to their complaints, and ordered his legates to convene a council, in which it should be decided whether the Count might be admitted to justify himself. As might easily have been foreseen, this favor was denied to the unfortunate Raymond. The king of Arragon was greatly irritated, and solemnly took the excommunicated prince under his protection. On the 12th of September, 1213, he laid siege to the little town of Muret, situated a few miles only from Toulouse. When Montfort heard of this, he hastened with the few troops he could muster to the rescue of the inhabitants. Such was the ardent confidence in the justice of his cause which upheld him in all his perils, that he did not hesitate with his few followers to

attack the large force which Pedro had collected under the walls of Muret. During this battle, which decided the fate of the Albigenses, two French cavaliers had agreed to attack the king himself, and not to assail any less noble opponent. Pedro had doubtless been warned of this plan, for he had exchanged armor with one of his followers. The knights attacked the person who wore the king's armor, but seeing how readily he yielded under their blows, one of them exclaimed, 'It is not the king; he is a better knight!' 'True,' cried Don Pedro, who was standing near; 'it is not he; I am the king!' This bold declaration cost him his life; and the army was so disconcerted by the death of its leader, that Montfort soon succeeded in making himself master of the field.

Flushed with this important victory, he hastened on to Toulouse, which did not even attempt resistance. Raymond, despairing of his cause, and counting no longer either on the Pope or the king of France, retired with his son to England, where he did homage to the English monarch for the county of Toulouse. He was not wrong in renouncing all hope in Philip Augustus; for no sooner did that prince see that there was not any chance of success for the Count, than he allowed his son Louis to lead an army into the South. It was in company with that prince that Simon de Montfort entered Toulouse, and added the city and county to his former possessions.

About this time, November, 1215, the celebrated council of Lateran was opened at Rome. It was one of the most imposing the Church had ever witnessed. It had been assembled for the purpose of legislating

about the heretics, and of settling definitely the quarrel between Count Raymond and the Church. It was in vain that the Count himself went to Rome to plead his cause. His enemies were too powerful for him, and the council pronounced against him. Such was the power of the Church, that not a voice was raised against this iniquitous sentence. Not even the king of France, whose interest it certainly was to protect a vassal, opposed it. On the contrary, he shortly afterwards allowed Simon to do homage for those provinces, 'which had been possessed by Raymond, *formerly* Count of Toulouse.'

The council did not separate without sanctioning a project which, when matured and carried into execution, was to have the most important results for the Romish Church. The Spaniard Dominic, renowned alike for his piety, eloquence, and charity, who, as we have seen, took an active part in the events which occurred during the first years of the persecution of the Cathari, had formed the plan of founding a new religious order. It was while engaged in the conversion of the heretics, that he had been deeply impressed by the influence which the Catharist preachers exercised over the people, and had thought that the best means of counteracting this effect was to imitate their example, and to oppose to the poor and apostolic life of the Cathari, the life no less austere of monks devoted to poverty. He thus conceived the plan of establishing a religious order, whose members should go from place to place, preaching the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Before putting this scheme into execution, he proceeded to Rome to communicate it to the Pope. Innocent at first listened with

distrust, and refused to favor the plan. 'But night, that divine counsellor of men,' says a Catholic writer, 'brought him better thoughts. Whilst he was sleeping profoundly, it seemed to him that he saw the Church of St. John of Lateran, and Dominic leaning against it and supporting on his shoulders its tottering walls. On the morrow, he sent for the holy man, and ordered him to return to France to his companions, to agree with them upon the establishment of the order.' * It was not until 1216, however, after the death of Pope Innocent, that the order of Dominican or preaching Friars was fully organized and sanctioned by papal authority. At the death of Dominic, in 1221, no less than sixty monasteries of this order existed, and the friars had commenced a zealous and successful warfare against the heretics.

The severity of the sentence pronounced against Count Raymond had excited the indignation of his former subjects. He resolved to take advantage of this disposition in his favor, and to attempt to regain those dominions of which he had been so unjustly deprived. He landed at Marseilles with his son, where they were both received with acclamations. Many noblemen, who had formerly opposed them, now hastened to take up arms in their cause, and they proceeded in triumph to Toulouse, their capital, which they succeeded in rescuing from their enemies. Simon de Montfort hastened with his troops to lay siege to this place; but the city was so well defended, that he was compelled

* *Mémoires pour servir au Rétablissement de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs en France*, by the eloquent Dominican preacher, Lacordaire.

to apply to Philip Augustus for aid. The king sent him some troops, but they had scarcely arrived, when, on the 25th of June, 1218, Montfort was killed by a stone thrown from the ramparts. His death was bewailed by his followers as if he had been a martyr; and the consternation produced by it was so great, that his son Amaury was obliged to raise the siege, and to retire to Carcassonne, where his father's remains were solemnly interred. A contemporary poet cites the epitaph placed on his tomb, and eloquently exclaims, 'To him, who can read it aright, this epitaph says that he is a saint and martyr, and that he will rise to eternal life, there to wear a crown and be seated on a throne. And surely it must be so, if, as I have heard, by killing men and shedding blood, ruining souls and consenting to murders, listening to false counsel and lighting horrible fires, destroying the barons and degrading the nobility, depriving men of their lands and encouraging violence, strangling women and innocent children,—if by such means, a man can in this world gain the kingdom of Christ, then the Count must indeed wear a crown, and shine resplendent in Heaven.'*

Neither the death of Montfort, nor that of Raymond, which occurred in 1223, put an end to the war. It was continued by their successors. A new crusade was preached against Raymond VII., who had succeed-

* See '*Histoire en Vers de la Croisade contre les Hérétiques Albigeois*,' published by the late M. Fauriel, in the valuable Collection of Documents relating to the History of France, and which contains one of the most complete accounts of the Crusade.

ed his father, and Louis VIII. of France headed the army. In 1229, both parties, exhausted by the war, and ardently desiring to put an end to it, agreed to sign a treaty of peace at Meaux. On the 12th of April of that year, the Count of Toulouse solemnly swore, in the great church of Notre Dame, in Paris, to observe this treaty, humiliating to him as its stipulations were. By this act, he promised allegiance to the king of France, and thus prepared the way for the final destruction of the independence of the South.

'Thus terminated,' says Mr. Schmidt, 'the war against the Albigenses. It was productive of the most important consequences, as well for Languedoc as for the rest of France. At first, the destruction of the heresy had been not only the pretext, but the real cause, of the war; soon, however, this ceased to be any thing more than a pretext to obtain objects, in which the interests of the Catholic faith were but little concerned. Political and national interests were soon blended with those of the Church, and it was not long before they formed the principal motives for continuing the war, although they were still veiled under the name of religion. This war was one between the citizens and knights of the south and the northern barons, who were allied with a fanatic and ambitious clergy. It was a war of violence against right, and, as a poet expresses it, — "of fraud against honesty." It prepared the way for the extinction of the nationality peculiar to the south of France, and the amalgamation of this generous and illustrious population with the rest of the nation. If this result is one in which we should rejoice, the honor of it does not belong to those who effected it from motives of vengeance or hatred, but to that Divine Providence, which is able to make the evil actions of men work for good. As far as the primitive object of the crusade, the extirpation of heresy, is concerned, it is certain that the crusade did not accomplish it. The heresy continued to reign with as much power in Languedoc after the crusade, as when Innocent III.

first undertook to destroy it by the force of arms. The indignation to which the horrors committed during the war, the ruin of the prosperity of the country, the destruction of its nationality and religious independence, and of the joyous and poetic mode of life in the south, gave rise, lent new strength to the heresy. For the nobility, as well as the other classes of society, attributed the misfortunes which befell their country, not merely to the cruelty of the northern French, but still more to the perfidiousness and fanaticism of the clergy. To the *cours d'amour* had succeeded the tribunals of the Inquisition; the gay science had made way for an ardent theological controversy, the principal argument of which was the stake. Instead of the poets and story-tellers who had travelled through the country, only the gloomy figures of monks could be seen; and in that land where formerly the glorious exploits of past ages had been sung, nothing was heard but sermons urging the population to religious persecution. Many castles were occupied by the foreign conquerors, whilst the former inmates, excommunicated by the Church, lived either in exile or hidden in the thick forest. It is easy to imagine the effect which such a change must have produced on the ardent imagination of the inhabitants of these southern climes. Far from becoming more attached to the Church, they conceived against it an implacable hatred. This feeling bursts forth with energy in the lays of the last Provençal poets, who complain bitterly that all their pleasures have faded away. They no longer sing either love or chivalry. They only write to lament the decline of their native country, and to accuse the French, the clergy, and above all, the Pope. These lays, which breathe only sadness or revenge, were eagerly listened to by a people so easily moved by the power of poetry; they kept up that feeling of enmity which made them regard the French of the north as oppressors, and by fortifying them in their resistance to a Church, which, in order to gain them over to her faith, had had recourse to such barbarous means, confirmed them in their attachment to the Catharist sect.'

Owing to these circumstances, it was not till the middle of the fourteenth century that the heresy entirely

disappeared. The persecutions of the Inquisition were at last successful. The temporal and spiritual power were closely associated in the work of destruction. The archives of the tribunals of the Inquisition established in Languedoc bear witness to the zeal with which this odious persecution was carried on. Abandoned by the powerful barons, which had so long protected them, and weakened in numbers, the Cathari ceased to resist, and gradually renounced their faith. But the spirit which had so long sustained them in opposition was not crushed. Other heretics arose in their place; and when, after several centuries, owing to the progress of civilization, and, above all, to the invention of printing, an irretrievable schism took place in the Church, it was in those cities, in those parts of the country where the Cathari had been the most numerous, that Protestant communities were most firmly established. It is, indeed, a spiritual affinity between the faith of the Cathari and that of Protestants which makes us sympathize with the former, rather than any positive resemblance between their doctrines and those of the modern Reformers. Viewed as a theological or a philosophical system, the Catharist heresy would be entitled to little respect; but the spirit of those who, in adopting it, opposed the power of Rome and endeavored to reform its abuses, must strongly excite our admiration. The system itself is so defective, it gives such erroneous views of man and of his relations to his Creator, it is so strongly imbued with errors derived from paganism, that it could only have been so widely spread as it was in a rude age and among an illiterate people. And it is doubtful whether it would have found

so many believers even in such an age, had it not been for the many circumstances which combined to favor its growth. The contrast which the pure lives of the Cathari offered to those of the Catholic clergy, the comparative simplicity of their worship, and above all, the violent measures to which the Church resorted in in order to extirpate the heresy, could not have failed to gain many over to their cause. Religious liberty, the liberty of the human mind to speculate on the highest subjects offered to its meditation, and to conclude according to the degree of light which has been imparted to it, cannot be destroyed by such means as the Catholic Church adopted against the Cathari. The more it is persecuted, the more powerful it becomes. Those who proclaim its sacred principles before the time marked by Providence for their reception may perish, but from their ashes will arise others, who in their turn will strive for this noble cause, and ultimately triumph. Thus it was with the Cathari. They, like many other of the heretical sects of the Middle Ages, were but the predecessors of more fortunate reformers, who, coming at a more enlightened period of the world's history, were enabled to establish on an imperishable basis the religious freedom of mankind.

## THIERS'S HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE.*

THIS work has not yet been noticed in our pages, as we hoped its publication would be completed, and that we might view it as a whole. But six years have now elapsed since the first volume appeared, and although the tenth volume is now before us, there seems to be but little prospect of its speedy completion. We must therefore content ourselves with what has been done; and, indeed, the field seems sufficiently large. The volumes published carry the story from the Revolution of the 18th of Brumaire to the German campaign of the year 1809. From a view of the manner in which this period has been treated, we may infer the spirit in which the whole work will be conceived and executed.

But before we enter into any account of the book itself, we would give a brief sketch of the life and labors of M. Thiers. Few men have played a more conspicuous and influential part in France during the last twenty-five years, though the system which he so

* *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Par M. THIERS. Paris: 10 vols. 8vo. 1845–1851.

strenuously labored to establish there has been overturned. He has been judged, sometimes with all the partiality with which political partisans are apt to regard their leaders, sometimes with all the severity of bitter and implacable opponents; but no one at all acquainted with the history of the latter years of the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe, can deny that he is endowed with remarkable talents, and that, whether he be regarded as a writer, a statesman, or a debater, he has but few equals in France.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born on the 15th of April, 1797, at Marseilles, of an humble but respectable family, which, during the Revolution, had been deprived of the small fortune they had amassed in trade. He was fortunate enough to obtain a fellowship in the college of his native town, and was thus enabled to acquire an education, which, had he depended on the resources of his family alone, he probably could not have attained. It was not long before he justified the favor which the government had shown him, by placing himself at the head of the different classes through which he passed. Napoleon had hoped, by founding these fellowships in the different colleges in his empire, to be able to educate young men, who, at a future period, might become the defenders of the despotic though glorious system he was so anxious to establish permanently in France. But even before Thiers had finished his college studies, the empire had vanished, and Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne of his ancestors. Finding that he could no longer look to government for any assistance, Thiers immediately left college.

Obliged to choose a profession as a means of obtaining a livelihood, after considerable hesitation, he entered his name at the Law School of Aix. It was there that he formed an intimacy with M. Mignet, the distinguished secretary of the Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences, which has since ripened into a friendship, which neither the multifarious occupations of active political life, nor literary emulation, have ever for a moment impaired.

While at Aix, Thiers devoted himself with zeal to the study of his profession, but without neglecting mathematical and metaphysical pursuits, for which he seems to have acquired a fondness at college. An opportunity of availing himself of these studies was soon afforded. The city of Aix, desirous, like most of the provincial cities of France, of imitating Paris in literary matters as well as in every thing else, had an academy which annually proposed prize questions. In 1818, the subject given out was a sketch of Vauvenargues, an eminent writer on moral philosophy, who was born at Aix. Thiers resolved to try his fortune, and his paper was read by the Academy, and received general approbation. Unfortunately for the author, his name was discovered before the prize was awarded; and the judges, who disliked him on account of his liberal principles, resolved not to grant any prize, but to give out the same question for the following year. Thiers was not thus to be defeated. With the facility which has always distinguished him, he immediately wrote another paper, treating the subject in an entirely different manner; and in order to make sure of the victory, he sent his manuscript to a friend in Paris,

who forwarded it to the Academy through the post-office. The result of this little stratagem was what might have been expected. The provincial Academy was so flattered by the honor conferred on it by the metropolis, that it unhesitatingly awarded the first prize to this essay, at the same time granting the second to Thiers's paper of the preceding year. Their surprise and mortification, on finding that both papers were by the same hand, may readily be imagined. This success gave Thiers considerable reputation; but he soon found that a provincial town was too small a sphere of action for him. The practice of the law, with all its drudgery, was ill calculated to satisfy his ambition. He resolved to go to Paris; and in the summer of 1821, he and his friend Mignet left Aix and directed their course towards the capital.

The moment for visiting Paris could not have been better chosen. Six years only had elapsed since the Restoration of the Bourbons, and already, by the faults which they had committed, they had alienated the people from them. The opposition party was daily gaining ground, and was threatening the government with ruin. Manuel, the ardent leader of this party, was devoting himself in the Chamber to the defence of liberal principles. Beranger, perhaps the greatest, and certainly the most popular of the French poets of the age, was arousing the nation from its apathy by those patriotic songs which recalled so vividly the glories of the Empire, and inspired feelings of hatred and revenge against a government which owed its existence rather to foreign bayonets than to the will of the people. Lafitte, whose name is so closely connected with

the government established in 1830, had already begun to collect around him the discontented of all parties. The two newspapers which then represented the liberal party were the *Courrier Français* and the *Constitutionnel.* Mignet soon became the principal contributor to the former, and Thiers, through the agency of Manuel, was intrusted with the political control of the *Constitutionnel.* He soon attracted public attention by the able and spirited articles which he wrote for that paper, and by the eloquent manner in which he defended, in the political *salons* of the day, the principles of his party. He did not, however, confine himself exclusively to politics. Like most young men who have not yet entered on the regular occupations and duties of life, he seemed as yet undecided in respect to the choice of a profession for life. In 1822, we find, in the same paper in which he wrote his essays on the leading political questions of the times, a series of articles on art, for which he has ever entertained, even amidst the cares of office and the harassing duties of public life, a fond love and a discriminating taste. In 1823, he published an account of a journey which he took in the south of France; and although the principal object of this work was to give a sketch of the political condition of that part of the country, it contains many passages in which the beauties of nature are delineated in the most striking colors.

While engaged in the turbulent political discussions of the day, Thiers had necessarily frequent occasion to refer to the speeches and writings of the leading men of the Revolution of 1789. He identified himself with them, and imbibed their spirit. He believed, that,

in the present degraded position of France, all her hopes must rest on those who should undertake to carry out the principles proclaimed during that memorable crisis. One of the principal objects of the despotic government of Napoleon had seemed to be, to blot out from the memory of the nation the recollection of the source whence it sprang; and to a government like that of the Restoration, a revolution which had abolished the feudal rights of the aristocracy, and had proclaimed the equality of all Frenchmen, seemed the incarnation of all that was monstrous. Thiers endeavored to create an interest in the men who had endeavored to regenerate France by violent and revolutionary means; and for this purpose, he gave his countrymen a history of the generation from which they were descended. He succeeded but too well. His history of the Revolution soon made the author's name known throughout France. In a short time, it was in the hands of every intelligent Frenchman, and contributed not a little to discredit the administration of the Bourbons, and to prepare the public mind for the Revolution of 1830. In perusing this work, the reader should always bear in mind the object which the author had in view in writing it. It should be regarded rather as a political manifesto than as a history. Although portions of it give evidence of the author's powers as an historical writer, and some of the descriptive passages are very successfully executed, the reader easily perceives the work to be that of a politician, who is writing a defence of the Revolution and its principles. It is evident that the author's intention is, not so much to describe the different phases of that revolution, as to

arouse his countrymen, and to induce them to found a government which should be based on the principles of liberty and equality proclaimed in 1792. A work of this sort is not written for posterity, and it is not detracting from the author's merits to say, that it will probably be but little read at a future period. The work of Mignet, on the same subject, though it is also marked by too much partiality, will probably have more lasting value.

But whatever may now be thought of the history of the Revolution as an historical composition, its success at the time of its publication was unbounded. It at once placed Thiers at the head of the opposition, or rather of the revolutionary fraction of that party; which was at that time divided into two distinct classes. The one of which Thiers became the leader looked forward with impatience to the moment of the downfall of the reigning dynasty, as the only hope of France; the other, which received the name of the *Doctrinaires*, and which counted in its ranks such men as Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, and Rémusat, believed that a durable constitutional monarchy might be founded with the Bourbons. Both these fractions were, however, opposed to the course pursued by government; they differed only as to the manner of their opposition. Such was the state of feeling in the liberal party when, in August, 1829, M. de Polignac was called to the ministry, and it became evident at once that the administration was determined to resist to the utmost the just claims of the nation. It was then that Thiers, Mignet, and Armand Carrel decided to establish a paper called the *National*, which should protest against the reaction-

ary conduct of the ministry, and defend to the last the constitutional charter.

In this journal, Thiers treated with remarkable ability the principal constitutional questions of the day. The true theory of a limited monarchy, the form of government to which he has always been attached, and his confidence in which was not shaken even by the events of 1848, is admirably developed in the articles published by him at that time. As a specimen of his views on this subject, we translate the following extracts from an article entitled '*The King reigns, but does not govern.*'

'We have again become involved in a discussion with the ministerial journalists concerning the form of our monarchy and the limits of the royal and parliamentary power. They make an admission of which we hasten to take notice, — namely, that in England, the ministry is always chosen from the majority in Parliament, and receives its power from parliament alone; that, in fact, parliament chooses the ministers. They add, that it is because parliament has the initiative in law-making in England, and because this initiative and the choice of ministers are two rights that necessarily go together, that the English monarchy is not the same as the French; and thus they avoid the consequences of their admission. It remains then for us to show, that with regard to royal and parliamentary rights, there is no difference between the two countries. This is what we most sincerely believe. We think that there is but one possible form of representative monarchy, and that the differences between England and France consist merely in the social condition of the two countries, that of the one being still feudal and aristocratic, that of the other revolutionized. In both, the rights of king and parliament are absolutely the same, because they cannot vary; because representative monarchy, whether established in Spain, Italy, Germany, or Russia, would be in all these countries the same. It is a system of which all the different parts are necessary, and cannot vary.

'The king does not administer, does not govern, but reigns. Ministers administer and govern, nor can they be compelled to retain a single subaltern against their will; whereas the king may often have a minister against his will, because, we repeat it, he does not administer, he does not govern, he reigns. To reign is a noble privilege, — one which it is difficult to make some princes understand, but which the sovereigns of England understand perfectly. An English king is the first gentleman in his kingdom. He hunts, has a taste for horses, is fond of travelling, and visits the continent, so long as he is Prince of Wales. He is even a philosopher, when it is the fashion for the nobility to be philosophers. He has English pride and English ambition developed to the highest degree. He wishes the triumph of the English flag. His heart is the happiest in England after Aboukir and Trafalgar. In a word, he is the highest expression of the English character. The English nation respect and love in him their truest representative. They enrich him, and wish that he should live in a style becoming his position and the wealth of the nation. The king has the feelings of a gentleman; he has his preferences, his antipathies. He has the veto power; he may dissolve a parliament, or refuse a bill, when things seem to be too much opposed to his views. But he does not govern; he lets the country govern itself. He rarely follows his inclinations in the choice of his ministers; he takes Fox, whom he does not like, and Pitt, whom he does; he takes Canning, whom he does not dismiss, and who dies in office. Chatham, having left the ministry, was still, in the opinion of the Commons, the man necessary for the times. The king sends Mr. Fox to ask him to take office. "Go and tell the king," replies he, "that when he shall send me a messenger more worthy of himself and of me, I will answer so honorable a message." This more worthy messenger is sent, and Chatham becomes the founder of a dynasty of ministers disagreeable to the king and rulers of the kingdom for more than half a century. To reign, then, is not to govern; it is to be the truest, the highest, and the most respected representative of the country. The king is the country under the form of a man.'

Meanwhile, government was pursuing its arbitrary course, and at last crowned all its follies by the ordinances of July, 1830, which cost the Bourbons their throne. Thiers took an active part in the events which ended by placing Louis Philippe on the throne, and the young politician was at once admitted into the councils of government. The first office he held was that of Councillor of State in the financial department. Shortly after he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies by his native city. In 1832, at the death of Casimir Perier, he became Minister of the Interior. It was during his ministry that the Duchess of Berry undertook her celebrated expedition in La Vendée. Much and well-merited blame has attached to M. Thiers for his conduct at that time. The arrest of the Duchess was undoubtedly an event which all the friends of the new government considered as most fortunate; for with the failure of her undertaking, the hopes of the Legitimist party were crushed until the unexpected events of 1848 revived them; yet it is more than questionable whether the means resorted to by the minister, in order to accomplish so desirable an object, were such as can be justified. Government being extremely anxious to discover the place of concealment of the Duchess, M. Thiers one day received an anonymous note, requesting an interview in a deserted alley of the Champs Élysées, as the writer had important secrets to reveal to him. After some hesitation, M. Thiers went to the rendezvous, and there found a man of the name of Deutz, who offered, on condition of being well rewarded, to assist the government in arresting the Princess. This man had been in

the service of the Legitimists, and possessed all their secrets. M. Thiers accepted his offer; and a few days afterwards, Deutz, accompanied by a police officer, left Paris for Nantes, where the Duchess then was. He there sought an interview with her, during which he again assured her of his devotion to her cause. Hardly had he left the house, however, when it was surrounded by soldiers; the unfortunate Duchess was arrested, and Deutz was rewarded for his base treachery. It would be transgressing our limits to enter into a discussion of the question, how far a government is justified in taking advantage of the crimes of a subject in order to benefit the state; still we cannot but think, that the government which has recourse to such means must always lose something of its dignity, and lower itself in the estimation of the nation.

We cannot follow M. Thiers through all the varied phases of his political life; it would be to write a history of Louis Philippe's reign. Up to the close of 1840, M. Thiers was several times minister, and rendered eminent services to his country. The last cabinet of which he was a member was that of the 1st of March, 1840, during which France was nearly involved in a European war on the Oriental question, one of the most interesting diplomatic problems that had arisen for many years. This is not the place to examine the political course pursued by M. Thiers at that time. We would only say that whatever may be thought of its prudence, it was a patriotic one. The king at first favored it, thinking thereby to acquire popularity; but finding that it would necessarily lead to a war with the great powers of Europe, he abandoned his minister at

the eve of the opening of the Chambers, and called to his councils M. Guizot. M. Thiers at once passed to the ranks of the opposition, in which he continued until the downfall of the king, though occasionally defending government measures, such as the regency bill, and the bill for fortifying Paris, when he considered them as important to the maintenance of the throne he had assisted in establishing.

It was a fortunate thing for the reputation of Thiers as an historian, that he should have been obliged to leave the ministry; for he thus acquired leisure to devote himself to the composition of the great work of which we are now to speak. The first volume of the history of the Consulate and the Empire was published in 1815; and the author has found time to publish nine other volumes, in spite of the active part he has taken in the debates of the legislative bodies of which he has been a member. This prodigious activity of mind, and the facility with which he passes from one subject to another, are among his most remarkable qualities. At one time, he may be found defending at the tribune the political doctrines of his party; at another maintaining, as in his work on property, the fundamental principles on which society rests. Yet he finds time to collect the materials for his great work, and to continue its composition, not only examining attentively the documents contained in the archives, and innumerable private memoirs, and questioning such of the actors in the memorable scenes which he describes as still survive, but visiting the great battle-fields, Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, etc., of which he has given such admirable and glowing descriptions. From his position,

both as an eminent politician and a distinguished author, he has, of course, had great facilities for the preparation of his work. Unpublished memoirs, family papers, public documents, all have been alike accessible to him. There are but few published works of high authority on the period which he has treated. Except the Memoirs of Napoleon himself, which of course throw much light on his administration and his campaigns, and those of General Jomini, the Dukes of Gaëto, Rovigo, and Albufera, and the interesting work of Thibaudeau on the Consulate, there has been but little published which could be of much use to any one writing such a work as that of Thiers. But the manuscript memoirs of Jourdan, Macdonald, Davoust, Cambacérès, etc., have been of inestimable value to him.

There is, perhaps, another source, more available than any of those mentioned; we mean the correspondence of Napoleon with his generals and ministers, or diplomatic agents. Five or six marshals usually commanded an army under his orders, and of course were constantly writing to him to inform him of their movements, to announce an encounter with the enemy, or to give an account of the condition and disposition of the troops under their command. Napoleon, in his answers, expressed his wishes and plans, his opinions, his approbation or disapprobation of what had been done. The same sort of relations existed between the Emperor and the other branches of the administration. Napoleon, indeed, was so much in the habit of giving his instructions in writing, that it was only when in presence of the enemy, and when there was danger of any written communication being intercepted, that he

gave them verbally. Even when in Paris, he communicated almost entirely in writing with his ministers. He dictated, with astonishing rapidity, sometimes a hundred letters a day, on the most varied topics. As an instance of this, when at Osterode, in Poland, in 1807, he wrote on the same day to the Minister of Police at Paris, concerning those persons whom he was to watch with special care; to Cambacérès, about the affairs of the Council of State; to Joseph, King of Naples, and to Louis, King of Holland, on the art of governing new subjects; to Madame Campan, on female education; Murat, on the organization of the cavalry; and to M. Berthollet, for whom he had much regard, for the purpose of sending him fifteen thousand francs to enable him to settle his private affairs. There exist in Paris no less than forty thousand letters or orders signed by him. All these documents were kept among his private papers. In 1814, the Bourbons, not knowing what to do with this mass of papers, had them transported to the Louvre, where they still remain. It may readily be imagined what interest they must possess for the historian of that period, and what additional value they must lend to his writings.

Yet, in the hands of an ordinary writer, even such materials would be of little value. Without a master-mind to select and arrange them, to distinguish what is important from the unimportant, to ascertain when credit is to be given to them, or when they are to be rejected as untrustworthy, they would form but an undigested and confused mass devoid of interest. In order to be made generally useful, they could not have fallen into better hands than those of Thiers. He has

become penetrated with the spirit of all these documents, rather than with their details; he never says more than he ought on any subject, and the abundance of his materials never tempts him to overstep the limits of history. The work, indeed, is composed with all the severity which the importance and grandeur of the subject demand. The manner in which the different parts are arranged is admirable. Each book bears the title of the principal event or subject of which it treats, and around it are grouped with infinite art the minor events or circumstances which have a natural bearing on it. This arrangement is so simple, that, at first, the reader is not aware how much it contributes to the pleasure which the book affords and to the ease with which he reads it. Nothing is easier than to make a general division of a subject according to this method; the great art consists in selecting, among the minor details, those which belong more especially to a certain part of the subject. The art of thus presenting the events which he relates in their most logical order and connection is one of the great merits of this work, and shows at once that the historian has taken a part in the active life of a statesman. It is only by this means that one is enabled to take a comprehensive view of a historical subject, and to see at a glance the relations which exist between its different parts. Any one can be methodical by simply following the external order of events; to be clear and logical, it is necessary that they should be presented in their more philosophical and less apparent connection.

The history of the Consulate and Empire begins at the point where that of the Revolution ended; the

*coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire. The author's only allusion to himself is at the beginning of the work, in the following simple words.

'Fifteen years have elapsed since I traced the annals of our first Revolution. Those fifteen years have been passed amidst the storms of public life. I have seen the fall of an ancient throne, the erection of a new one. I have seen the French Revolution pursuing its invincible course. Although the scenes which I have witnessed have caused me but little surprise, I have not the vanity to suppose that I had nothing to learn from the experience of men and affairs. I am confident, on the contrary, of having learnt much, and of being, consequently, more fit to understand and to relate the great things which our fathers did during those heroic times. But I am certain that experience has not chilled within me the generous sentiments of my youth; I am certain that I love as much as I ever did the liberty and glory of France.'

It is, of course, not our intention to give an analysis of this work. To do so would be but to present the outline of a history with which every one is familiar. We may better meet our readers' views by considering one or more of the topics of which he treats. To us, the most attractive portions of this work are those in which questions of internal policy and of diplomacy are treated. The narratives of those great campaigns in which France acquired everlasting renown are admirably written; they present the details of the subject with a clearness and force which could hardly be expected from any but a military man; they not unfrequently are highly eloquent. But however captivating they may be, it is not in them that we seek for the true interest of history. We turn to those portions of the work in which the author explains the internal organi-

zation of France, the complicated negotiations which ended in the signing of the Concordat, or the dissensions in the Council previous to the promulgation of the Code Napoleon. In these, the true greatness of Napoleon is revealed. Glorious as was his military career, we believe that he showed more real greatness and power as a legislator and administrator of France, than as the hero of Marengo or Austerlitz. It is often said in disparagement of Napoleon, that he founded nothing. Even M. de Lamartine, in his recent history of the Restoration — if a political pamphlet, written to defeat the ambitious schemes of the President of France, may be called a history — repeats this old and absurd calumny. Of his conquests, nothing, it is true, remains. Like a mighty river, which, after it has overflowed and devastated large tracts of country, is obliged, by that invisible power which said to the waters, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,' to return to its ancient bed, so France, after having overrun the greater part of the European continent, was compelled, by that same power, to confine itself within its former limits. But if nothing is left of the territorial conquests of Napoleon, the internal administration of France, the Code, the many establishments founded by him for scientific or literary purposes, the magnificent buildings which he caused to be erected, still remain as monuments of his genius. As a military man, he probably has had equals. Hannibal, Cæsar, or Frederic may compete with him; but as a man, combining military talents of the highest order with the wisdom of a statesman, a legislator, and a sovereign, he stands alone in the history of the world.

It required, indeed, a genius like that of Napoleon, to reorganize France after the convulsions through which she had passed. When he was appointed First Consul, every thing was in confusion; the country was impoverished, the administration weak and divided, the judiciary badly organized. The first thing to be done, then, was to remedy these evils. Accordingly, as soon as the legislative bodies established by the new constitution had commenced their labors, he proposed to them two bills of the greatest importance,—the one relating to the administration of the country, the other for the reorganization of the judiciary. These bills were passed by a large majority, and thus was established a system which has resisted all the storms by which France has since been agitated. In establishing the new system, Napoleon's object was to form a strong central government, on which the departmental administrations should be almost wholly dependent. The constitution had placed at the head of the state an executive, formed of three consuls, in one of whom all the power was in reality vested; by the side of this executive was the legislative power, divided into several deliberative assemblies. So, at the head of each department, Napoleon placed an executive officer appointed by the government, called a *prefect*, whose duty it was to execute the orders of the general government, and, at the same time, to administer the affairs of the department with the advice and consent of a council elected by the people. Each department was divided into *arrondissements* and *communes*. At the head of each *arrondissement*, composed of a certain number of *communes*, was placed a *sub-prefect*.

Finally, at the head of the *commune* itself was a *maire*, dependent, like the sub-prefect, on the prefect, and consequently on the head of the state in all government affairs, but the agent of the *commune* itself, and acting for it, with the advice of the municipal council, in all matters that related exclusively to it. 'Such,' says M. Thiers, 'is the admirable hierarchy to which France owes an administration incomparable for energy and precision in its action, for the accuracy of its accounts, and which is so excellent that it sufficed, in six months, to reëstablish order in France.'

It cannot be denied, that, for the object which Napoleon had in view, — that of establishing a strong government, — nothing could have been more wisely planned than this system. That it should have taken so firm root in the country as to form, at the present day, one of the most serious obstacles to the establishment of a republic which may truly deserve the name it bears, seems to be a strong proof of that admirable knowledge, or rather intuition, which Napoleon possessed of the wants of the French nation. Yet the pernicious consequences of such a system are too numerous to be overlooked. The whole nation is kept in a state of constant dependence on government. The Minister of the Interior and the Council of State, in fact, decided on all the internal affairs of the various departments throughout France. A mine cannot be explored, a marsh drained, a road laid out, or a factory built, without the authority of the minister and council. The people came at last to look to government for protection and assistance on every occasion; and in order to enable the government to grant such assistance and

protection, it is necessary that it should wield a power nearly akin to despotism. For Napoleon's object, this was desirable; but now that France is seeking to establish a republic, this system is found to clash with its desire and to prevent its fulfilment. The system is, indeed, fit only for a monarchical form of government. It commences with the head of the administration, to be called consul, emperor, or king, — it matters little. He is the type to be reproduced through all the different stages of the administrative scale; in the prefect, the sub-prefect, and the mayor. The republican system is entirely different. Instead of commencing with the head of the government, and descending to the inferior executive officers, the republican hierarchy — if we take our own republic as the model — may be said to commence at the bottom of the scale, with the town governments; thence it rises to the state governments, and finally ascends to the chief magistrate. Before a republican government can be firmly established in France, she will have to modify her whole administrative system. These remarks must not be understood as detracting from the merit of Napoleon in organizing the administration as he did; for, as we have already said, nothing could be better conceived for the object which he desired to accomplish.

The reorganization of the judicial system proposed by Napoleon, and adopted by the legislature, is not open to any of the objections we have suggested against the administrative system. In each *arrondissement* was established a court called *Tribunal de première Instance*, from which there was an appeal to a superior tribunal, called the *Tribunal d'Appel*, of which twenty-

nine were established. Criminal causes were to be tried by juries, and by one of the judges of the *Cour d'Appel*, thus forming what was called a *Cour d'Assises*. At the summit of the whole judicial system was to be maintained the *Cour de Cassation*, which had already been established. The object of this tribunal was not to try again a cause already tried by the *Tribunal de première Instance*, or the *Cour d'Appel*, but merely to decide, in doubtful cases, whether the law had been properly applied. This system has been maintained in France, with slight modifications, ever since its adoption in 1800, and has been found admirably adapted to the wants of the nation. Several other important laws were at the same time proposed, in order to improve the financial condition of the country; and, among other measures taken to secure this end, we may mention the establishment of the Bank of France, with a capital of thirty millions.

But we must refer the reader to the work itself, if he would have a complete idea of all the measures adopted at that time, for the purpose of restoring order in a country so thoroughly disorganized as was France after the storms of her Revolution. It is almost impossible to analyze his clear, and at the same time condensed, account of that wonderful period. Napoleon was wise in devoting his first thoughts to the reorganization of the country; for hardly had the essential measures which he proposed been adopted, hardly had he put an end to the civil commotions which were still raging in Vendée, when war once more broke out. We shall not attempt to follow M. Thiers in his descriptions of the battles of Ulm, Genoa, Marengo, Heli-

copolis, and Hohenlinden, or in his acount of the peace of Luneville, the armed neutrality of the maritime powers, or the negotiations which led to the peace of Amiens, and finally to the general peace of 1801. We cannot, however, resist the pleasure of translating the eloquent passage by which the historian closes the account of the effect produced in England by the news of the peace.

'During this period, unfortunately so brief, the English nation almost thought they loved France; they admired the hero and statesman by whom she was governed; they cried with enthusiasm, "Long live Bonaparte." Such is human joy! it is great and deep only when we are ignorant of the future. Let us thank God for his wisdom in closing to the eye of man the book of destiny. How every heart would have been chilled on that day, if the veil which concealed the future had suddenly dropped, and the English and French had seen before them fifteen years of implacable hatred and bitter war, the continent and the seas red with the blood of both nations! How terrified would France have been, if, while she believed herself so great, she had dimly seen in that formidable book of destiny the treaties of 1815! And that hero, victorious and moderate as he was, what would have been his surprise and terror, if, in the midst of his greatest works, he could have foreseen his immense errors; if, in the midst of unmingled prosperity, he could have anticipated his downfall and his martyrdom! Oh yes! Providence has done well, in his impenetrable wisdom, to disclose only the present to man. The present is enough for his weakness. And we, who know all that then happened, and what has since happened, let us try, for a moment, to revive the ignorance of that period, in order to understand and to share its deep emotions.'

Having thus made peace with all the temporal powers of Europe, Napoleon turned his attention to the affairs of the Church, and commenced those negotia-

tions which ended by the signing of the *Concordat*, and the reëstablishment in France of the Catholic Church.

'The views of the First Consul on the constitution of society,' says our author, in one of the finest passages of his book, 'were too just and too profound for him to regard with indifference the religious disorders of France at that period. Every human society needs a religious faith and a public worship. Man, thrown into the midst of this universe, without knowing whence he comes or whither he is going, why he suffers, or even why he exists, what recompense or what punishment is reserved for the long agitations of his life, beset by the contradictions of his fellow-men, who tell him, some, that there is a God, an intelligent and consistent Being, author of all things, others, that there is none; some, that there exist a right and a wrong, which are to serve as the rule of his conduct; others, that there is neither right nor wrong, that they are merely inventions of this world, — man, in the midst of these contradictions, feels the absolute, the irresistible, necessity of forming a firm belief on all these points. Be it true or false, sublime or ridiculous, he forms one. Every where, at all times, in all countries, in antiquity as in modern times, in civilized as in barbarous countries, man is found bowing before some altar. Where an established faith does not reign, a thousand sects, eager for controversy, as in America, — a thousand disgraceful superstitions, as in China, — agitate or degrade the human mind. Or if, as in France in '93, a passing revolution destroys the ancient religion of the country, man, at the very moment when he has taken a vow no longer to have any belief, soon gives himself the lie, and the insensate worship of the Goddess of Reason, established by the very side of the scaffold, proves that this vow was as vain as it was impious. To judge him, then, by his ordinary conduct, man needs a religious belief. What can be more desirable for a civilized society than a national religion founded on the true sentiments of the human heart; according with the precepts of a pure morality; consecrated by time; and which, without intolerance or persecution, may unite, if not all, at least the majority, of the citizens at the foot of an ancient and respected altar?

Such a belief cannot be invented, where it has not existed for ages. Philosophers, even the most sublime, may create a philosophy, and agitate, by their learning, the age to which they do honor; they may make you think, they cannot make you believe. A warrior, covered with glory, may found an empire; he cannot found a religion. That, in former ages, philosophers or heroes, by attributing to themselves relations with heaven, have taken possession of the mind of nations, and imposed a belief upon them, may be true. But in modern times, the creator of a new religion would be held as an impostor. Surrounded by terror, like Robespierre, or by glory, like Bonaparte, he would be an object of ridicule. In 1800, there was nothing to invent.

'What could be more necessary than to raise again that altar of St. Louis, of Charlemagne, and of Clovis, for a moment overthrown? General Bonaparte, who would have been ridiculous if he had attempted to appear as a prophet and the teacher of a new revelation, was fulfilling the part which Providence assigned him, by raising with his victorious hands that venerable altar, and by bringing back to it those who for a short time had strayed away. Only such glory as his could have sufficed for such a work. Great geniuses, not only among philosophers, but among kings, like Voltaire and Frederic, had thrown contempt on the Catholic religion, and for fifty years given the signal for scoffing. General Bonaparte, who had as much mind as Voltaire, and more glory than Frederic, could alone, by his example and by his respect, put an end to the mockery of the last century.

'Is it necessary with such motives as those which guided him, to inquire whether he acted from religious faith, or from policy and ambition? He acted from wisdom; that is to say, in virtue of a profound knowledge of human nature. That suffices. The rest is a mystery which curiosity, always natural with regard to a great man, may seek to penetrate, but which is of little importance. We may, however, say on this subject, that General Bonaparte's moral constitution inclined him towards religious thoughts. A superior mind is struck, in proportion with its superiority, with the beauties of creation. It is intelligence which discovers intelligence in the universe; and a great mind is more capable than a little one of seeing God through his works. Gen-

eral Bonaparte frequently disputed on religious and philosophical subjects with Monge, Lagrange, and Laplace, men whom he honored and loved, and often staggered them in their incredulity by the clearness and original vigor of his arguments. To this, we must add, that brought up in an uncultivated and religious country, under the eye of a pious mother, the sight of the old Catholic altar awakened in him recollections of youth, always so powerful in a lively and great imagination. As for ambition, which some of his detractors have assigned as the sole motive of his conduct on this occasion, he at that time had none other than to do good; and without doubt, if he saw, as a recompense of this good when accomplished, an increase of power, he may well be pardoned for it. The ambition which seeks to found an empire on the satisfaction of the true wants of a people, is the most noble and legitimate ambition.'

Of all the plans which the First Consul had formed for the regeneration of France, none was more difficult to realize than this reconciliation with the church. At the time of the adoption of the new constitution, the utmost confusion reigned throughout the country with regard to religion. The Catholic religion was, it is true, tolerated; but the members of the clergy were divided among themselves. Some of them had taken an oath of allegiance to the civil constitution; others had merely sworn obedience to the laws; others, again, had refused all connection with the government. The two former classes alone were allowed to perform mass in the churches; the latter officiated in private houses, and were, by all those who kept up their ancient opposition to all revolutionary governments, regarded as the only true ministers of the Catholic church. To complete the disorder caused by these divisions in the church itself, the sect of the Theophilanthropists had taken possession of the vacant churches,

where they performed ceremonies in honor of the various virtues, — courage, temperance, charity, etc. The frequent imitations of Catholicism to be found in the ritual of that sect, whilst it was striving to establish a new religion, would be simply ridiculous, were it not that the subject is one of such serious importance. Such was the religious state of the country in 1800. Napoleon resolved to deliver it from this condition. That he should have succeeded in the attempt, in spite of the opposition with which his views on the subject were met by the leading men who surrounded him, and who feared that, by making any compromise with Rome, the government would lose something of its dignity, must be considered as one of his greatest achievements. There was, indeed, no absurd proposition that he was not obliged to listen to and to combat. Some proposed that he should make himself the head of a French church; others advised him to embrace the Protestant faith, and to lead France to Protestantism by his example; others, again, entreated him not to meddle with the religious affairs of the country. Nothing can be more interesting than the discussions of Napoleon, as they are given by Thiers, with those who thus sought to turn him from his purpose. Napoleon was, indeed, the only man in the French government who really wished for the reëstablishment of Catholicism in France. This was well understood at Rome. 'Let us not irritate that man,' said Cardinal Caprara to the Pope; 'he alone is on our side in a country where every one else is against us.'

But it was not only in France that the First Consul encountered opposition to the realization of his wishes.

The plan which he proposed for the reconciliation of France with the Church of Rome was much discussed at Rome itself; and it was not until after long and arduous negotiations, that Napoleon succeeded in having it adopted. He undertook to bring about this reconciliation without sacrificing any of the principles of the Revolution. The clergy was to be reëstablished, not on the same terms on which it had existed prior to '89, but on an entirely new basis. It was to be exclusively devoted to the exercise of its religious functions; it was to have neither political power, nor large domains; its members were to be appointed by the government and confirmed by the Pope; they were to receive their salary from the state. The number of dioceses was to be reduced; the civil authorities were to have the control of public worship; the jurisdiction over the clergy was to belong to the Council of State. Such were the principal measures proposed by Napoleon. The one which he found it most difficult to prevail upon the Pope to adopt, was that relating to the dioceses. By reducing their number, many of the former occupants of the episcopal sees would be obliged to resign their functions, or to be dismissed by the Pope, — a thing unheard of in the annals of the church. Napoleon, by his indomitable will, gained his point. He had, too, it must be confessed, a great advantage over the court of Rome. Being, as we have said, the only member of the government who favored the reconciliation with the church, he knew that Rome ought to yield to his desires. Nor was this feeling concealed from those with whom he negotiated. One day, during the protracted discussion to which the subject gave rise, grow-

ing impatient at some of the demands of the papal legate, 'Come, Cardinal Caprara,' said he, 'do you still possess the power of performing miracles? do you? If so, make use of it; you will render me a great service. If not, leave matters to me; and since I am reduced to human means, permit me to act as I see fit to save the church.'

The Concordat was signed on the 15th of July, 1801, but was not finally adopted and ratified until the following spring. On the 18th of April, 1802, the Concordat was solemnly published in Paris, and the first religious ceremony was performed in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame. This great act, — perhaps the greatest which the church of Rome ever adopted, — was thus definitely concluded. To complete the pacification of France, this important measure was followed by the law recalling the banished emigrants. The next subject to which the First Consul turned his attention was public education. A law on this subject was drawn up, and presented to the Council of State, who soon after adopted it. This law, with some modifications, forms the basis of the whole educational system of France as it still exists.

This step closed the long series of measures taken by Napoleon to reorganize France. To recompense him for the services he had rendered the country, the nation resolved to give him a signal mark of its confidence, by appointing him Consul for life, with the power to name his successor. The senate waited on him in a body, to announce to him the new honor which had been conferred on him. Bowing to the members of that body, he replied in these noble words:

'The life of a citizen belongs to his country. The French nation wish that the whole of mine should be devoted to them. I obey their will. By my efforts, and by your assistance, citizens, by the confidence and the wish of this great nation, the liberty, equality, and prosperity of France will be protected from the caprices of fate, or the uncertainty of the future. The best of nations will then be the happiest, as it is worthy of being, and its happiness will contribute to that of the whole of Europe. Satisfied, then, with having been called by Him from whom all kings emanate, to bring back on earth order, justice, and equality, I shall hear my last hour strike without regret, and without uneasiness as to the opinion of future generations.'

To close this period, the finest in Napoleon's career, and one of the most brilliant in the world's history, we cannot do better than to transcribe the eloquent passage in which our author ends the third volume of his history.

'Now, if, forgetting what has since happened, we imagine for a moment this Dictator, necessary at that time, remaining as moderate as he was great, uniting those opposites which God, it is true, had never before united in one man, — that vigor of genius which constitutes the great Captain, with that patience which is the distinctive characteristic of founders of empires, — calming, by a long repose, French society then so agitated, and preparing it little by little for that liberty, the honor and want of society; then, after having rendered France so great, appeasing instead of irritating the jealousy of Europe, changing into a permanent political fact the negotiations of Amiens and Lunéville, and seeking at last, no matter where, the most worthy successor, in order to give into his hands this reorganized France, prepared for liberty, — what man would ever have been equal to him? But such a man, a warrior like Cæsar, a statesman like Augustus, and virtuous as Marcus Aurelius, would have been more than a man; and Providence does not give the world gods to govern it.'

## MEMOIR OF THE LATE DR. WHEATON.

In the brief notice of the late Dr. Wheaton, which was given in the columns of this paper, a wish was expressed that some more extended tribute might be paid to the memory of one who had been so long an honored and respected member of this community. It is this wish we would attempt to fulfil, although we feel but too deeply how insufficient any such tribute from us must be. We cannot praise the deceased as we would; we cannot transfer to these columns the feelings of affection and veneration with which we learned in early youth, from maternal lips, to regard him; we cannot say how entirely those feelings were confirmed during the few years it was our privilege to know him, for fear of incurring the reproach of being too partial to the memory of so near a relative. Dr. Wheaton's life, like that of most men who have passed their days in the active exercise of one of the most arduous of professions, offers but few events to be narrated. The record of the lives of such men is kept by their thoughts. We must, therefore, content ourselves with a brief sketch of his life, and with a few extracts from his own writings, trusting that these will be sufficient

evidence of his remarkable talents, his varied learning, and his many virtues.

Levi Wheaton was born on the 6th of February, 1761, in a house in Benefit Street, which, until within a few years, was still standing. In 1848, it was removed to the lot in its rear, and replaced by another of the same size and model. His father, Ephraim Wheaton, was the great grandson of Robert Wheaton, an emigrant from Wales, who settled in Rehoboth about the year 1640. Levi first went to school to John Foster, afterwards Judge Foster, of whom his only recollection was the manner in which he ingeniously avoided flogging his pupils, by compelling the offender to hold both hands clasped back of his neck, and thus stand forth 'a fixed figure for the hand of scorn.' The next teacher to whom he went was Dr. Arnold, whose school was kept in a house which may still be seen on the corner formed by the junction of Benefit Street with Main Street. From Dr. Arnold's, he went to George Taylor's. Here his precocious talents seem first to have attracted attention. He was regarded as the most clever boy in the school. In his twelfth year he was sent to the grammar school of Theodore Foster, then a student of law, and afterwards United States' Senator. Soon after his admission to this school, it passed under the superintendence of Ebenezer David, under whose charge Dr. Wheaton was wont to say, he had been more studious than at any other period, and for whom he retained, until the close of his life, the warmest feelings of attachment. In the year 1774 he entered Rhode Island College, where he did not receive his degree until 1782, although, owing to the agitations

of the times, he left it in 1776. His class consisted of sixteen, only one of whom — William Wilkinson, of this city — still survives. Rhode Island College was then in its infancy. Dr. James Manning and Professor Howell, who may be said to have been its founders, were then acting as tutors, with the sole assistance of one member of the junior class.

The years which followed the time of his leaving college, until the moment when he decided on embracing the profession to which he devoted the rest of his life, seem to have been passed in desultory reading, and above all, in that favorite amusement of boys of a reflective and serious turn of mind — day-dreaming. Part of this time was passed at Smithfield. In a manuscript autobiography, written about two years ago, he thus speaks of his residence in that place :

'During the winter I lived there, I kept a school for the young cubs of the vicinage. Scarce one of them is likely to be now living, after the lapse of seventy-two years, to vouch for the prodigious learning of this pedagogue of sixteen. This, and some services rendered in the clerk's office, were, I believe, the first productive labor I ever performed. Many circumstances of this short but interesting period of my life, have suggested the thought of revisiting the locality, but experience has taught me the futility of such attempts to revive the *past* and *gone*. The probability is, that instead of the waving oak beneath whose shade, and the limpid stream and beautiful cascade, by the side of which I had so often read to the listening Dryads, my only hearers, portions of Homer or Milton, with the varied

intonations they inspired, I should now find the stream converted into a stagnant mill-pond, and the venerable oak reduced to lumber about a paltry saw-mill. And could I even find it *materially* unchanged, my old eyes and cold heart could probably only correspond with it in the penitential note of the poor bird, who used to sit upon the door-step of my humble dwelling on a summer's eve, and reiterate his self-abandonment — *whip-poor-will* — the note most congenial with my feelings in these latter years of my life!'

Of the books which he read at that time, Pope's works seem to have been his favorite. In the same manuscript from which we have just quoted, he thus speaks of that author:

'I became familiar with his works at an early age, and have never ceased to be familiar with them. Besides their intrinsic merit, they led me to an acquaintance with his contemporaries, in what has been called the *Augustan* age of English literature. I record this especially as an *event* in my life, for, strange as it may seem, I think I can say with truth, *no writer* has had so much influence on my tone of thinking of men and things. . . . The extreme liberality of sentiments happily expressed, on subjects which have a bearing on religion, compared to the narrow and sectarian doctrines I was accustomed to hear, probably gave my mind an early bias to those of "*his philosopher and friend*," Bolingbroke. On these subjects, as far as I can trace the history of my own mind, I think I was not much the wiser or better for Pope. But as a writer who unites poetry with wit and good sense,

he is still, in my estimation, *unequalled*, the *English Horace*. If his thoughts are not always new or original, they were never so well expressed; there is no sentiment or reflection on human nature, on man or manners, no happy combination of words in the English language which may not be found in some part or other of his works.'

In 1778, Dr. Wheaton entered the military hospital in this city as a volunteer and assistant of the medical staff of the army. He had, amidst the other books which he had read, perused quite a number of medical works, the principal of which were Cheselden's Anatomy, Boerhaave's Aphorisms, and Vansweiten's Commentaries, the standard works of that time. He had also a chance of seeing something of the practice of a friend and neighbor, Dr. Hewes. Thus, although his knowledge of the science must have been slight, he seems to have done good service at the hospital under the direction of Dr. Francis Hagan. At the close of this year he was confined for some time by a fever. We cannot refrain from quoting the touching language in which, at the age of eighty-eight, he recalls his sensations during his recovery.

'Convalescing slowly from this in the spring, I well remember the first short ride I took with my sister. Never, at any period of my life, do I recollect having so sensibly felt the *pleasure of existence*. No language which I have at my disposal, can express it. Whence was this? Not surely from the scene or the surrounding objects, through which I have passed since a thousand

times without any peculiar pleasure. It was then from *within*, from the buoyancy of youth perhaps, or that happy state of my organization, which, just now relieved from painful sickness, like the Æolian harp, was responsive to the lightest airs of heaven. Old people know nothing — feel nothing of the kind. Alas!'

The summer of 1779 he passed at Westerly, studying medicine with Dr. Babcock. Of his residence there, he has left an account in a letter addressed to Mr. Updike, and published by that gentleman in his 'History of the Narragansett Church.' In the following year he completed his medical studies under the care of Dr. William Bowen, of Providence, and received his degree.

During the two succeeding years he was engaged in the public service, being employed as surgeon on board the private armed ships, which then constituted almost our only navy. In the autumn of 1782, while cruising off the southern coast, he was taken prisoner by the British frigate Vestal and carried into New York. The charge of one of the prison-hospital ships (the Falmouth) was entrusted to him for some months, and it was always with pleasure that he recalled, that it had thus been in his power to render some good offices to his imprisoned countrymen.

At the close of the war, he was invited by the first settlers in the town of Hudson, in the State of New York, composed of wealthy gentlemen from Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and Providence, to establish himself among them. This invitation was accepted, and after remaining a few months at Hudson, he

returned to Providence, and was married at Newport by the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, in 1784, to Martha Burrill, to whom he had been engaged for some time previous. He immediately went back to Hudson with his young wife, and resided there until the summer of 1795, when he removed with his family to New York. He remained two years in that city, when he was induced by the urgent solicitations of his friends to return to Providence, there to practise his profession. Here, with the exception of occasional visits to different parts of the country, he continued to live until his death. Had he remained in the State of New York, his name would unquestionably have been more widely known. Whilst there he associated with the most distinguished men of the day, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Ambrose Spencer, the Van Rensselaers, &c., and it is highly probable that his ardent and impetuous temperament would have led him to take an active part in politics. As it was, however, he confined himself to the arduous duties of his profession, in which the last fifty years of his life were almost exclusively spent. Of this period the only record is his thoughts on various subjects scattered among his papers, and occasional political articles, published either in the New York or Providence journals. At the time of the last war with England he was a constant contributor to the '*National Advocate*,' a paper then edited in New York by his son-in-law.

During these fifty years, he had his share of the afflictions and sorrows of human life. His home was more than once made desolate by the Angel of Death. Two beloved sons were taken from him in the flower

of their youth, the one in 1817, the other in 1828. In 1837, he lost his wife, and three years ago, at a time when his age seemed to designate him as the first of his family who was to pass from this scene of suffering to a better world, it pleased God to send him an affliction — perhaps the heaviest he had ever had to bear — from which he never recovered.

Taken as a whole, however, his life may be said to have been as happy as that of most men. With the exception of a bronchial affection, with which he had been more or less troubled during the greater portion of his life, his health was good, and in the riches of his well-stored memory or the new thoughts suggested by his daily reading, he found a never-failing resource against the sad recollections of the past, or the dark forebodings of the future, which would at times intrude themselves on his mind.

The reflections on men, things and books, to be found among his papers, are full of interest, and show a vigor and comprehensiveness of mind which make it a matter of serious regret that his powers should not have been bestowed on the composition of some work which might have given him a lasting reputation. No one more deeply lamented than he did himself not having left some such monument of his talents and acquirements. In his journal, October 1, 1850, he says:

'I never had more of the *cacoethes scribendi*, and never less power to indulge it. "*Procrastination is the thief of time*," as I have often said, and now feel. I once had head and hand to do something in this way;

now I have neither. I once had the vanity to quote Virgil:

> . . . "Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim Tollere humo."

'But it has proved a dream, and like the visions which pass through the ivory gates of the Past, never realized, but long since lost and forgotten. Instead of concentrating my thoughts on one interesting subject, turning it from side to side in every point of view, considering it in all its bearings and relations, until I had made myself master of it; in short, instead of writing a *book*, which might have done honor to my name and memory, I live to regret that I have wasted days and years, and midnight oil, in desultory reading, with little other object than present amusement, with a mind passive rather than active, my brain a thoroughfare for other men's thoughts without exacting toll. For the health of the mind, as well as of the body, due attention should be paid, not only to the quality and quantity of food taken, but to the time and space allotted for digestion. The brain, as well as the stomach, may be overloaded. *Selection* and *method* are important to both; not all minds are *omnivorous*, yet the majority of readers are blinded by the opposite conceit.'

But although a matter of regret, it is not surprising that, devoted as he was, during the best years of his life, to a profession which leaves little leisure by day or little rest by night, he should not have found time to write a book, such as, with his fastidious taste, he would have been willing to give to the public. Of the high

sense he had of the obligations of his responsible profession, and its overwhelming and all-absorbing cares, his journal gives abundant proof. We find the following entry under date of October 3, 1840:

'I have, at present, two patients for whom I feel much anxiety. It is one of the miseries of a medical man to meet with cases he cannot cure, and of the issue of which he is at least very doubtful, and painfully to forebode the complicated sufferings of a bereaved family. How often, alas! has my heart been wrung in this way for the last fifty years, and yet I am still in the land of the living! It is, indeed, a painful responsibility to see ourselves looked up to as guardian angels, and to feel our insufficiency, our utter inability to save the victim of disease. As far as I can analyze my own feelings, they are for the most part disinterested; *Homo sum!* — but sometimes, and often, the thought will obtrude itself: "Am I not defeated and disgraced? If my conscience assures me of good intentions, were those intentions medically good? were they fairly fulfilled? or were there not some errors *quæ incuria fudit?* or after all, will public opinion support me? how will it affect my living? my reputation — that fancied life in others breath?" Ah! what a life is that of a physician!'

An interesting and instructive volume might be made of the reflections to be found in his journal and commonplace books. Up to the last days of his life he retained his faculties unimpaired, reading, from seven to eight hours a day, all the new works which came

out, and commenting on them in his note-book. The last entry we have found in this note-book is dated August 20th, only eight days before his death. In it he notices Mr. William Ware's late publication on the Capitals of Europe, and alludes especially to the preface, in which the author condemns our disagreeable national habit of chewing tobacco. As an instance of the manner in which Dr. Wheaton endeavored to profit, even at his advanced age, by any useful advice, we would mention that he himself renounced this habit, in which he had freely indulged for many years, in consequence of reading this passage.

We must close this hasty and incomplete notice of Dr. Wheaton, by a couple of extracts from his journal on the subject of religion. In a note relative to the letter of a young friend who had exhorted him to adopt the orthodox creed, he says:

'I briefly observed that I had not lived so long unmindful of "the truth as it is in Jesus," nor of its admirable fitness to the wants and weaknesses of our nature, regarding the spirit rather than the letter, nor of the internal evidence it bears of the only true religion — the religion of the heart which man owes and God requires of all who look for happiness here or hereafter; that if my faith in the letter had not always been so firm and unqualified in every respect, as that of many of my friends, whom I envied, (for a state of doubt on so momentous a subject was not an easy state,) I could only say what others had said, "Lord, help thou my unbelief."' He then adds that such a correspondence might be profitable to both parties:

"to *me* by keeping me in mind of that sleep of death which awaits me; to *her* by reminding her that true religion does not consist in the lip service or formularies of the church."

In another note he says:

'Confidence in any creed which assures the believer of a happy immortality, is doubtless of all consolations the greatest, whilst doubt and uncertainty on so interesting a subject are confessedly painful. But belief is not a voluntary act. Facts palpable, self-evident or demonstrative, we cannot disbelieve; such as accord with our experience or attentive reflection we readily admit as probable; but the testimony or traditions of fallible men, concerning things extraordinary and supernatural, without the strongest internal evidence of their truths, we may be permitted to receive with some degree of hesitation.'

From these extracts it will be seen, that if he did not belong to any particular body of Christians, he believed in the *spirit* of Christianity. Indeed, his whole life was marked by the truest reverence for the religious institutions under which he lived. He never lost that respect for religion which he acquired from his parents, although his religious views had nothing of that sectarian spirit which marked those of his family. His death was that of a believer. However much he may have desired to have his life prolonged — for the love of life increases with years — he did not fear to die. Retaining his consciousness until the last, he passed

away so quietly that the bystanders could hardly say at what moment his spirit had taken its flight. Such a death is indeed to be envied! After a life prolonged far beyond the usual allotment of mankind, his bright and lofty spirit was transferred without a struggle to a new and better sphere of activity, where, untrammelled by the infirmities of the body, and free from all the petty cares and anxieties of this world, with which it was ill calculated to contend, it may develope itself from age to age, until it becomes more and more assimilated to that Being in whose image it was created.

THE END.

Boston, 135 Washington Street,
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